The Speaker's Companion

RETROSPECTION. *Frontispiece.*

THE SPEAKER'S

Complete Program.

A COLLECTION OF DIALOGUES, READINGS AND RECITATIONS.

Arranged in Programs of convenient length for School or Evening Entertainments. With short Selections suitable for ENCORES, RULES OF ORDER for Literary Societies, a Choice Selection of MUSIC, a JUVENILE Department; and JOHN PLOUGHMAN'S PICTURES, by REV. C. H. SPURGEON.

Illustrated with

A SERIES OF PHOTOGRAPHS,

FORMING A GRAPHIC PORTRAYAL OF THE

ARTS OF GESTURE AND EXPRESSION

Arranged by

MISS SALLIE GRANCELL.

P. W. ZIEGLER & CO.

PHILADELPHIA, PA., AND CHICAGO, ILLS.

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Introduction.

All those who have had to do with literary entertainments of any kind, have felt the need of a more complete book of selections than is contained in any "Speaker" now on the market. "THE SPEAKER'S COMPLETE PROGRAM" has been prepared to meet this want. It contains a large number of ENTIRELY NEW SELECTIONS not found in any other book, while along with these have been placed a few of the OLD FAVORITES whose excellence is such that they are always well received.

For the convenience of teachers or anyone preparing literary entertainments, NINE COMPLETE PROGRAMS have been arranged, each of which will form an enjoyable and pleasing performance. This feature will doubtless be of great assistance to those who have not time or opportunity to make their own selections, while not interfering with the use of the same matter for other purposes.

Great care has been used in choosing the numbers, and everything objectionable has been carefully excluded; therefore the book can be safely placed in the hands of the youngest children. Our aim has been to use only the BEST THINGS from the field of literature. The ground to be covered was immense, but the selection is confidently offered to the public for approval. A large amount of ORIGINAL MATTER has been prepared especially for the book by experienced elocutionists and educators.

The JUVENILE DEPARTMENT contains a number of selections adapted to the smaller children. This has been the hardest class

of matter to find ordinarily, and we are sure this collection will be appreciated by parents as well as teachers.

The often preferred request for "something suitable for an ENCORE" is met by a large number of short readings and recitations selected especially for their adaptability for this purpose. Of course any of them can be used in the regular programs or for separate delivery.

A large amount of TEMPERANCE matter has been incorporated in the book, and the advocates of cold water will here find many telling speeches in their favor.

It is hoped that the Complete "Program" will be found a useful companion for the fireside as well as for the school room, since it contains many of the GEMS OF ENGLISH LITERATURE. No pains or expense have been spared in illustrating and binding the book, that it might be a desireable ornament to any parlor or library.

Spurgeon's ever popular "John Ploughman's Pictures" has been included, first as offering a number of pungent and pithy short speeches suitable for the school room, and secondly as being well worthy of preservation in permanent form, from its literary merit, sparkling wit and moral teachings.

The Rules of Order, prepared by James P. Boyd, A. M., will be found a very useful and complete manual for lyceums, literary societies and village assemblies of all kinds.

The Musical Department includes a number of the choicest vocal selections, suitable for use at evening entertainments. It forms a very delightful addition to the book.

We desire to call especial attention to the illustrations that have been prepared for us by Miss Sallie Grancell, the celebrated Philadel-

phia reader, assisted by Miss Carrie Colburn, late of the Boston Theatre Company.

These thirty-two illustrations present forty-five different emotions, and each one will prove, to the student in this illimitable field, a valuable lesson in POSE, GESTURE AND FACIAL EXPRESSION. We feel convinced that these pictures are destined to fill a long-felt want with many students, who will find a careful study of them equal to any course in the art of Gesture.

THE PUBLISHERS.

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Complete Program No. 1.

—FOR—

SCHOOL AND EVENING

ENTERTAINMENTS.

ARRANGED BY

MISS A. O. BRIGGS.

MUSIC.

[Instrumental.]

MONASTERY BELLS.

SCENE:—*The actors are arranged in order behind the curtain. The one appointed steps out and delivers the following prologue, written by Miss A. O. Briggs.*

PROLOGUE.

Since Greece and Rome, with zealous pride, could show
Their own Demosthenes and Cicero,
Whose magic charm could win the listening ear
Of eager throngs who, spellbound, stood to hear,
Through every age, adown the course of time,
Hath eloquence possessed the power sublime,
To mould the mind, to subjugate the will,
Incite to action, or the tempest still.
A mighty power, by nought in man excelled!
A dangerous power, and graciously witheld
Save from a chosen few! We humbly claim
No laurel chaplet with these sons of fame,
No startling eloquence, no wond'rous powers,—
The learners' crude attempts, alone, are ours.
Forbear, kind friends, a judgment too severe!
Believe our aim, our efforts most sincere
To do our best.—And who can promise more?—
If we should fail (such things have been before),
Please take the will in preference to the deed.
We'll try, at least, and hope we shall succeed
Your kind attention amply to repay
With pleasant mem'ries you may bear away.
For grave and gay, the lively, the austere,
We've brought, from various fields, our gleanings here.
The several actors, on our list enrolled,
Greet you with welcome. (*Curtain rises.*) Here we are—behold!

MUSIC.

LA POLOMA, (The Dove) Instrumental.

or BEAUTIFUL MOONLIGHT:—Vocal duet.

Beautiful moonlight, peaceful and calm,
O'er the tried spirit pouring sweet balm;
Earth gleams with beauty, lovely and pale,
Wrapt like a bride in thy silvery veil,
See the blue waters sparkle with light,
O, thou art lovely, beautiful night!

Woodland and streamlet, homestead and tower,
Valley and mountain, own thy soft power;
Murmuring zephyrs greet thee with song,
List to their music, stealing along;
Pure is the spirit bathed in thy light,
Yes, thou art holy, beautiful night.

READINGS.

MR. AND MRS. BOWSER GO SHOPPING.

I HAD mentioned, in a casual way, that we needed some dishes, a new carpet, and some table-linen, and that I must get down town and buy them, when Mr. Bowser came home at two o'clock one afternoon and said:

"Well, are you all ready?"

"For what?"

"Why, to go down town and buy those things."

"But I didn't know you wanted to go. Indeed, I wish you wouldn't."

"Oh, you do! Are you ashamed to be seen in the street with me?"

"You know I am not. I'm afraid you—you—"

"Well, what?"

"You'll jaw folks and get into a quarrel."

"Mrs. Bowser, are you getting soft in the

head? Jaw folks! Get into a quarrel! Humph! Are you coming?"

We first visited a carpet store. I had not yet made up my mind whether to buy Brussels or velvet, nor whether to get light or dark colors. I expected to take a chair, roll down fifty pieces of each kind, and, to be all of two hours making up my mind. One clerk ran to place chairs for us, a second arranged the window curtains and a third inquired of Mr. Bowser:

"Did you wish to look at some carpets?"

"Did I come here to buy oysters?" demanded Mr. Bowser.

"Ah—um! Light or dark colors?"

"Light."

"But the dark are all the style, you know."

"I don't know anything of the sort! there are plenty of white horses and white houses and white shirts and white hats; and I don't know why light carpets shouldn't be fashionable. Roll down this piece."

"But, sir, you won't like it. This dark pattern is what Mrs. Gov. Smith selected for her front bedroom."

"Yes. Well, I may get that for my horse barn later on. Send up a man to measure the room, and give me that light pattern."

"Why, Mr. Bowser!" I said, "you haven't selected already!"

"Certainly."

"But we—we——"

"Five minutes is enough for any one to select a carpet, Mrs. Bowser. We want body-brussels, and we want a light ground—that's all there is to it. We'll now go over and buy the table-linen."

"But can't I have time to look around?"

"Time! What do you want of time? You want three linen table-cloths and two dozen napkins. We've got the money to pay for 'em. What more is desired?"

"But it's so sudden."

"So are earthquakes. We'll go in here."

We entered a dry-goods store and sat down to the linen counter. A young man came forward to wait on us, and after being told what was wanted, he queried:

"So you want some real linen? Well, here is something I can recommend"

"Is that all linen?"

"Yes, sir."

"Is it?" asked Mr. Bowser, as he turned to me. I didn't think it was, but I told Mr Bowser to let it go. It was the custom in all dry-goods stores to lie about such things and no one thought of raising a row.

"Madam," said Mr. Bowser, as he took the cloth over to a motherly old lady, "is that all linen?"

"No, sir; it's half cotton!" she replied after an inspection.

"Where's the proprietor of this store?" he demanded of the clerk.

"I—I'll call him, sir."

The proprietor came up.

"Is that linen?" asked Mr. Bowser.

"It passes for linen, sir."

"If you put a cow's horns and tail on a horse he'd pass for a cow, wouldn't he? Sir, this looks to me like a petty swindle, and one you ought to be ashamed of."

The proprietor began to blow up the clerk, and the clerk said he'd resign; and as we got out doors I penned Mr. Bowser into a doorway, and said:

"I'll never, never dare enter this store again!"

"Don't want you to. The man is a liar and the clerk lied by his instructions. We'll try another." The next store was crowded, and as we reached the linen counter it was to find every stool occupied. I tried to get Mr. Bowser out, anticipating trouble, but unfortunately at that moment one lady observed to another "Dear me, but this is the third afternoon I've come down town to buy a table-cloth, and I haven't got suited yet."

"And I want four crash towels, and I've been all over town twice," replied the other.

"Here, you!" snapped Mr. Bowser to the clerk, "are you busy?"

"Waiting on these ladies, sir."

"Have they bought anything?"

"No, sir."

"Are they going to?"

"I—I don't know."

"Well, I've no time to fool away. We want three linen table-cloths and two dozen napkins."

The ladies arose in great indignation. Each of them gave me a look that pierced me to the heart, and each one gave Mr. Bowser a look which ought to have shortened him two feet,

but which had no apparent effect. In seven minutes we had found what we wanted, paid the bill, and were ready to go. The clerk acted a bit sulky, and Mr. Bowser was getting ready to give him a blast, when I appealed to him to hold his peace. I told him it was the custom of several thousand ladies to come down town every afternoon to shop, and that shopping consisted of promenading up and down to show their suits off to a lot of well dressed loafers, and entering the stores and taking an hour and a half to buy a sixpence worth of lace or ribbon. The clerk melted a little, and I got Mr. Bowser out without another eruption.

"Now for the dishes," he said, as we started for the crockery store.

My heart sank as I saw the place crowded with ladies. We halted beside one who was saying to the clerk:

"And so this tooth-pick holder is six cents?"

"Only six cents, madam."

"How very cute!"

"Yes, it is."

"And it is imported?"

"It is."

"How very, very charming! This is the same one I saw yesterday, is it?"

"Oh! certainly."

"Dear me, but I wish I could make up my mind whether to take it or not. You see we may move in the spring, and if we moved, you know——"

"I want about fifteen dollars worth of dishes," interrupted Mr. Bowser.

"Yes, sir, in just a moment."

"How many of these tooth-pick holders have you got?"

"Only five."

"I'll take the lot; and now come and wait on me. I want twelve cups and saucers, twenty-four plates, three or four platters, two tureens and a fish platter."

The lady turned and killed me dead with one long look. Then she looked at the back of Mr. Bowser's neck and tried to murder him, but he would not fall. Then she returned and killed me over again, gave her shoulders a twist and walked out of the store. She had hardly departed when a fresh arrival asked our clerk, busy though he was, to show her some teaspoons.

"Madam," said Mr. Bowser, "do you wish to buy some spoons?"

"Perhaps."

"Do you know whether you do or not?"

"Why—I—I will look at them."

"Very well; you sit down and wait until I am through buying. I came to buy, know what I want, and shall pay cash down."

I was killed again, and if looks could have crushed Mr. Bowser, he'd have been a mangled corpse in ten seconds. We were only thirteen minutes in buying the dishes, and as we got out and reached the car, Mr. Bowser said:

"Mrs. Bowser, when you come down town, do you go fooling around the stores, obstructing doorways and crosswalks like the women we have seen to-day?"

"I—I guess I do."

"And end up by buying four cents worth of something?"

"Yes; it is the custom."

"And would it have taken you three weeks to buy what we bought in less than two hours?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then I'll write, this very day, to an idiot asylum, and see if I can't squeeze you in. It's no wonder every other home is full of scandal, and every other husband wants a divorce!"

A DIAMOND IN THE ROUGH.

He wasn't one of these shiny, good-looking chaps that I see every day hanging about the depot, dressed in a long overcoat and plug hat, and with, seemingly, no other business than to swing a dandy cane and stare at the ladies. He didn't wear his hair parted in the middle. To tell the truth, I don't believe it was parted at all, for it stood out all over his head in every direction, and reminded one strongly of a bush on fire. That he was from the country one could see with half an eye; the evidences of rural life were too plainly marked to be mistaken. His great, round, good-natured face had been kissed by the sun until it was the hue of a peony, and was studded with freckles as thick as spots on the back of a speckled hen. His hands were so large that one of them would have made two good-sized ones for a dandy and left some to spare. He wore number fourteen cowhides with his pants tucked in to show their yellow tops. His coat fitted him about like a schoolboy's jacket and was of a variety of colors owing to long usage and exposure. Whisps of straw protruded from his

pockets and hung from every catchable place about him. In one hand he carried his broad-brimmed straw hat, and in the other, an old carpet-bag which had lost the lock and was fastened together with a piece of wool twine; and, although great pains had evidently been taken it was too full to effectually conceal from view stray glimpses of its varied contents.

Seating himself by the side of an elegantly dressed lady, and putting the aforesaid bag between his feet for safe keeping, he drew out his red bandanna and mopped off his forehead.

The lady drew away her rich silks impatiently with a frown which said plainly, "You're out of your place, sir." But he didn't seem to notice it in the least, for very soon he turned to her and remarked good humoredly:

"An all-fired hot day, marm! Goin fur?"

The lady deigned no reply.

Supposing himself unheard, he repeated in a louder tone, "An all-fired hot day! I say, marm, goin fur?"

No reply, but a look of supreme indignation.

"Why!" he exclaimed—evidently for the benefit of the whole crowd—"the poor critter's deaf." Bending forward he screamed, "I'm sorry you're deaf, marm. How long have you been so? If you warn't born so maybe 'tis ear wax what's hardened in your ears. I know what'll cure that sure as guns. It cured my Uncle Ezra. I'll give you a receet an' welcome. Perhaps you'd better write it down. Take a leetle soap and warm wat——"

"Sir," said the lady, rising, her eyes blazing with wrath, "do you intend to insult me? I will complain of you to the police!" and she swept haughtily out of the depot.

"Waal, I never!" he exclaimed. "I'm beat! What struck her? I'm sure I was jest a speakin for her good. I was only a goin' to say, Take a leetle soap and warm water and syringe it into the ears three times a day. It's sure; an I'll bet my best heifer on it, if she'd only heerd to a feller, it would have done the business for her. But some folks don't like to hear their unfortunities spoke of, and I s'pose I hadn't orter a' took any notice on it," and he relapsed into silence.

Presently the western train came due, and a tired-looking woman came in with two children hanging to her skirts and a baby in her arms, besides a bandbox and a satchel. It was the only vacant seat. She sank into it with a weary sigh, and tried to hush the fretful baby and keep watch of the two other restless flutter-budgets who were also tired and fretful and kept teasing for this and that until the poor mother looked ready to sink.

"Pretty tired, marm?" remarked Jonathan, "Goin fur?"

"To Boston, sir," replied the lady, courteously.

"Got to wait long?"

"Until three," (glancing at me). "O, dearies, do be quiet; and don't tease mother any more."

"Look a here, you young shavers, and see what I've got in my pocket," and he drew out a handful of peppermint drops. In a few minutes they were both upon his knees, eating their candy and listening eagerly while he told them wonderful stories about the sheep and calves at home.

But the baby wouldn't go to sleep. He was quite heavy and wanted to be tossed the whole time. Jonathan noticed this; and finding a string somewhere in the depths of his old carpet-bag, he taught the two children a game which he called, "Cat Cradle." Soon they were seated on the depot floor as happy as two kittens.

"Now let me take that youngster, marm," he said. "You look clean beat out. I guess I can please him. I'm a powerful hand with babies," and he tossed the great lump of flesh up until it crowed with delight. By-and-by it dropped its head upon his shoulder and fell fast asleep. Two hours afterwards I peered through the window as he helped her and her belongings aboard the cars, and I don't believe if he had been the Czar of Russia she could have looked any more grateful or thanked him any sweeter.

"'Tain't nothin' at all, marm," I heard him say, bashfully, but I knew she thought differently, and so did I.

He came back, resumed his seat, and buying a pint of peanuts from a thin-faced little girl—giving twelve cents instead of ten for them—sat munching away in hearty enjoyment until the northern train came due. Then he snatched his dilapidated carpet-bag and that of an old lady near by, who was struggling feebly toward the door.

DEJECTION. 17

"Lean right on me, marm; I'll see you safe through," he said cheerfully.

The conductor shouted "All aboard!" and the train moved away.

As I looked around at the empty seats I thought--"Something bright has gone out of this depot that doesn't come in every day—an honest heart—a diamond in the rough."

MUSIC.

PURE AS SNOW; Instrumental.

RECITATIONS.

THE WIFE-HUNTING DEACON.

BY MRS. L. D. A. SUTTLE.

POOR Deacon Brown, in the prime of life
Had buried his loved and loving wife;
And what in the world could the deacon do
With four small boys, and a baby, too?
Joseph and Jesse, Isaac and Paul—
And none but the deacon to do it all?
So he said to neighbor Jones one day,
In a semi-serious kind of a way,
"I'll tell you, Jones, I am sick, indeed,
Of the lonely, humdrum life I lead;
It would brighten the gloom of my lonely life,
If I only—well, if I had a wife!
And then, my friend, you are well aware
That my poor little babes need a mother's care
If I knew of a woman, kind and good,
That would care for them as a mother should,
Why, neighbor Jones, I would give my life.
But where, oh! where can I find a wife?
There is widow Smith, but don't you see,
She isn't the woman at all for me.
I do not care for a pretty face,
A lovely maid with a form of grace,
But give me a woman of common sense,
And not a miserable bill of expense—
Hearty and rugged and ready to work,
Never complaining nor trying to shirk;
One who can go, if the need demands,
Out in the field with the harvest hands,
And wouldn't consider it out of her place—
Oh! I wouldn't give much for a pretty face."
"Well, Deacon," said Jones, with a comical sigh,
While a bushel of fun twinkled right in his eye,
"I know of a woman, you may depend,
Who will make you a tip-top wife, my friend;
She lives in the border of Barrytown,
And I'm sure she will suit you, Deacon Brown,
She's not very handsome, but then, I suppose,
That you don't care a cent for the length of her nose,
Nor yet for the cut of the lady's clothes.
She is always ready to do the chores,
Or to work on her farm with the men out doors
When help is needed—you understand—
Samantha Simpkins is right on hand."
"Indeed!" said the deacon, in friendly tones,
"I'm much obleeged to ye, neighbor Jones."

The very next Sunday Deacon Brown
Drove in his carriage to Barrytown;
And you may be sure that the deacon dressed
In his new plug hat and his Sunday best.
He had spent an hour dyeing his hair;
And he shaved his chin with the greatest care,
"For," he said to himself as he drove away,
"We ought to dress well on the Sabbath day."
The day was warm—it was rather late
When he tied his horse at Samantha's gate.
"This here is splendid!" the deacon said
As he cast a glance at the barn and shed.
"The house looks neat, and the yard is clean,
And the farm is the slickest that can be seen."
And he wiped the sweat from his dripping brow,
"Ah! this is the woman for me, I trow!"
Then his heart beat hard, and he said no more,
And he gently knocked at the parlor door.
He heard a rush and a heavy tread—
"I guess it's a man," the deacon said.

Then the door was hastily opened wide—
And the frightened deacon stood beside
A swarthy dame that was six feet two,
Who sported neither boot nor shoe.
She wore on her head a broad-brimmed hat,
Old and battered and worn at that.
Her nose was long, and her eyes were black,
And her coarse, dark hair hung over her back.
She had just come in from her well-kept farm,
And she carried a pitchfork under her arm.
"I beg your parding!" continued he,
"It is Miss Samantha I'd like to see."
"Wall," said Samantha—"that is me!'
I presume you called to see the hay
I offered for sale the other day.
The deacon didn't know what to say.
Or how in the world to get away.

"Say, what do you want of me?" she cried.
And she stepped right up to the deacon's side.
"Nothing!" said he with charming grace.
Then she slammed the door in the deacon's face.
The wonder is that he didn't fall,
For he went through the gate like a cannon-ball

And when, at last, he was safe from harm,
A mile or so from the Simpkins farm,
He said to himself, in smothered tones,
"If ever again that wicked Jones
Crosses my path, I'll break his bones!"

A BUNCH OF COWSLIPS.

In the rarest of English valleys
A motherless girl ran wild,
And the greenness and silence and gladness
Were soul of the soul of the child.
The birds were her gay little brothers,
The squirrels, her sweethearts shy;
And her heart kept tune with the raindrops,
And sailed with the clouds in the sky.
And angels kept coming and going,
With beautiful things to do;
And wherever they left a footprint
A cowslip or primrose grew.

She was taken to live in London—
So thick with pitiless folk—
And she could not smile for its badness,
And could not breathe for its smoke;
And now, as she lay on her pallet,
Too weary and weak to rise,
A smile of ineffable longing,
Brought dews to her faded eyes.
Oh, me! for a yellow cowslip!
A pale little primrose dear!
Won't some kind angel remember
And pluck one and bring it here?

They brought her a bunch of cowslips;
She took them with fingers weak,
And kissed them and stroked them and loved them
And laid them against her cheek.
"It was kind of the angels to send them;
And now I'm too tired to pray—
If God looks down at the cowslips,
He'll know what I want to say."
They buried them in her bosom;
And when she shall wake and rise,
Why may not the flowers be quickened,
And bloom in her happy skies?

SPIKE THAT GUN.

The great struggle for victory on the heights of Inkerman was decided by a young officer bravely carrying out an order to spike a gun that was sweeping down the troops with its shot and shell. The battery had to be approached with great care, or the attacking party would be swept away before the gun could be reached. The officer in command led his men under the cover of some rising ground and then waited his opportunity to face the battery. At first a brother officer who accompanied the party said that it was perfect madness to attempt an attack, and the men began to feel that it was charging into the arms of death; but the officer who had received the order to spike that gun was determined to carry it out or die in the attempt; and, addressing his small party said: "If no man will stand by me, I shall go alone. Who'll volunteer?" He went out from the shelter of the rising ground where he had halted his men and faced the battery. No sooner did the men see his brave determination to carry out his instructions than they rushed to the front, and, with a victorious shout, took the battery and spiked the gun. That brave deed turned the battle scales to victory in favor of the British. The Russians lost all heart when the battery, which had done such deadly mischief to the troops all that fearful day, was silenced and the gun spiked.

The conflict between good and evil is still raging. Year after year rolls on and the deadly strife continues. The ranks have been thinned but new recruits rush in to fill the gaps. The insatiate battery of destruction belches forth its death-dealing missiles, thousands and tens of thousands are falling around us—who will volunteer to silence that battery? Who will spike that gun?

THE CITY OF THE LIVING.

In a long vanished age, whose varied story
No record has to-day—
So long ago expired its grief and glory—
There flourished far away,
In a broad realm whose beauty passed all measure,
A city fair and wide,
Wherein the dwellers lived in peace and pleasure
And never any died.
Disease and pain and death, those stern marauders,
Which mar our world's fair face,
Never encroached upon the pleasant borders
Of that bright dwelling-place.
No fear of parting and no dread of dying

Could ever enter there ;
No mourning for the lost, no anguish crying,
Made any face less fair.
Without the city's walls, Death reigned as ever,
And graves rose side by side ;
Within, the dwellers laughed at his endeavor ;
And never any died.
Oh, happiest of all Earth's favored places !
Oh, bliss to dwell therein !
To live in the sweet light of loving faces
And fear no grave between !
And hurrying from the world's remotest quarters,
A tide of pilgrim's flowed,
Across broad plains and over mighty waters
To find that blest abode,
Where never death should come between and sever
Them from their loved apart,
Where they might work and win and live forever,
Still holding heart to heart.
And so they lived in happiness and pleasure,
And grew in power and pride,
And did great deeds, and laid up stores of treasure,
And never any died.
And many years rolled on and found them striving
With unabated breath ;
And other years still found and left them living
And gave no hope of death.
Yet listen, hapless soul whom angels pity
Craving a boon like this—
Mark how the dwellers in that wondrous city
Grew weary of their bliss.
One and another who had been concealing
The pain of life's long thrall,
Forsook their pleasant places and came stealing
Outside the city wall,
Craving with wish that brooked no more denying,
So long had it been crossed,
The blessed possibility of dying
The treasure they had lost.
Daily the current of rest-seeking mortals
Swelled to a broader tide,
Till none were left within the city's portals,
And graves grew green outside.
Would it be worth the having or the giving,
The boon of endless breath,
When for the weariness that comes of living
There is no cure but death ?
Ours were, indeed, a fate deserving pity
Were that sweet rest denied ;
And few, methinks, would care to find the city
Where never any died.

MUSIC.

DREAM FACE WALTZ;

OR

OLD VILLAGE BLACKSMITH SHOP.

SONG AND CHORUS.

Now some love to visit far distant lands,
Some go to Paris and Rome,
But the spot I love best and I'm longing to see,
Is my own little sweet village home.
It was there many times I played when a boy,
And there's where I always could stop,
To see the old blacksmith display his great powers,
In the old village Blacksmith Shop.

CHORUS.

Oh ! bang, bang, bang, goes the hammer on the anvil,
All day long at the door I'd stop,
Listening to the music made by honest toil
In the old village Blacksmith Shop.

When I was a boy my companions and I
Would stand by the old Smithy's fire,
And gaze on the blacksmith with wonder and awe,
At his sinewy arm and his glowing pyre.
It was then the old man would turn round and smile
And then from his work he would stop,
To play with us lads as if he were our dad,
In the old village Blacksmith Shop.

CHORUS.

Oh, often I think of those days long gone by,
When to the old Smithy I'd go,
To assist the old man, on a box I would stand,
And with pleasure his bellows would blow,
But the old man has gone to his last resting place
No more at the door shall I stop
To see the sparks fly from the fire to the sky,
In the old village Blacksmith Shop.

CHORUS.

COLLOQUY.

NEIGHBORLY KINDNESS.

CHARACTERS. — Sally Marks and Jennie Sprague.

SCENE.—*Room furnished with small table, flower pot, chairs, etc. Screen in the rear, or door leading into another room. Sally sewing.*

Sally. Thank fortune, the house is clear—not even Bridget left at home to disturb me

with a ceaseless round of household perplexities! I'm in such a hurry about my sewing! Now if everybody will be so kind as to stay away, I may hope to accomplish something.

Enter Jennie. Good-morning, Sally. How do you do?

Sally (Attempting to rise). Why, my dear Jennie!

Jennie. Now don't get up; keep at your work. I've come to spend the day, and will not make you the least trouble.

Sally. But you will certainly let me take your things?

Jennie. Not at all. (Giving her hat and shawl a toss and breaking off a house plant.) There! You see they are disposed of.

Sally (Starting up). Oh, dear!

Jennie. Why, what have I done?

Sally (Uncovering the plant). My beautiful flower!

Jennie. Did I break it? Never mind, there are plenty more in the world.

Sally (Ruefully). But this is very rare; and the bud is broken.

Jennie. Indeed, I am very sorry.

Sally. Well, it can't be helped; and, Jennie, you must excuse me if I return to my sewing. I promised Alice her wrapper this evening. She leaves day after to-morrow.

Jennie. So soon? How fortunate that I came over to help you! Let me see—I can work buttonholes nicely.

Sally. Indeed, you must do no such thing. You may talk and I'll work.

Jennie. No, no; I am determined to show what I can do. (Searching her dress pocket). Why, where's my thimble? I surely had it yesterday. Have you one you can lend me? Oh, I can find it myself if it is in your work-basket—there goes the whole thing! (Upsetting the basket.)

Sally. Oh, dear! I had just put it in order.

Jennie. How unlucky! One might stock a fancy store with the contents of your basket. My! your thimble's an open top; I can't sew with it. Please exchange, if it is all the same to you.

Sally. It isn't all the same, but never mind! (They exchange.)

Jennie. Oh, thank you! Now we are ready; never mind the spools and things just now. Shall I sew up this seam? (Snatching some work.)

Sally. Yes; overcast it, please.

Jennie (Rocking and sewing). Now isn't this nice! It reminds me of the sheets and pillow cases with their endless over and over seams I used to make when I was a little girl—but what in the world are you doing?

Sally (Picking up spools, etc.). I can't work unless my things are in order.

Jennie. Fie! How particular! Let me help you. (Tossing in the things.)

Sally. Wait Jennie, dear; that isn't the way. It is delightful to have a place for everything, and everything in its place.

Jennie. More delightful than practicable, according to my experience. (Unconsciously fastening a needle on her waist.) Now, Sally, let's sew. We can rush things right through now. Many hands make light work. Just think how much more cosy and sociable this is than for you to be shut up here alone stitching away for dear life. O, Sally, what's the use of overcasting this seam? I never could overcast. It's all higgledy-piggledy.

Sally (Examining it with a suppressed sigh). Suppose you leave this and do something else. You say you can work buttonholes nicely,—try this. (Giving her one end of the wrapper.)

Jennie. Oh, thank you! This is just the thing. So Alice is really going away to spend the winter? I almost envy her the nice opportunity for sight-seeing. I hope she will bring us back some nice relics for keepsakes. It is so monotonous to be obliged to stay at home, year out and year in! Seeing the same old things over and over again! It is just too tiresome for anything! O, Sally, this buttonhole is a perfect pig's eye as mother would call it. It will never do, will it?

Sally (Examining it). Why, Jennie, it isn't exactly—well; you know, Alice is so particular! To tell the truth, Jennie, I think it would give her *typhoid symptoms*, at least. (Laughing.)

Jennie (Distressed). Oh! let's rip it, can't we, or darn it up, or set in a new piece, or something?

Sally. I guess I can remedy it; but now, I think, you had better rest.

Jennie (Scornfully). Rest? No, indeed; just when I've made up my mind to be useful. There's a rent in your shawl; I'll darn it.

Sally. Oh that was such an unfortunate tear; I shall have to mend it very carefully.

Jennie. Just the thing! You'll see I have a real genius for darning. But where's the yarn? (Sally finds it.) And now, I want a worsted needle.

Sally. You'll find one in the needle-book.

Jennie. But where's the needle-book? not in the basket. It must have rolled off on the floor somewhere.

Sally. Well, look it up, dear; really I haven't time.

Jennie. (Jennie flies around, tosses things about, upsets the work-basket, etc.) Oh, my! Sally, dear, if you don't help me find that needle I never shall get anything done. (Both look.)

Sally. Why, Jennie, you little goose, it's on your waist this minute.

Jennie. So it is. How did it ever get there? (Sitting down to her work.) Well, now I hope we're settled once more.

Sally (Arranging things). Not yet. Let me set things to rights first.

Jennie. Why, Sally, don't you know you never will accomplish anything if you are always stopping for trifles? When I have anything important to do I always plunge right into it.

Sally. Slow and sure is my motto. I never can work where things are at sixes and sevens.

Jennie. You had better hunt up something more for me; I shall have this done directly.

Sally (Observing her). Why, Jennie, you are getting it all in a pucker! Let me show you. (Taking a few stitches in Jennie's work.) This is the way.

Jennie (Injuredly). Why, isn't it right? Indeed, you make me feel very uncomfortable—when I'm trying so hard to help you, too!

Sally. Excuse me, dear; do it as you like. (Aside.) I can rip it out to-morrow.

Jennie. What did you say?

Sally. Oh, pray, go on with your sewing.

Jennie. Aren't you tired of it?

Sally. Oh, no, not unless you are.

Jennie. (Displaying an awkward darn with evident satisfaction.) There, my lady, confess it would have taken you two hours. So much for having a sleight of hand; and I don't think it hurts the looks of it one bit to have it drawn a little, do you? (Throwing it aside and rocking back and forth.) Well, what next?

Sally. O, Jennie, you have done enough, (Aside.) in all conscience! (Aloud.) I am quite obliged to you.

Jennie. Are you, really? That's delightful! I like so much to do a neighborly kindness; and now I am in the spirit of it, I shall really have to go and help Bridget, if you have nothing else for me to do.

Sally. Bridget has gone home to-day. As our family are all away, I thought it a good time to let her go and see her sick mother.

Jennie. And are you all alone?

Sally. Yes, Jennie, and you will have to put up with a cold lunch for dinner.

Jennie. Oh, charming! Let me get it ready; it will be such fun, besides saving your time

Sally. Very well, dear. Bridget left everything ready in the pantry—cold tongue and biscuit and cake and—oh, there's a little jar of pickles on the third shelf—let's have some.

Jennie (Flying around). Let us set this little table—it will be so cozy! But, Sally, where's the tablecloth? (Sally disappears and returns with the tablecloth.) Thank you! Now go back to your sewing—I will get the plates. (Exit Jennie.)

Sally (Calling off). And there are some plum preserves in a little glass can by the window. (To herself.) Oh, dear, this work isn't half done! Jennie is good-hearted and means well enough, no doubt, but how she does hinder me! I wish she had been sent on a mission to the heathen Chinese instead of appearing to me just at this time when I have so much to do

Jennie (With her hands full of dishes). O, Sally, where's the butter knife? I can't find it.

Sally. Never mind! We won't be particular. Another knife will do as well for this time. (Exit Jennie.) If I can only keep her out of mischief, it's all I ask.

Jennie (Enters with biscuit and meat). O Sally, I soused the pickles right into the cream-pot! What will Bridget say? And, do come and help me find the mustard; I want to mix some for the tongue.

Sally. You can't mix it without hot water.

Jennie. Yes, I can—so come. (Exit both.)

Sally (Enters calling out). Don't forget the plums Jennie, (Resuming her work.) I never will get this wrapper done; poor Alice will be so disappointed! And I had planned for such a quiet day!

Jennie (Enters). Sally, Sally! Why don't you keep your tea in a tin caddy? I got out too much preserves, and thought I'd put some back and I plumped them right into the black tea! It is in a glass jar and the two jars are just alike. Oh, what will Bridget say when she goes after a "drawin of tay?" (Both laugh.)

Sally. I must go and attend to it. (Leaves the room.)

(*Jennie to herself.*) Every thing is on the table now but the water. I'll fill the pitcher and get a couple of goblets and then we may sit down to our noonday repast. (Leaves the room.) (Sally comes back.)

(*Sally to herself.*) Oh, well," what can't be cured must be endured," I suppose (Hears a sound of breaking glass.) What's the matter now, Jennie?

Jennie (Entering with the goblets). Dear! dear! How unlucky I am to-day! It has been a complete chapter of accidents.

Sally. What is it now Jennie? Do tell me. You look so troubled!

Jennie. I was reaching up to get the goblets and happened to hit a hand lamp, standing on the shelf, where Bridget had very carelessly left it, and knocked it off into the cake box. The lamp is broken all to smash and the oil and glass scattered around promiscuously.

Sally. I will go and clear it up. (Leaves the room.)

Jennie (Arranging the table). Not just now, Sally, come back and let us have our lunch first. It is all ready. (Bell rings violently.) Goodness! hear that door bell! I hope the house isn't on fire. Do go, Sally. (Looking at the table complacently.) Now I think I have done pretty well. I've sewed and darned and mixed the mustard and set the table and—(draws a long breath.) I've, really, been a friend in need: but dear me! (Looking at Sally's work.) Sally doesn't get along at all. How slow some people are!

(*Enter* SALLIE.)

Sally. Jennie, it's a servant for you:—your grandmother has just arrived, and wants you immediately.

Jennie. Grandmother! I hope she has brought the pearl necklace this time. I must go at once.

Sally. But you'll stay for lunch?

Jennie (Flurried). Can't stay a minute, grandmother is so particular! (Seizes hat and shawl overturning basket and flower pot.) There goes that unlucky work-basket again, and the flower pot. Goodness, gracious! Where's my scarf? (Sally holds it out to her; she snatches it across the table overturning things generally.) There goes the mustard. Good-by! (Kissing Sally.) I'm so glad I took it into my head to come and help you to-day!

Sally. Good-by! Come again and remember I am much obliged to you (aside) for going. (Exit Jennie.)

Sally (Surveying things). Here's a pretty mess! Everything topsy-turvy! Mustard pretty thoroughly mixed, I should say! Pickles, in the cream pot, plums in the tea caddy, oil in the cake-box, broken glass scattered over the pantry floor—and such sewing!—It will take me longer to rip it out than it did to do it. Well, if this is what she calls neighborly kindness, I must say, "Deliver me from it!"

School Festival.

MUSIC.

AVES OF OCEAN GALOP:—DUET.

READING.

HIS REGISTERED LETTER.

HANS BLUKMAN got mad the other day. It was in London: There were a number of new letter-carriers wanted in the post-office department, and five or six score applicants were on hand to be examined by the shrewd medical gentlemen who were appointed to conduct this rigid scrutiny. Among these, was fat Hans Blukman, a well-to-do tradesman. He stood about the middle of the long line, before the closed doors of a room at the post-office building. He waited his turn with perspiring impatience. Every now and then, the door would open, a head would be thrust through the crack of the door and cry "Next!" Then somebody —not Hans Blukman—would enter.

At last it came Han's turn. He entered and found himself alone with a man of professional aspect. Hans held out a slip of paper. The dignified official merely glanced at it and said:

"Take off your coat."

"Dake off mine goat? Vot you dink I come for? To get shafed? I vant——"

"All right. Take off your coat, or I can't examine you."

"Den I vos got to be examined? So? Dot's all right, I s'bose," and off came the coat.

"Off waistcoat, too!"

"Look here, my vriend, you dink I was a tief? You vants to zearch me? Vell, dot's all right. I peen an honest man, py dunder, und you don't vind no schtolen broperty my clothes insite! I vas never zearch pefore already——"

"I don't want to search you: I want to examine you. Don't you understand?"

"No, I ton'd understand. But dot's all right; dere's mine clothes off, und if I cold catch, dot vill your fault peen entirely."

The professional man placed his hand on the visitor's shoulder blade, applied an ear to his chest, tapped him on the breast-bone and punched him in the small of the back, inquiring if it hurt.

"Hurt? No, dot ton'd hurt; but maype, if dose foolishness ton'd stop; somepody ellus gits bretty soon hurt."

"Does that hurt?" was the next question, accompanied by a gentle thrust among the ribs.

"No, dot ton'd hurt; but, by dunder, it——"

"Be quiet! I'm in a hurry—I've a dozen more to attend to. Now, can you read this card when I hold it out so?"

"No."

"Can you read it now?" bringing it a few inches nearer.

"No; but you choost pring me out my spegtagles by my goat pocket and I read him."

"Oh! that won't do. Your sight is defective, I am sorry to say, and you are rejected. Put on your clothes—quick, please."

"Dot's all right. So I vos rechected, eh? Well, dot vas nezzary, I subbose; but it's very vunny, choose the same. And now I've peen rechected und eggsamined, maype, you don'd some objections got to git me dot rechistered letter?"

"What registered letter?"

"Dot rechistered letter vot vas spoken about on dis piece baber."

"The dickens! Who sent you to me with that? I thought you had come to be examined. Didn't you apply to be a letter-carrier?"

"A letter-garrier? No I don't vant to be a letter-garrier. I half bizzness got py mineself, but I vants my rechistered letter from Sharmeny vat mine brudder sents me."

"Here," said the doctor to a messenger in the lobby, "show this man the registered-letter clerk," and the bewildered foreigner was conducted to the proper window where after passing through such a trying ordeal he finally received his letter from "Sharmeny" all right.

THAT RAILWAY CLERK.

THERE were a dozen of us waiting at the station near Strasburg, Va., for the noon train. Every one had cut his dinner short to catch the train, but the hour arrived—five—ten—twenty minutes passed, and then everybody wondered what had happened. The ticket agent was also the telegraph operator. He was a young man of twenty, illgrained and supercilious, but impatience overcame the fear of him and a woman stepped to the window and asked:

"Is the train late?"

"Um!" he growled in reply.

"How late is it?"

"Um!"

That finished her and she resumed her seat. Five more minutes slipped away, and a very solemn looking man carrying a very solemn looking carpet bag advanced from his corner and began:

"Train is late, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"How late is it?"

"Um!"

"What's the cause of it?"

No answer. He hung around for a minute longer and then solemnly marched back to his seat, and gave some one else a chance to get bluffed. After the fifth one had been turned away, a short, solid, grizzly-headed man, who had been whittling a shingle on the platform and softly humming, "We won't go home till morning," entered the waiting-room, looked up at the clock and then sauntered to the ticket window and queried:

"Whar's that train?"

The young man was looking over some freight bills and did not raise his head.

"Whar's—that—train?" repeated the whittler in a louder voice.

The agent looked up for a second, but let his eyes fall again without vouchsafing an answer.

"Whar's—that—train?" shouted the passenger as he brought his fist down on the shelf.

No answer. After waiting ten seconds he walked out doors, turned to the right, and entered the ticket office through the freight-house. Walking straight up to the agent, he reached over the table and seized him, pulled him across like a streak of lightning, and as he gave him a shake and jammed him into a corner he called out:

"Whar in thunder and blazes is that train?"

"It's a coming!" gasped the agent.

"When—whar—which?"

"In about—twenty minutes."

"What made 'er late?"

"The engine broke down at Winchester."

"Then why in Crockett's name didn't you say so in the first place? Young man, take a squar look at me! I ain't purty, nor genteel, nor saintly, but I am plump up and down, and mean bizness! When a man asks me how hogs ar selling I'm going to give him a civil answer if it cracks three ribs, and when I ask you why that old bulgine hasn't snorted in, you're got to hear me or down comes your trestle-works! Do you catch on?"

"Y-yes—certainly.—train's behind time—be here soon—of c-course—yes—of course!"

Then the solemn man rose up, took his hat in his hand and passed it around for contributions, and we felt like raising a million dollars for the solid man as a token of our love and reverence.

RECITATIONS.

THE DEATH OF GARFIELD.

BY MISS A. O. BRIGGS.

At early morn, upon the silence fell,
The mournful message of the tolling bell,
Rousing from slumber with the tidings dread,
Our nation orphaned, and our chieftain dead!
Poor murdered man! The weary weeks of pain,
The prayers, the tears, the ceaseless vigils vain!
Too sure the aim—the mad intent to slay—
Nor love, nor skill, the fatal end could stay.
What nerved the arm to do the bloody deed,
So plainly traced that, "He who runs may read?"
Discordant factions, clamorous for power,
Learn ye the lesson of this awful hour!
From lowly cot, to proud, ancestral hall
Each heart is wounded by the assassin's ball—
Each home is darkened by a cloud of gloom
The shadow resting o'er an open tomb.
Heartfelt the tears the weeping millions shed,
Who loved him, living, and who mourn him, dead;
Nor we alone, but distant nations share
Our sore bereavement and the grief we bear.
England's loved queen, in sympathy sincere,
Her floral offering lays upon his bier.
Half-mast the flags in foreign ports unfurled—
The deadly shot is felt throughout the world.
World-wide his fame—the warrior, statesman, sage,
The patriot, martyr—honor of our age!
His name, immortal, as the work he wrought
In world of action or in realms of thought!
When Nature aims with preconcerted plan,
To show the world her noblest type of man,
She rears his childhood 'neath no marble dome,
But rocks his cradle in a humble home;
Trains his young feet the rugged steep to climb,
Fires his young soul with energies sublime,
Displays a crown before his eager eyes,
Bids him ascend, if he would reach the prize,
Till, step by step, amid exertion great,
He carves his way to manhood's high estate.
Our hero, thus, hath gained earth's topmost hight,
And, stepping heavenward, disappears from sight,
Leaving to us, from that bright land afar,
But gleams of glory through the gates ajar.
Beloved Ohio, 'tis thy sacred trust
To guard his birthplace and his precious dust—
His earthly home, where mother, children, wife,
With him enjoyed their sweet domestic life.
How worthless now the pride and pomp of state
To those sad hearts, so doubly desolate!
Nor can a nation's love—its tenderest care,
Assuage the grief these stricken ones must bear!
'Tis He, alone, the Christian's hope and stay,
Can heal the wounds and wipe the tears away.

BABY'S MISSION.

Pillowed on flowers, with a half opened bud in its tiny hand, the baby lies a beautiful image of repose. Nothing can be lovelier than the delicate face, the little lips just parted, the white brow shaded by soft silken curls.

There is nothing of the repulsion of death which some people always suffer beside a corpse to be felt by the most sensitive here.

As beautiful now as in his brief sweet life the darling seems to be asleep; but it is a frozen sleep.

The strong man, pale with suppressed emotion, strives to seem resigned for the sake of her who is leaning on his strength because grief has crushed her own. How their hearts thrilled with joy when the little nursling was given them! What plans they formed—what hopes they reared for the future of their precious one! Everything is over now. The little garments must be folded up and put away. There will be no need of wakening in the night to take care of baby. Baby is gone.

The minister speaks tender words and prays a prayer of thankfulness and trust. He has been to so many baby-funerals in the last quarter of a century, during which he has led his flock, the words of comfort come readily to his lips and he utters them in the sympathy and sincerity of his heart. He feels that such as this wee blossom are the flowers fittest for the kingdom of heaven.

The last sad rites are performed. There is one more little mound in the cemetery and one more desolate home in town. These bereft parents are members of the largest household under the stars—the household of mourning.

The world is full of sympathetic hearts, but it is also full of hearts, busied with their own cares and perplexities; and although they may sincerely sympathize with the afflicted, yet they will, after a time, chide those who are persistently sad.

Was that little life a failure? Why did it come into this busy world if it was so soon to be taken away? To these questions we may reply. Its mission was to broaden and enlarge the lives of all who loved him. Their care for him gave them a comprehension of the mystery of childhood and a feeling of the Fatherhood of God that without him they might never have possessed. The little spirit, flying heavenward, draws by an invisible chain the hearts of father and mother to the land of the blest where their loved one awaits them. Its holy mission is accomplished. The baby lived not in vain.

THE CHOSEN.

WHEN brains that are crowned and gifted,
When souls that are chosen have birth,
Sad sounds are in heaven uplifted.
Though peans are sung upon earth;
For the great Giver knoweth how cruel
Are rarest, best gifts of his hand;
When he feedeth the brain with his fuel,
He scourgeth the heart with a brand.

Woe, woe to the man that is dowered,
Woe, woe to the thoughts that are shod,
With the lightnings of God and empowered
To climb o'er the dust and the sod!
For the world rolleth rocks in the highway,
And coldly looks on from afar,
While the masses cast stones from each byway
Crying, "Down where the rest of us are!"

Small, ill-visaged curs from dark places,
Rush snapping at upward bound feet,
And serpents with human-shaped faces,
Glide forth where the blossoms seem sweet;
Black bats of foul envy and malice
Beat full in the face of the soul;
And scandal makes certain her chalice
And droppeth some truth in the bowl.

The soul, straining hard at the boulder,
Removes it with tatter and hurt;
And the world casts a sneer o'er its shoulder,
And laughs at its rags and its dirt.
Weak souls that were touched with desire
But sat down half-way to find rest,
Feel hate for the one climbing higher,
And hail it with insult and jest.

The soul groweth saddened and weary,
But the gifted of God must go on;
The eagle cries out from his eyrie,
"Come up where the great dwell alone!"
But alas! what availeth the distance?
The world puts a glass to its eyes,
And the soul's very inmost existence
It penetrates, probes, and decries.

AN ENEMY

BY REV. DR. DEEMS.

ALWAYS keep an enemy on hand, a brisk, hearty, active enemy. Having one is proof that you are somebody. Wishy-washy, empty, worthless people never have enemies. Men who never move, never run against anything; and when a man is thoroughly dead and utterly buried nothing ever runs against him. To be

run against is proof of existence and position: to run against something is proof of motion.

An enemy is, to say the least, not partial to you. He will not flatter. He will not exaggerate your virtues. It is very probable that he will slightly magnify your faults. The benefit of that is twofold. It permits you to know that you have faults and are, therefore, not an angel; and it makes them of such size as to be visible and manageable. Of course, if you have a fault you desire to know it; when you become aware of a fault, you desire to correct it. Your enemy does for you this valuable work which your friends cannot perform.

In addition, your enemy keeps you wide awake. He does not let you sleep at your post. There are two that always keep watch, the lover and the hater.

Your lover watches that you may sleep. He hushes noises, excludes lights, adjusts surroundings, that nothing may disturb you. Your hater watches that you may not sleep. He keeps your faculties on the alert. Even when he does nothing, he will have put you in such a state of mind that you cannot tell what he will do next, and this mental *qui vive* must be worth something.

He is a detective. Through his expert agency you soon discover who are your true friends, who are your enemies, and who occupy a neutral ground.

When your enemy assails you, the indifferent one will have nothing to say, or chime in, not because he has really anything against you, but because it is so much easier to assent than to oppose, and especially than to refute; but your friend will take up cudgels for you on the instant. He will deny everything and insist on proof, and proving is very hard work. There is not a truthful man in the world that could afford to undertake to prove one-tenth of his assertions. The next best thing to having a hundred real friends is to have one open enemy.

MUSIC.

ALICE WHERE ART THOU:—Instrumental.

OR

IT'S JUST AN IDEA OF MY OWN:—

Comic Song.

IN reading the papers each day,
Reflecting on matters and things,
Quite often the grave and the gay,
Will give me an idea that clings;
Would many big banks that have failed,
And left working men poor and alone
Be broke if directors were jailed?
It's just an idea of my own.

CHORUS.

It's just an idea of my own, you know,
Its just an idea of my own;
Don't blame me if I should be wrong, you know,
It's just an idea of my own.

In politics both parties fight,
The people the damage must pay,
And which side is wrong or is right,
What matters to us, any way?
Would stalwarts and half-breeds contend
And growl like two dogs at a bone,
If boodle was not the sole end,
It's just an idea of my own.

CHORUS.

We love the sweet girls to admire;
But who in his heart won't confess,
They all of them seek to aspire
To very odd fashions in dress?
The bonnets that now they adore
At least a mile round they have grown,
What race-tracks they'd make to be sure,
It's just an idea of my own.

CHORUS.

Now often a man's sent to jail
For stealing a mouthful of bread,
When those who steal millions get bail,
Unless beforehand they have fled;
One rule for the rich and the poor
Let justice dispense from her throne
'Twould suit the world better I'm sure,
It's just an idea of my own.

CHORUS.

READINGS.

NOT SO GREEN AFTER ALL.

THE other day a merchant traveler, operating for a Philadelphia shoe firm, boarded a train on the Alton road at Joliet, and was soon attracted by the charming face of a sucker lass, who got on at Pontiac. He thought he saw that she was a sweet, innocent young thing, who had never been around any, and he wended his way

to where she sat and insinuated himself into her society.

"It is a very stormy day, miss," said the merchant traveler.

"Is that so?" she asked with a great show of interest. Here, indeed, was a sweet example of rustic innocence. Storming like all furies, and had been for nine consecutive hours and yet she seemed to know nothing about it! "Poor, credulous, simple thing," he thought, "she'll be madly in love with me in fifteen minutes."

"Going far?" he inquired.

"Oh, an awful long way!"

"How sweet and childish! thought the gripsack man.

"How far are you going?" he asked.

"Oh, way off!"

"To St. Louis?"

"My, yes, and further than that."

"I'm awful glad. I'll have your company a good while then," said he, "and I know we shall be great friends."

"I hope so," she replied.

"You have beaux, don't you?" the drummer suddenly asked.

"No. I used to have, but——"

"Ah! never mind, I'll be your beau on this trip. Now, tell me your name, please."

"Matilda—Matilda Haw—well it used to be Hawkens, but it is Jordan now."

"What! You are not married?"

"No! I poisoned my fifth husband the other day, and you,—oh! you look so sweet! You look as if strychnine would make such a beautiful corpse of you! Come, now won't you marry me?"

The drummer excused himself, and the jolly Pontiac girl and her beau, who sat behind, pretending to be asleep, laughed all the way to Bloomington.—

THE DREAM OF GREATNESS.

REV. DANIEL WISE.

YONDER on the calm, moonlit sea, gliding in solemn majesty over the unruffled waters, is a splendid ship. Among the dark forms upon her deck, may be discerned a pale-faced boy, some sixteen summers old. He is leaning over the bulwarks, absorbed in dreamy reverie. His imagination is traversing the future of his career. Filled with the gay illusions of hope, he peoples the years to come with images of success. He beholds himself rising from post to post in his dangerous profession, until he fancies himself the commander of a great fleet. He wins brilliant victories:—wealth, honors, fame, surround him. He is a great man. His name is in the mouth of the world. There is a halo of glory around his brow.

Filled with the idea, he starts! His young heart heaving with great purposes, his eyes gleaming with the fire of his enkindled soul, his slender form expanding to its utmost height, and his lips, as he paces the silent deck exclaiming, "I will be a hero; and, confiding in Providence, I will brave every danger!" Such was the romantic dream of young Horatio Nelson, afterwards the hero of the Nile, the victor of Trafalgar, and the greatest naval commander in the world! And what young man has not had imaginings equally romantic?

Where is the poor sailor boy who has not dreamed of glory and greatness? What young law student has not seen in himself a future Littleton, Coke, or Story? Where is the printer's apprentice who has not intended to be a Franklin? What young mechanic has not, in fancy, written his name beside the names of Arkwright, Fulton and Rumford? What boyish artist has not in imagination, rivalled Raphael or Michael Angelo? What youthful orator has not gathered the glory of Burke, Chatham, or Patrick Henry around his own name? Nay! there never was a young man, of any advantages, who did not rise to eminent success in his hours of reverie. For youth is the period of dreams, in which Queen Mab, with her fairy crew, holds undisputed reign over the imagination, and revels, at will, in the hall of fancy, in the palace of the soul.

But why, since all dream of greatness, do so few attain it? The answer is obvious. Young men are not willing to devote themselves to that process of slow, toilsome self-culture which is the price of great success. Could they soar to eminence on the lazy wings of genius, the world would be filled with great men. But this can never be; for, whatever aptitude for particular pursuits Nature may donate to her favorite children, she conducts none but the laborious and the studious to distinction.

Great men have ever been men of thought as well as men of action. As the magnificent river, rolling in the pride of its mighty waters,

owes its greatness to the hidden springs of the mountain nook, so does the wide-sweeping influence of distinguished men date its origin from hours of privacy resolutely employed for self-development. The invisible spring of self-culture is the source of every great achievement.

RECITATION.

THE HEROES OF SUMTER.

BY MISS A. O. BRIGGS.

ERE the smiling Aurora had opened the door
For the sun that had left us the evening before,
Ere the deep hue of darkness had faded to white,
Or the east had been touched by a pencil of light,
The sky was lit up by a bright sudden glare,
Like a lightning flash cleaving its way through the air,
And the deep thunder-tones of the coming affray
In echoes rolled over the storm-threatened bay.
A moment of silence—a pausing for breath—
Then the sky was on fire with the missiles of death;
And the frightful explosions, the volcanic roar,
Shook the earth till it quaked from the sea to the shore.
Rebellion was sounding the key-note of wrath,
Waking Discord and War in its perilous path.
Gun answered to gun with a deafening report,
Shells screeching destruction burst on the doomed fort;
Most nobly they struggled, that brave little band,
'Gainst the demons of darkness, the foes of our land;
'Mid the heavy bombardment by day and by night,
No palsy of terror, no tremor of fright,
Unnerved them for duty; but each at his post
Sent a stunning reply to the blood-thirsty host.
Their barracks were fired, and their flag lost its place,
And the spectre of Famine stared each in the face.
They rushed through the tempest of shot and of shell;
They raised their old flag from the place where it fell;
And the hammer rang out through the war's raging blast,
Like the voice of a patriot, true to the last;
Till again from the ramparts the colors unfurled,
'Mid the hearty applause of a wondering world.
Their cartridges failed, but they did not give o'er,
They tore up their clothing and made them some more.
Determined to balance accounts with the foe,
They stood at their cannon and dealt blow for blow.
The flames raged within and the walls crumbled fast;
Yet they struggled with destiny, firm to the last.
The heat was intense.—Lest the powder should be
Blown up by the fire, 'twas rolled into the sea.
The smoke wrapped them 'round with its mantle of gloom;
They seemed like brave martyrs awaiting their doom;
The terrors of death they could look in the face,
But they never would yield up the fort in disgrace.
The rebels beheld them, admiring, amazed!
"No signs of retreating! No white flag is raised!
We'ell give the bold heroes their terms of release
And permit them to go from their strong-hold in peace."
'Twas a noble surrender;—how else could it be?
They went forth saluting the flag of the free;
They named their own terms, nor let glory on shares,
Marching forth to the notes of our national airs.

* * * * * * * *

The dread years of conflict forever are flown,
And History claims their events as her own,
On the brightest of pages, embellished by Fame,
The "Heroes of Sumter" have written their name.

MUSIC.

SILVERY WAVES; Instrumental.

COLLOQUY.

MISTAKEN PHILANTHROPY.

FOR three young gentlemen and four boys.

CHARACTERS: — Mr. Burt, Mr. Crandall, Agent, Eddie, Tommey, Johnney, Charlie.

SCENE:—*A plainly furnished sitting-room. Charlie, lying on a couch. Mr. Burt rocking a cradle with his foot and darning a stocking.*

Mr. Burt (Sings).—

"By-lo-baby Bunting,
Mamma's gone a hunting,
To get a little rabbit skin,
To wrap up baby——"

Enter Eddie. Pa, Pa, Tommey and Johnney are calling me names—Can't they stop teasing me?

Mr. Burt. Of course they can. What did they call you, Eddie?

Eddie. They called me a black pullican.

Mr. Burt. A black pullican!

Eddie. Yes, Pa, a black pullican! They said Ma was a woman suffager, you was a probationer and they was devilcrats—Can't they stop?

Mr. Burt. Oh! never mind, Eddie, they were only talking politics. They are naughty boys to tease their little brother. I wouldn't play with them if I were you. Sit down and read your new book and don't make any noise. I want to get the baby to sleep. (Sings) :—

"Hush! my dear, lie still and slumber;
Holy angels guard thy bed;
Heavenly blessings without number——"

Tommey (Crying). Oh! on! oh! Jones' dog has bit me. See how it bleeds! oh! oh! oh! He's torn a great hole in my pants, too,—look here! oh-ho-ho-no—

Mr. Burt. Here, Eddie, you rock the cradle, I must go and see to that boy. Tommey, why didn't you let the dog alone? I've told you he'd bite you sometime. Now you see what comes from disobeying me.

Tommey. Do you think I'll run mad, Pa?

Mr Burt. May be so. I can't tell.

Tommey. Oh! oh! oh—ho—ho—ho! I don't want to run mad!

Mr. Burt. There! there! stop crying. I won't do any good now—you'll wake the baby. You must take off your pants so I can mend them. I'll put some sticking-plaster on the bite and you can go to bed for the rest of the day. Oh, dear! how much trouble you do make!

Tommey. I don't want to go to bed—can't I put on my Sunday pants, Pa?

Mr. Burt. Your Sunday pants! of course you can't. Do you want them all rags, too? You'd be sliding down the roof next. No! shut up your crying and go to bed. I shall know where you are then. Shut up! I say.

Eddie, (calling). Pa, Pa, O, Pa, hurry up! I guess the baby's got another fit.

Mr. Burt. Put that plaster on the sore, I say, Tommey, and go to bed. (Rushes to the cradle.) Yes, poor little baby, it has got another fit. There! there! Papa's eetle darling! Eddie, bring the camphor, quick! Then there! there! eetle birdie's coming to. Did Papa's eetle darling have an old, naughty fit? All right now, eetle sweetie. (Sings.)

"Rock-a-by baby on the tree top,
When the wind blows the cradle will rock,
When the bough bends the cradle will fall,
Down comes rock-a-by baby ——"

(Enter *Mr. Crandall.*)

Good morning, Neighbor Crandall—take a seat. How goes the world with you?

Mr. Crandall. Oh! I'm having a high old time. I've come over to tell you that rice has riz.

Mr. Burt. Ha! ha! Is that so?

Mr. Crandall. I guess you'd think so if you had been at our house an hour ago. I tell you what, we've had a circus!

Mr. Burt. A circus? How did that happen? I didn't see any street parade.

Mr. Crandall. No, had it all to ourselves. I thought this morning, as rice must be easy to cook, we'd have some for dinner; so I took out a quart or two and put it over the fire to boil. Well, the plaguey stuff kept rising and rising, I took about half of it out into another kettle and still it kept swelling until it overrun both kettles and boiled over onto the stove. Such a time! There is, at least calculations, over half a bushel of it. I've brought you over a pailful to see if you can't help us get rid of it before my wife gets home, or she'll have the laugh on me.

Mr. Burt. Thank you! I guess we can. We are all fond of boiled rice and milk. It will save cooking another meal to-day; and I have so much sewing and darning on hand I hardly know which way to turn. It takes a great many stitches to keep a family in any presentable shape. But really the rice did play a good joke on you.

Mr. Crandall. I'll bet that's what they put into bread to make it rise. My wife used to make good bread, but she don't get any time to attend to such things now since she has so much society business on hand; and, somehow, —I don't have very good luck cooking.

Mr. Burt. I can't make bread; it is always flat and soggy, but I've got it down fine on Johnny-cake and griddles.

Mr. Crandall (Noticing the sick boy on the couch.) What! is Charlie sick?

Mr. Burt. Yes, he's quite out of sorts today. I'm afraid he's coming down with the measles.

Mr. Crandall (Goes and looks at him). Yes, yes, he's got the measles fair enough. You are in for it now, old fellow. We have just gone through with a siege of it at our house. I, tell you, I had my hands full.

Mr. Burt. I expect a time, but if they all get through safe I shall be thankful.

Mr. Crandall. They'll get along all right if you only keep them in out of the cold, feed them on spare diet, and give them plenty of sage and saffron tea. (Takes his hat.)

Mr. Burt. Don't be in a hurry Mr. Crandall. I'm so busy I don't get out much and it seems good to have a friend drop in who can sympathize with me.

Mr. Crandall. Oh! I must go. I left some lard over the fire to fry some cakes and I'm afraid it is all burnt up by this time. Good day.

Mr. Burt. Good day. Well, I must leave off darning and go to mending, I suppose. Who ever thought boys could make so much work? I'm completely upset in my intellect—don't know what to do first.

Enter Johnney (Crying and holding his head). Oh! my head! my head! boo-hoo-hoo-hoo! It aches so! boo-hoo-hoo!

Mr. Burt. What has broke loose now? What is the matter now, Johnney?

Johnney. Oh! oh! oh! I fell out of a pear tree. Oh! my head! my head! boo! hoo! hoo!

Mr. Burt. I never did see such children! always getting hurt! Stop yelling! You'll wake up the baby. What were you up in the tree for? Come and let me put some camphor on your head. You have got a bump for certain this time.

Johnney. 'Do you think it will ever get well, Pa?

Mr. Burt. Yes, if you'll keep quiet. Go and lie down on the bed with Tommey and don't you get to scuffling. If you do I'll take a rawhide to you both—do you hear? I must sit down to my mending.

Eddie. Pa, Pa can't I make some molasses candy?

Mr. Burt. No! no! I can't have that sticky stuff around.

Eddie. Please, Pa, do let us make some.

Charlie. Yes, Pa, I want some too.

Tommey and Johnney. (Peeking through the door.) And we too, pa. We like molasses candy, too, let's have a candy pull.

Mr. Burt. I tell you, you can't have any candy—(They all cry) There now! You've waked up the baby. I've a mind to give you all a spanking. Shut up! Don't let me hear another whimper.

Johnney. Pa, pa, Tommey's broke the looking-glass—hit it with his ball and stove it all to pieces—(Door bell rings.)

Mr. Burt. Hush! Don't you hear that bell? Go back to your room. I'll attend to your cases as soon as I can find time. (Opens the door.)

Agent. Is the lady of the house in?

Mr. Burt. Certainly she isn't. She's out. She is perennially and eternally out.

Agent. Where can I find her?

Mr. Burt. Why go down to the Woman's Suffrage Club rooms and if she isn't there, go to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals; and if she has left there, look for her at the hall of the Association for Relieving the Miseries of the Senegambians, and if she has finished up there, look for her at the Church Aid Society, or at the Ninth Ward Soup House, or at the Home of the One Legged, or at the Refuge for Infirm Dogs, or at the Hospital for the Asthmatic, or at the St. Polycarp Asylum, or at some other society rooms: and if you get on her trail you'll see more paupers and strong-minded women and underclothing for the heathen than you ever saw before in the whole course of your life.

Agent. I wanted to sell her a cool-handled flat-iron, just out. Do you think she will buy one?

Mr. Burt. She will if you can prove that the naked cannibals in Senegambia are yearning for cool-handle flat-irons.

Agent. I intend, also, to offer her a new kind of immovable hair-pin, which——

Mr. Burt (Interrupting him). All right! You just go down to the home of the Decrepit and persuade those cripples to cry for immovable hair-pins and she will order them by the ton.

Agent. Has she any children?

Mr. Burt. Well, I'm the one that appears to have them just now.

Agent. Besides, I have a gum top for a feeding bottle. This is the nicest thing you ever saw——

Mr. Burt. (Interrupting him). Now I'll tell you what to do. You get these paupers to swear they can't eat the soup they get at the Soup-House with spoons but must have it from a bottle with a rubber nozzle, and Mrs. Burt will keep you so busy supplying the demand that you won't have a chance to sleep. Just try it. Buy up the paupers—bribe 'em!

Agent. How will I know her if I see her?

Mr. Burt. Why she's a large woman with a bent nose, and she talks all the time. You'll hear her talking as soon as you get within a mile of her. She'll ask you to subscribe for the Senegambian fund and the Asthmatic Asylum before you can get your breath. Probably she'll read you four or five letters from reformed cannibals. But don't you mind 'em. My opinion is she wrote them herself.

Agent. Shall I tell her you told me to call upon her?

Mr. Burt. It doesn't make any difference. But you might mention that since she left home the baby has had four fits, Johnny has fallen from a pear tree and cracked his skull, Charlie is coming down with the measles and Tommey has been bitten by Jones' dog. It won't excite her—it won't trouble her a bit, but I'd like her to have the latest news. Tell her if she can manage to drop in here, for a few minutes, before the Fourth of July, she might, maybe, wash the baby and give the other children a chance to remember how she looks; but she needn't if it will make the disabled mendicants or the asthmatics miserable. Mind and mention it to her, will you?

Agent. I will. Good day, sir.

Mr. Burt. All right, then. Good day. Well, I must go and spank Tommey for breaking that looking-glass and take a turn through the domicile to see what new calamities have befallen me. Then I'll sit down to my mending and, perhaps, make my fame and fortune inventing a fire-proof and breakage proof habitation for boys between the ages of two and twenty. (Curtain falls.)

MUSIC.

GOOD NIGHT:—Instrumental,

OR

MUST WE NEVER MEET AGAIN:

Vocal duet.

MUST we never meet again,
Must our ways be far apart,
Must I ever feel the pain
Of a sorrow burdened heart?
Are the hopes so bright and dear
Doomed to have their lustre wane;
Must I live a life so drear,
Must we never meet again?

In the sunshine of our youth,
Love had birth and warmed our hearts,
With the dreams of joy and truth,
That its truthfulness imparts;
Years appeared but to cement
Firmer still the blissful chain;
Must it be asunder rent,
Must we never meet again?

Oft when doomed afar to roam,
'Twas thy love illumed my heart,
And the thoughts of thee and home,
Bade all sorrowing depart;
Never once by word or deed
Have I caused you aught of pain,
Wherefore make my bosom bleed,
Must we never meet again?

END OF PROGRAM.

Any of the following exercises can be substituted for those in the program when it is desirable to change it; or added in roder to lengthen it.

ALIKE.

OUT from the church-yard cold and dim
Just as the sun went down,
Two women came, one in costliest crape
And one in a plain chintz gown.

From their swollen eyes the tears fell fast
As they clasped each other's arm;
The one with jeweled fingers white,
The other a toil-browned palm.

A few weeks since, and that haughty dame
Would have turned in scornful pride,
Nor deigned to have touched e'en the garment's hem
Of the woman by her side.

But now she drinks, with a hungry look,
Her comforting words so low,
Telling of peace He gives His poor,
That the rich can hardly know.

For beyond the gate are two small graves,
Just seen in this twilight hour;
The one is marked by a marble shaft,
The other, a single flower.

'Neath one in a casket, satin-lined,
Is a little baby face
'Round which the ringlets like pale spun-gold
Cluster thick 'mid the flowers and lace.

In the other, in a coffin plainly made,
Wrapped up in spotless white,
Is another child, a precious pearl,
Hid away from a mother's sight.

And now each day in the twilight dim,
Side by side they sit and weep,
Far apart in life—from mansion and cot—
At the grave's dark door they meet.

All o'er this earth, be we rich or poor,
The mother's love is the same;
When the angel of death takes our darlings away,
'Tis alike to us all—the pain.

More precious than gems about her neck,
To the poor is her child's embrace;
And the rich would give all her hoarded wealth
For one look at her dead child's face.

TRIFLES.

A LITTLE speck of mould may encompass a world of beauty—hedges and forests, and sylvan retreats, peopled with happy beings, playing among the fields and pastures which our gross vision never detects.

A drop of water may contain another world of living beings, full of grace and action, and jewelled like the rainbow—seemingly moved by the same passions which inspire our more pretentious race.

Everything is comparative, and, for aught we know, this great globe that we inhabit, when compared with the universe, may be to that only what a drop of water is to the ocean.

What great results may come from little things! A spark, blown by the wind, lays a great city in the dust, wiping out, in a few hours, the work of many a weary year, consuming treasures of art which nothing can replace, and leaving the busy streets an uninhabited wilderness.

The air is full of the seeds of life and death, and these invisible germs or spores may take the king from his throne and the beggar from his hovel and lay them down to sleep on one common level, beneath the verdant sod.

You pick up an acorn in your autumn rambles and carelessly embed it in the fertile soil; it is a small matter and, perhaps, you never think of it again. A hundred years hence, long after you are dead and forgotten, a weary traveler lies down to rest under the shadow of a mighty oak whose sturdy, wide-spreading branches, with their wealth of foliage, form a cool shady retreat from the sultry summer sun.

A word is only a breath and it may be uttered during a tick of the pendulum; but that quiet "yes!" or "no," "stay" or "go," may determine the destiny of the one who speaks it and often of those with whom he is associated. If he be a warrior or a statesman it may determine the destiny of nations.

A word, once spoken, can never be recalled; it has gone off into space to do its work for good or evil. A man's whole character may be unconsciously betrayed by a single word.

Nothing is more potent than a human thought, even though it may never find any outward utterance. It is the fountain-head of everything that makes existence desirable or converts it into a curse.

A snowflake is not much in itself, but if the flakes fall thick enough they can check the movement of the mightiest engine that man ever made.

A drop of water is a very insignificant thing, but there is nothing can resist its influence when, united with others, it swells into a roaring flood.

The loftiest mountain is only an aggregate of grains of sand. The invisible atom is the basis of everything that exists. Little things are not to be despised, for life is made up of seeming trifles.

THE LOVE OF READING.

SIR JOHN HERSCHEL.

IF I were to pray for a taste which, under every variety of circumstances, should be a source of happiness and cheerfulness to me

through life, however things might go amiss it would be a taste for reading. Give a man this taste and the means of gratifying it and unless, indeed, you put into his hands a most perverse selection of books, you can hardly fail of making a happy man. You place him in contact with the best society in every period of history —with the wisest, the wittiest—with the tenderest, the bravest, and the purest characters that have adorned humanity. You make him a denizen of all nations—a contemporary of all ages. The world has been created for him. It is hardly possible that the character should not take a higher and better tone from the constant habit of associating, in thought, with a class of thinkers, to say the least of it, above the average of humanity. It is morally impossible, but that the manners should take a tinge of good breeding and civilization from having constantly before ones eyes the way in which the best bred and best informed men have talked and conducted themselves in their intercourse with each other. There is a gentle but perfectly irresistible coercion in the habit of reading, well directed, over the whole tenor of a man's character and conduct, which is not the less effectual because it works insensibly and because it is really the last thing he dreams of. It permeates his whole being and stamps his character for time and for eternity.

GOUGH'S EMBARRASSMENT.

THE only instance of embarrassment I could not overcome occurred many years ago. It was my own fault, and proved a sharp lesson to me. I was engaged to address a large number of children in the afternoon, the meeting to be held on the lawn, back of the Baptist church in Providence, R. I. In the forenoon a friend met me and said: "I have some first-rate cigars; will you take a few?"

"No, I thank you."

"Do take a half a dozen."

"I have nowhere to put them."

"You can put half a dozen in your cap."

I wore a cap in those days, and I put the cigars into it, and at the appointed time I went to the meeting. I ascended the platform and faced an audience of more than two thousand children. As it was out of doors I kept my hat on for fear of taking cold, and I forgot all about the cigars.

Toward the close of my speech I became much in earnest, and after warning the boys against bad company, bad habits and the saloons, I said,

"Now, boys, let us give three rousing cheers for temperance and cold water. Now, then, three. Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!" And taking off my cap, I waved it most vigorously, when away went the cigars right into the midst of the audience.

The last two cheers were very faint, and were nearly drowned in the laughter of the crowd.

I was mortified and ashamed, and should have been relieved could I have sunk through the platform out of sight. My feelings were still more aggravated by a boy coming up the steps of the platform with one of those dreadful cigars, saying, "Here's one of your cigars, Mr. Gough."

Though I never afterward put cigars into my cap or hat when going to a meeting, I am ashamed to say it was some time after that before I gave up cigars altogether.

THE KNIFE OF BOYHOOD.

BY LOUISE UPHAM.

I PRIZE it, I love it, this jack-knife of mine!
No money could tempt me my prize to resign!
Through the lab'rinths of boyhood it proved a sure guide,
And the notches it cut were my safety and pride.

How long seemed the years I must patiently wait
My finger-ends tingling, and hear big boys prate
Of the wonderful things which a jack-knife could do!
And they always wound up, "But it's too sharp for you!"

But with pockets and pants came the coveted prize;
And I felt—well, as proud, for a lad of my size,
As a millionaire does who has worked his own way
From a farmhouse to life in a palace to day.

In that back seat at school. Oh, the nicks that I made!
I there made my mark, though Time, the old jade,
While lifting my classmates to honor and fame,
Has left me still plodding on, ever the same.

This knife's neat and trim as a knife could well be.

Though I broke off the blade just here, as you see;
It was when I went fishing with Fred for brook trout,
And the eels pulled so hard, our fish-poles gave out.

"And the handle?" I split that by letting it fall
Once when I went nutting, and climbed a stone wall;
It slid from my pocket and cracked on the rocks,
For jack-knives, like people can't stand too rude shocks.

When once you get started in going down hill
You are just like the grain that's put into the mill;
It falls and it falls till it's ground, drop by drop;
So, in going down hill, it's the foot where you stop.

'Tis the same old jack-knife though, in handle and blade,
It's been broken more times than a routed brigade;
But, fresh from the workshop, it always comes back
With some grace or some beauty all other knives lack.

I love it, I prize it—my long cherished friend!
It shall stay by my side till my life here shall end.
'Tis the knife of my boyhood—its beauty ne'er fades,
Though it's had six new handles and sixteen new blades.

COMPLAINING.

BY MRS. G. S. HALL.

We are ever complaining,
Whether sunshine or raining,
A general topic, "the weather."
And oft when we meet
Our friends on the street
We mingle our sorrows together.

Sometimes we will say,
"What a beautiful day!
Yet, (anxious *some* trouble to bororw,)
Will turn up our eyes
To the clear, azure skies,
& say, "It will rain on the morrow."

In summer, "'Tis torrid,"
And "Perfectly horrid!"
It is either too wet or a drouth;
In winter we freeze,
In the cold, piercing breeze,
And wish we were living down South.

If the weather is calm,
Then that is no balm—
"So still we can scarce get a breath!"
If a gale in the street,
Stirs the dust at our feet,
"We shall certainly smother to death!"

When freezing and snowing,
And fearfully blowing,
To face the rude blast no one cares;
And people, amazed,
Think that "Nature is crazed."
When she only is "Putting on airs."

Then Indian-Summer,
That bright welcome comer,
Clad in gold color, orange and red,
Has passed by this fall
With a cold, formal call,
And a nod of her beautiful head.

No doubt her excuse
For this shameful abuse,—
If she the reason had told,—
Would have been with a wheeze,
A cough and a sneeze,
"I have taken a terrible cold!"

All things have their season;
Yet, lacking in reason,
We think ourselves wonderfully wise;
But forget that each care
And the trials we bear,
Are blessings though sent in disguise.

We may groan and may grumble,
May murmur and mumble,
From dewy morn until even;
We can not at leisure,
At will or at pleasure.
Change this little earth into heaven.

A LEAF FROM THE LIFE OF A SCHOOL GIRL.

BY MISS A. O. BRIGGS.

It was midnight, dark and dreary,
Long I pondered, sad and weary,
O'er the dreaded task of writing;
But I pondered all in vain.

Though my pen and ink were near me,
Yet how little could they cheer me,
When each truant thought—oh, dear me
  Had forsook my aching brain!
Long I tried, with vain endeavor,
To recall the wanderers;—never
Was mortal schoolgirl more perplexed!
  I must, yet could not write.
My teachers would refuse me,
Should I ask them to excuse me,
And of negligence accuse me,
  In delaying thus to write.
"Oh, this is, sure, most trying
To patience!" said I, sighing,
And I sent my paper flying
  Rather swift across the floor.
Suddenly there came a rapping,—
Sort of spiritual rapping,
As of some one gently tapping,
  Tapping at my chamber door.
My lamp was faintly burning,
  Casting 'round an air of gloom;
As I peered with trembling caution
  Through the dimly lighted room.
Though the knocking was repeated,
  Somewhat louder than before,
Still I durst not rise and open
  The spirit-haunted door.
Spirit-haunted, I was certain,
  For at that untimely hour,
It could be no mortal visitant,
  But some unearthly power
That had come thus to disturb me.
  Then, methought, my table shook;
And every object in the room
  The same queer motion took.
Then ghosts of murdered moments,
  By Procrastination slain,
Came reproachfully to greet me
  In this nether world again;
Till my brain grew wild and dizzy;
  And I started for the door,—
As again I heard the knocking—
  Determined to explore
And solve this dreaded mystery—
  When, lo! to my surprise,
No frightful apparition
  Came forth to greet my eyes,
But poor, old Pont, the house dog,
  As oft he'd done before,
Stood knocking there, with wagging tail,
  Upon my chamber door.
Vanished then each frightful shadow;
  And, appearing in a trice,
Came a band of merry muses
  Kindly proffering advice,
"Never trust distorted Fancy,
  The deceiving little elf!
But search the cause immediately
  And find it out yourself;
Take no trouble for the morrow;
  Keep the mind and conscience clear;
Perform each duty in its time;
  And never yield to fear."

COLLOQUY.

AN ENTIRELY DIFFERENT MATTER.

SCENE.—*An office with a desk or table on which are an inkstand, a pile of ledgers and some extra sheets of paper. Mr. Pinchem, with gray wig and whiskers and spectacles, sits in his office busily engaged in figuring up his accounts. He does not look up from his paper, but keeps on figuring while his clerk enters and takes a seat near the table in such a position as to both face the audience.*

Clerk. Mr. Pinchem, I—I—

Mr. Pinchem. Have you got those goods off for Kalamazoo?

Clerk. Yes, sir, they are off. Mr. Pinchem, I—

Mr. P. And about that order for starch?

Clerk. That has been attended to, sir. Mr. Pinchem—

Mr. P. And that invoice of tea?

Clerk. That's all right, sir. Mr. Pinchem, I have—

Mr. P. And that cargo of sugar?

Clerk. Taken care of as you directed, sir. Mr. Pinchem, I have long—

Mr. P. What about Bush and Bell's consignment?

Clerk. Received in good order, sir. Mr. Pinchem, I have long wanted—

Mr. P. And that shipment to Buffalo?

Clerk. All right, sir. Mr. Pinchem, I have long wanted to speak to you—

Mr. P. Ah! speak to me? Why, I thought you spoke to me fifty times a day

Clerk. Yes, sir, I know, but this is a private matter.

Mr. P. Private? Oh! Ah! Wait till I see how much we made on that last ten thousand pounds of soap—Six times four are twenty-four; six times two are twelve and two to carry make fourteen; six times nought are nothing and one

to carry makes one; six times five are thirty; seven times four—ah! well go ahead, I'll finish this afterwards.

Clerk. Mr. Pinchem, I have been with you ten long years,—

Mr. P. Ten eh! Long years, eh! any longer than any other years? Go ahead.

Clerk. And I have always tried to do my duty.

Mr. P. Have, eh? Go on.

Clerk. And I now make bold—

Mr. P. Hold on! What is there bold about it? But, never mind, I'll hear you out.

Clerk. Mr. Pinchem I want to ask—ask—I want to ask—

Mr. P. Well, why don't you ask then? I don't see why you don't ask if you want to.

Clerk. Mr. Pinchem I want to ask you for—for—

Mr. P. You want to ask me for the hand of my daughter. Ah! why didn't you speak right out? She's yours, my boy, take her and be happy. You might have had her two years ago if you had mentioned it. Go long, now, I'm busy. Seven times six are forty-two, seven times five are thirty-five and four are thirty-nine, seven times eight—

Clerk. Mr. Pinchem—

Mr. P. What! You here yet? Well, what is it?

Clerk. I wanted to ask you for—

Mr P. Didn't I give her to you, you rascal!

Clerk. Yes, but what I wanted to ask you for was not the hand of your daughter, but a raise of salary.

Mr. P. Oh! that was it, eh? Well, sir, that is an entirely different matter; and it requires time for serious thought and earnest deliberation. Return to your work. I'll think about it, and some time next fall, I'll see about giving you a raise of a dollar or so a week. Seven times eight are fifty-six and three are fifty-nine—

(*Curtain Falls.*)

SHUTTING OUT CARE.

We may open the door to our neighbors
And open the door to our friends;
We may entertain guests at our table
While friendship with courtesy blends;
We may gather our dear ones about us—
Our helpmeet and children so fair—
But let us forget not to banish,
From these tender meetings, dull care.
It watches at doors and at windows;
It whistles through crannies and cracks.
It giveth the good man the headache;
It pinches and tortures and racks;
It sits down unasked at the table;
It crouches beside the down bed;
It takes all the brightness from slumber,
It takes all the sweetness from bread.
Of all things to make our lives happy,
Of all things to make our lives fair,
There's nothing from home's cheerful fire
So sacred, like shutting out Care.

THE HOLIDAYS ARE COMING.

BY MISS A. O BRIGGS.

"The holidays are coming!"
Says the merchant, and he smiles,
As he loads his groaning counters
With the very latest styles;
While his windows gleam and glitter
In their holiday array,
And he reaps a golden harvest
From the elegant display.

"The holidays are coming!"
Shouts the schoolboy in his glee
"We'll have a short vacation
From books and study free—
Old Santa C—— will bring us
A heap of Christmas toys;
And won't we just be jolly—
We merry girls and boys!"

"The holidays are coming!"
Says the father to himself,
As he lays away a parcel
On the upper closet-shelf;
While behind a pile of lumber,
In an unfrequented shed,
He has found a safe concealment
For the little skates and sled

"The holidays are coming!"
Says the mother in her pride
As the little fancy fixings
Are securely laid aside
For the merry Christmas morning
When the eager, little eyes
Will sparkle with the pleasure
Of a genuine surprise.

The holidays are coming!
There is magic in the sound.
How it thrills the heart with rapture!
How the pulses leap and bound!
And they set the brain to planning
With an energetic will
While the fingers do its bidding
With alacrity and skill

The holidays are coming—
They have wrought a mystic spell.
There are secrets in their keeping
No mortal tongue may tell,
Till the silence shall be broken,
The mysteries unsealed,
And friendship's hidden tokens,
At length, shall be revealed.

The holidays are coming—
How potent is their sway!
A flood of olden memories
Gleam o'er the darkened way;
They gladdened the despairing,
Relieve the couch of pain,
And, 'neath their cheering radiance,
The old grow young again.

The holidays are coming—
Yea, even now are here.
We wish you "Merry Christmas"
And many a glad New Year.
Long years of peace and plenty
From pain and sorrow free—
God bless you and protect you
Wherever you may be.

A DESPERATE SITUATION.

MR. SPOOPENDYKE'S MISTAKE—A SCENE OF CARNAGE.

"My dear!" exclaimed Mr. Spoopendyke dropping his razor and examining his chin with staring eyes, "my dear bring the court plaster, quick! I've ploughed off half my chin!"

"Let me see?" demanded Mrs. Spoopendyke, bobbing up and fluttering around her husband. "Great gracious, what a cut! Wait a minute!" and she shot into a closet and out again.

"Quick!" roared Mr. Spoopendyke. "I'm bleeding to death! fetch me that court plaster!"

"Oh, dear!" moaned Mrs. Spoopendyke, "I put it—oh, where did I put it?"

"Dod gast that putty!" yelled Mr. Spoopendyke, who had heard his wife imperfectly. "What d'ye you think this is, a crack in the wall? Got some sort of a notion that there is a draught through here? Court plaster, I tell you! Bring me some court plaster before I pull out the side of this house and get some from the neighbors!"

Just then it occurred to Mrs. Spoopendyke that she had put the plaster in the clock.

"Here it is, dear!" and she snipped off a piece and handed it to him.

Mr. Spoopendyke put it on the end of his tongue, holding his thumb over his wound. When it was thoroughly wetted, it stuck fast to his finger, while the carnage ran down his chin. He jabbed away at the cut, but the plaster hung to his digit until finally his patience was thoroughly exhausted.

"What's the matter with the measly business?" he yelled. "Wher'd ye buy this plaster? Come off, dod gast ye!" and as he plucked it off his finger it grew to his thumb. "Stick, will ye?" he squealed, plugging at the cut in his chin. "Leave go that thumb!" and he whirled around on his heel and pegged at it again. "Why don't you bring me some court plaster?" he shrieked, turning on his trembling wife. "Who asked ye for a leach? Bring me something that knows a thumb from a chin!" and he planted his thumb on the wound and screwed it around vindictively. This time the plaster let go and slipped up to the corner of his mouth.

"Now, it's all right, dear," smiled Mrs. Spoopendyke, with a fearful grin. "May be you've got the same idea that the court plaster has! P'raps you think that mouth was cut with a razor! May be your under the impression that this hole in my visage was meant to succumb to the persuasion of a bit of plaster! Come off! Let go that mouth!" and as he gave it a wipe it stuck to the plam of his hand as if it had been born there.

"Let me try," suggested Mrs. Spoopendyke, "I know how to do it."

"Then why didn't ye do it first?" howled Mr. Spoopendyke. "What did you want to wait until I'd lost three gallons of gore for? Oh, you know how to do it! You want a linen back and a bottle of mucilage up at your side to be a country hospital. Stick! Dod gast ye!"

and he clapped the wrong hand over his jaw. "I'll hold ye here till ye stick, if I hold ye till my wife learns something!" and Mr. Spoopendyke pranced up and down the room with a face indicative of stern determination.

"Let me see, dear," said his wife approaching him with a smile, and gently drawing away his hand she deftly adjusted another piece of plaster.

"That was my piece after all," growled Mr. Spoopendyke, eyeing the job and glancing at the palm of his hand to find his piece of plaster gone. "You always come in after the funeral."

"I guess you'll find your piece sticking in the other hand, dear," said Mrs. Spoopendyke pleasantly.

"Of course you can tell," snorted Mr. Spoopendyke, verifying his wife's assertion with a glance. "If I had your sight and a pack of cards, I'd hire a shot tower and set up for an astronomer!" and Mr. Spoopendyke, who evidently meant astrology, wore that piece of blood-stained court plaster on his hand all day long, rather than admit, by taking it off, that his wife had ever been right in anything.

THE LITTLE GIRL THAT DIED.

HETTY E. HOLMES.

DEAD! dead! my little girl is dead! O, can it, must it be
That she will never, never more sit smiling on my knee—
No more at evening time I'll hear the pattering footsteps fall,
No more shall see her among the flowers, the sweetest flower of all.
Come back! come back! I wildly cry, but, O, I cry in vain—
I'd give the world were it all mine to see her smile again;
'Tis hard to say "thy will be done" while sitting here beside
The clay cold form of all I love—the little girl that died!

Dead! dead! my little girl is dead—the birds sing out their lay—
The world is bright, the flowers in bloom, the butterflies at play,
And stately clouds, like great white ships, with sails as white as snow,
Upon the sea of blue above drift lightly to and fro,—
But the world is strangely dark to me at noon, or night, or morn,
I cannot see the sunshine bright, nor do I heed the storm;
For O, I've wept such blinding tears while sitting here beside
The dearest friend I ever knew—the little girl that died!

Dead! dead! upon my knee she sat—it was but yesterday—
And we together watched the clouds in the sea of blue at play,
And with a smile that angels wear, "Papa," she said, "I see
A pretty angel in the clouds and he is beckoning me!"
And ere the twilight hour had come that happy summer day,
The angel in the noonday cloud had beckoned her away;
With him she walks in spotless white, the "waters still" beside,
To me she is a faded flower, the little girl that died!

Dead! dead! she drooped—she fell before time's chilling breath—
In waxen beauty now she lies, so beautiful in death,—
O, 'tis not strange the angel has beckoned her to him,
Nor strange that I have wept and wept till the sunny world is dim.
I look upon her lying here, and when I try to pray,
"O father give her back to me" is all that I can say;
But in his house she dwells with him, while I left outside,
And she to me can only be the little girl that died!

Dead! dead! the mother 'cross the way clasps her baby to her breast;
The wild bird has her birdlings all safe in her little nest,
And little children at their play, I hear them laughing now,
But death's seal is on my darling's eyes, the death damp on her brow,
Alone with God in sorrow will my days creep slowly by,

O angel, angel in the clouds, could you love her
more than I?
But, hark! the childish play has ceased and the
little ones outside
Are speaking now, most tenderly, of the little
girl that died!

Dead! dead! and I unreconciled, because I loved
her so,
In spite of all my hopes of heaven the blinding
tears will flow,
With faith and hope, and prayer and tears, I lay
her form away,
But in paradise I know she blooms a fadeless
flower to-day;
And the angel in that paradise will give her back
to me,
Clothed in a robe, a shining robe, of immortality;
And though in darkness I may wait the "light
at eventide,"
Heaven I know will brighter be for the little girl
that died.

AN OLD BACHELOR ON FEMALE FRIENDSHIPS.

WOMEN *friends!* The very thought makes me grin. Women can be good wives, good mothers; but friends? No. Why, who ever knew a woman who was not quite willing to worm the most cherished secrets from another woman's soul simply to retail them again to the next tea-drinking caller? And how they slander each other! Out of cowardice, probably, they inevitably stab in the back.

Men certainly slander each other as much as women do, but there is a difference. When a man has actually been telling a disgraceful story of another, circumstances may compel him to courtesy; but he never makes a show of friendship. He will perhaps bow to the person he has abused, but he does not shake hands with him warmly, make professions of good feeling, invite him to a little supper, and walk arm in arm about the city with him. When two men are intimate you may feel confident that they do not slander each other. It is his enemy of whom a man tells evil tales.

But women who have just robbed another woman of her character, as far as words can do it, will greet that other woman with a kiss, will ask her to lunch, will embrace her at parting, will not be ashamed to call her "dear."

The other day I walked down street behind three pretty girls. They cooed and caressed each other like so many turtle doves. At a corner they parted. "Good-bye, dear," cried one. "Good-bye, sweetest," said another. "Good-bye, darling," said the third. They kissed and vowed to see each other on Saturday. Then one went her way, and the other two walked on together.

"How I hate that girl!" said the one who had called her "sweetest," as soon as they were out of earshot. "She's perfectly detestable," replied the one who had called her "darling." Then they began to abuse her. As far as I, walking behind them, could judge, it was because a young man named Smith had called her pretty an offered her some attention. But whatever the cause, these are the facts, and that it was no uncommon case observation convinces me.

AN OLD BACHELOR.

STRIKING INSTANCE OF MAN'S DEVOTION.

BY PARMENAS HILL.

JAKE BOGGLES was a country youth,
Who paid his debts and told the truth.

He labored hard, and seemed content
With life, no matter how it went,

'Till with a girl named Sally Skreels
He fell in love head over heels.

Now Sally's father wasn't worth
A dollar or a foot of earth,

And Jake's paternal parent owed
Most every other man he—knowed;

But Jake, who had a valiant heart,
Vowed that he'd work and get a start,

And with the help of Sally, dear,
He'd own a farm within a year.

Now Sally, who was cold
And pretty—that is, pretty old,

Pretended that for her dear Jacob
The heaviest cross she'd gladly take up;

But, really, she cared no more
For Jake than for the shoes he wore.

An old maid's matrimonial chances
Grow very slim as time advances,

And this explains why Sally Skreels
Proposed to share Jake's bed and meals.

They married. Time fled on apace—
Jake rented old Bill Scroggins' place

And went to work resolved to make
A fortune for his Sally's sake.

Poor soul, he toiled with all his might,
From early morn till late at night;

But, ah! no kind, approving word
From Sally's lips was ever heard.

She lay around, chewed wax and sung
Love songs she'd learned when she was young;

Read old love letters she had got
From boobies, long since gone to pot;

Yawned o'er a scrap book filled with bosh
Collected by her Cousin Josh;

Trimmed her old hat in various ways
With all the gew-gaws she could raise.

In fact, she proved herself to be
A slip-shod lump of frivolity.

Poor Jake, he worked and ate cold meals,
Wore socks with neither toes nor heels,

Washed his own clothes when Sunday came
And sewed fresh buttons on the same.

Got breakfast while his Sally slept,
Washed up the dishes, dusted, swept—

There's no use talking, Jacob strove
To prove how perfect was his love.

One day Sal ate too many beans,
Grew sick and went to other scenes.

From that day forth Jake seldom spoke,
Or smiled, or worked—his heart was broke.

In the poor-house now he sits and grieves
And wipes his eyes on his threadbare sleeves.

MORAL.—I've told you this to let you see
What an all fired fool a man can be.

MERRY CHRISTMAS.

BY MISS A. O. BRIGGS.

WE love to look back, through the vista of years,
To the scenes of our childhood, so vivid and gay;
To forget the stern pictures so blotted by tears,
In the happy conceit of an earlier day.

'Mid the pleasing illusions that fancy may weave,
The dreams we may dream in her mystical bowers,
There's naught that our credulous faith may deceive,
Like the visions we saw in those innocent hours.
Old Time, his vast circuit revolving around,
Is nearing the stations—is short'ning the way;
From cycle to cycle, retracing the ground,
Remembrance attends as our escort to-day.
Again we are children—again we are free,—
No cares to molest in the midst of our joys—
And Christmas is coming, with old Santa C.
To deal out the gifts to the girls and the boys.
Again it is evening—again, side by side,
The little knit stockings are hung in a row,
By the old-fashioned fireplace, so roomy and wide,
In hopes they'll be filled from the top to the toe,
With all sorts of goodies that little ones prize—
With plum cakes and candies; with nuts and with toys;
With pretty wax dolls that will open their eyes;
With knives, tops and skates for the fun-loving boys.

Oh, what pictures we make,
Of old Santa, so queer!
Of the rides he must take
With his nimble reindeer!
And we firmly resolve, as we jump into bed,
To catch a sly peep at his funny old head;
Till Morpheus, wishing the secret to keep,
Just touches our eyelids and puts us to sleep.
The hours hurry past,
Without dreaming or waking—
Night is over at last
For the daylight is breaking.
And need it be told
That we find, on arising,
What our stockings will hold
Is a matter surprising?

We children, grown older, still share in the joys
Of the bright, laughing girls and the frolicsome boys;
And we wish "Merry Christmas" to one and to all;
To the grave and the gay; to the great and the small;
To the rich and the poor; to the old and the young;
To every nation and every tongue;
To every climate; to every zone
Where the blessings of Christendom ever were known.

Complete Program No. 2.

—FOR—

SCHOOL AND EVENING

ENTERTAINMENTS.

ARRANGED BY

MISS A. O. BRIGGS.

MUSIC.

CLICKETY-CLICK MARCH. (Inst.)

A SUBSTITUTE WANTED.

CHIEF Engineer Dean, of the fire department, called at the office where I make shoes for a living, and handed me a big white envelope, notifying me that I was drafted, and must report myself for examination at Lawrence on the 18th day of August.

Now I consider it the duty of every citizen to give his life, if need be, for the defence of his country; so, on the morning of the eventful 18th, I put on a clean shirt and my Sunday clothes and started for Lawrence, to see if I could get exempted.

Lawrence, as you know, is situated on the Merrimac River, and its principal productions are mud, dust, and factory girls. The city proper, at least that part I saw, consisted of a long, narrow entry up one flight of stairs adorned overhead with a frescoing of gas meters, carpeted with worn-out tobacco quids, and furnished with one chair, two settees, and several huge square packing cases marked "Q. M. D." Scattered around this palatial entrance-hall were some forty or fifty conscripts, looking very much as if they expected to be exempted by old age before the young man with a ferocious mustache should notify them of their turn. Most of them were doomed to disappointment, however, for while they counted the hours of delay, a door would suddenly open, and the tall young man would single out some one and march him through the open doorway, to be seen no more. By and by, after several hours' waiting, my turn came.

"John Smith!" shouted the doorkeeper.

"That's me," says I. With a cheer from the crowd of weary waiters, I passed through the open portal and entered a large, square room, where two persons sat writing at a table, and a third, evidently a surgeon, was examining a man in the last stages of nudity.

One of the writers at the table, a young man with blue hair and curly eyes, nodded to me, and dipping his pen in the ink, commenced:

"John Smith, what's your name?"

"John Smith," says I.

"Where were you born?"

"Podunk, Maine."

"What did your great grandfather die of?"

"Be hanged if I know," says I.

"Call it hapentoo," says he, "and your grandfather died of the same—did he?"

"Mebbee so," says I.

"Did you ever have boils?"

"Not a boil."

"Or fits?"

"Nary a fit."

"Nor dilirium tremens?"

"No sir-ee!"

"Or rickets?"

"I'll show you pretty soon," said I, becoming somewhat excited.

"Did you ever have the measles?" says he, "or the whooping-cough or the scarlet fever?"

Here I took off my coat.

"Or the itch?"

"Yes, sir," said I, "that fist—and I shoved a very large brown one within three inches of his nose—"has been itching for the last ten minutes to knock your pesky head off, you little, mean, low-lived, contemptible whelp, you!"

"My dear sir," said the mild-spoken, gentlemanly surgeon, laying his hand on my arm, "calm yourself, I pray. Don't let your angry passions rise, but take off your clothes so I can see what you are made of."

So I suppressed my anger, and withdrawing to a corner, I hung my clothes upon the floor and presented myself for examination.

"Young man," said the surgeon, looking me straight in the eye, "You have got the myopia."

"Hey!"

"You have got the myopia."

"Yes sir," said I, "and a good one, too—a little Bininger with a drop of Stoughton, makes an excellent eye-opener of a morning."

"And there seems to be an amaurotic tendency of the right eye, accompanied with opthalmia."

"Pshaw!" says I.

"And that white spot in the left eye betokens a cataract."

"That's only where the light strikes it, I guess," said I.

"Was your family ever troubled with epilepsy?" said he, mounting a chair and feeling the top of my head.

"Only two of the boys," says I, "and when they catch them from the neighbors' children my wife always goes at 'em with a fine tooth comb, the first thing."

Jumping off the chair, he hit me a lick in the ribs that nearly knocked me over, and before I had time to remonstrate, his arms were around my neck, and his head pressed against my bosom, the same way that Sophia Ann does when she wants a new bonnet or dress.

"Just what I thought," said he; "tuberculosis and hemoptysis, combined with a defect in the scapular membrane and incipient phthisis!"

"Heavens!" says I; "what's that?"

"And cardiac disease."

"No?" said I.

"And pericarditis."

"Thunder!" said I.

"Stop talking! Now count after me—one!"

"One!" said I, more than half dead with fright.

"Asthma! Two!"

"Two!" I yelled.

"Exostosis of the right fistula! Three!"

"Three!" I gasped.

"Coagulation! Four!"

"Murder," said I. "Four!"

"Confirmed duodenum of the right ventricle!"

"O, doctor! dear doctor! ain't you most through? I feel faint."

"Through? No; not half through. Why, my friend, Pandora's box was nothing to your chest. You have sphinxiana, and gloriosis, and conchologia and persiflage, and—"

There my knees trembled so I leaned against the table for support.

"And a permanent luxation of the anterior lobe of the right phalanx."

My only answer was a deprecatory gesture.

"And scrofulous diathesis and omnipoditis."

I sank to the floor in utter despair.

"Eluriation!" he yelled,—for he saw I was going fast,—"and maxillarium, and—"

* * * * * * * * *

When I woke to consciousness again, I found myself in a puddle of water, an empty bucket near by, and the surgeon astride my chest, shouting something in my ear, of which, however, I could hear nothing.

I smiled feebly in acknowledgement of his attentions. At a sign from him, two attendants drew near, and having lifted him into a chair, —for he was absolutely black in the face with the violence of his exertions,—they hoisted me to a perpendicular and the examination proceeded.

Finally after naming over a host more of ailments, he arose to his feet, drew a long breath, wiped the perspiration from his face with a stray newspaper, and commenced.

"Young man," said he,—and his eyes glistened with delight as he spoke,—"you are really the most interesting subject I ever met. Really a most wonderful case! I don't know when I have enjoyed a half hour so thoroughly. Why, sir, with the exception of two, or at most

three, you have symptoms of almost every disease in the medical dictionary. Would you be willing to come around to my boarding-house, after tea, so that I can spend the evening auscultating after the other three?" I was sorry to refuse him, but I had promised Sophia Ann that I would be home to tea and I told him she would worry if I staid. Seeing there was a lady in the case, he politely excused me.

"And now, my good fellow," said he, grasping my hand warmly, "just go into the next room. Captain Herrick will give you furlough to go home and provide a substitute, or pay your commutation fee. Boy, call the next on the list."

"But, sir," said I, aghast at his concluding remarks, "you don't pretend to accept me as able-bodied?"

"Really, my friend," said he, "the fact is, you have so many diseases I actually don't know which to specify, besides they serve to counterbalance each other and keep up a sort of equilibrium; such a constitution I'll warrant to stand any amount of hardship. Dr. Coggswell will be glad to get your commutation fee; or, if you will bring up a likely substitute, I shall be delighted to examine him."

I did not stop to parley further, but going into the next room, procured my furlough, took the train for home and never looked behind until I was safe in the arms of Sophia Ann and my dear children.

And now can anybody tell me where I can find a good substitute, warranted diseased in head, heart, lungs and legs? To such a man I will give three hundred dollars down; or, if he prefer, at the rate of five dollars a piece for each symptom; and, I promise him, in behalf of our Uncle Samuel, food and clothing for three years, together with medical attendance in proportion to the number and malignity of his diseases.

MUSIC.

YOU'LL SOON FORGET KATHLEEN.

(I)

OH! leave not your Kathleen, there's no one can cheer her,
Alone in the wide world unpited she'll sigh,
And scenes that were loveliest when thou wert but near her,
Recall the sad vision of days long gone by.

'Tis vain that you tell me you'll never forget me,
To the land of the Shamrock you'll ne'er return more,
Far away from your sight you will cease to regret me,
You'll soon forget Kathleen and Erin-go-Bragh!

(II)

Oh! leave not the land, the sweet land of your childhood,
Where joyously passed the first days of our youth!
Where gayly we wandered 'mid valley and wildwood,
Oh! those were the bright days of innocent truth

RECITATION.

THE WAR HORSE, "BAY BILLY."

A VETERAN'S STORY.

YOU may talk of horses of renown,
What Goldsmith Maid has done,
How Dexter cut the seconds down
And Fellowcraft's great run;—
Would you hear about a horse that once
A mighty battle won?

'Twas the last fight at Fredricksburg—
Perhaps the day you reck—
Our boys, the Twenty-second Maine,
Kept Early's men in check,
Just where Wade Hampton boomed away
The fight went neck and neck.

Right stoutly did we hold the wing
'Gainst odds increasing still;
Five several stubborn times we charged
The battery on the hill,
And five times beaten back, reformed,
And kept our column still.

At last from out the center fight
Spurred up a General's Aid,
"That battery must silenced be!"
He cried as past he sped.
Our Colonel simply touched his cap,
And then with measured tread,

To lead the crouching line once more
The grand old fellow came.
No wounded man but raised his head
And strove to gasp his name;
And those who could not speak nor stir
"God blessed him" just the same.

For he was all the world to us,
That hero gray and grim.
Right well he knew that fearful slope
We'd climb with none but him,
Though while his white head led the way
We'd charge through thick and thin.

This time we were not half way up,
When 'midst the storm of shell,
Our leader with his sword upraised,
Beneath our bay'nets fell;
And as we bore him back, the foe
Set up a fearful yell.

Our hearts went with him; back we swept,
And when the bugle said,
"Up, charge again!" no man was there
But sadly hung his head;
"We've no one left to lead us now,"
The sullen soldiers said.

Just then, before the laggard line,
The Colonel's horse we spied,
Bay Billy, with his trappings on,
And nostrils swelling wide,
As though still on his gallant back
The master sat astride.

Right royally he took the place
That was of old his wont,
And with a neigh, that seemed to say,
Above the battle's brunt,
"How can the Twenty-second charge
If I'm not in the front?"

Like statues we stood rooted there
And gazed a little space;
Above the floating mane we missed
The dear familiar face;
But we saw Bay Billy's eye of fire,
And it gave us hearts of grace.

No bugle call could rouse us all
As that brave sight had done—
Down all the battered line we felt
A lightning impulse run;
Up, up the hill we followed Bill,
And captured every gun.

And when upon the conquered height
Died out the battle's hum,
Vainly 'mid living and the dead
We sought our hero dumb;
It seemed as if a spectre steed
To win that day had come.

And then the dusk and dew of night
Fell softly o'er the plain,
As though o'er man's dread work of death
The angels wept again,
And drew night's curtain gently 'round
A thousand beds of pain.

All night the surgeons' torches went
The ghastly rows between;
All night with solemn step I paced
The torn and bloody green;
But all who fought in that big war
Such fearful sights have seen.

At last the morning broke. The lark
Sang in the merry skies,
As if to e'en the sleepers there
It bade "Awake and rise!"
Though nought but that last trump of all
Could ope their heavy eyes.

And then once more with banners gay
Stretched out the long brigade;
Trimly upon the furrowed field
The troops stood on parade;
And bravely 'mid the ranks were closed
The gaps the fight had made.

Not half the Twenty-second's men
Were in their place that morn;
And Corporal Dick, who yester-noon
Stood six brave fellows on,
Now touched my elbow in the ranks,
For all between had gone.

Ah! who forgets that dreary hour
When, as with misty eyes,
To call the old familiar roll
The solemn Sergeant tries.
One feels the thumping of the heart
When no prompt voice replies.

And as in falt'ring tone and slow
The last few names were said,
Across the field some missing horse
Came up with weary tread;
It caught the Sergeant's eye, and quick
Bay Billy's name he read.

Yes, there the old bay hero stood,
All safe from battle's harms;
And ere an order could be heard,
Or the bugle's quick alarms,
Down all the front from end to end
The troops presented arms.

Not all the shoulder straps on earth
Could still that mighty cheer,
And ever from that famous day
When rang the roll-call clear
Bay Billy's name was read, and then
The whole line answered "Here."

BLACK TOM.

HUNTED by his rebel master
Over many a hill and glade,
Black Tom, with his wife and children,
Found his way to our brigade.

Tom had sense, and truth, and courage,—
Often tried where danger rose—
Once our flag his strong arm rescued
From the grasp of rebel foes.

One day Tom was marching with us
Through the forest as our guide,
When a ball from traitor's rifle
Broke his arm and pierced his side.

On a litter white men bore him
Through the forest drear and damp,
Laid him, dying, where our banners
Brightly fluttered o'er our camp.

Pointing to his wife and children
While he suffered racking pain
Said he to our soldiers round him,
"*Don't let them be slaves again!*"

"No, by heaven!" out spoke a soldier;—
And *that* oath was not profane,—
"Our brigade will still protect them—
They shall ne'er be slaves again."

Over old Tom's dusky features
Came and staid a joyous ray;
And with saddened friends around him,
His freed spirit passed away.

TRUE NOBILITY.

IT does not consist in a pompous display of wealth, a high sounding name, a long line of ancestry whom the world delighted to honor; nor, yet, in jeweled crowns, steel-emblazoned armor, or costly apparel of purple and fine linen. Indeed, these adjuncts as frequently indicate the absence of a truly noble heart and mind as otherwise. It too often happens that the form instead of the substance of things is the object desired, and as so many are incapable of distinguishing between appearance and reality, it is a very easy matter to dazzle their eyes with a false display of greatness and goodness. Since the world sets so much value on a lofty title, it is too frequently the case that its possessor makes little effort to merit the name he bears. That man is not to be relied upon who makes his name and inheritance the stepping-stone to his entrance into good society.

It is not an evidence of nobility to do a praiseworthy act at the risk of personal safety when you have hopes of a liberal reward. There are many who will expose their lives to save that of another when they have reason to believe that the risk involved will be amply remunerated who would refuse to do so when they have no such expectations. We pay homage to men who have slain thousands on the bloody field of war and won many battles for the sake of victory. We call them great; yet a rough sailor who plunges into the sea to save a drowning child for humanity's sake alone, has a far nobler heart beating within his sunburnt bosom than the victor of a thousand battles. Were I called upon to name four words as synonymous with the word nobility, I would say truth, honesty, bravery, charity.

OVER THE RIVER.

OVER the river, over the river—
The river silent and deep—
When the boats are moored on the shadow shore
And the waves are rocked to sleep;
When the mists so pale, like a bridal veil,
Lie down on the limpid tide,
I hear sweet sounds in the still night-time
From the flowing river's side;
And the boat recedes from the earthly strand,
Out o'er the liquid lea—
Over the river, the deep dark river,
My darlings have gone from me.

Over the river, over the river,
Once in summer time
The boatman's call we faintly heard,
Like a vesper's distant chime;
And a being fair, with soft, dark hair
Paused by the river's side,
For the snowy boat with the golden oars
That lay on the sleeping tide;

And the boatman's eyes gazed into hers,
With their misty dreamlike hue—
Over the river, the silent river
She passed the shadows through.

Over the river, over the river
A few short moons ago
Went a pale young bride with fair, slight form,
And a brow as pure as snow;
And music low, with a silvery flow,
Swept down from the starry skies,
As the shadows slept in her curling hair,
And darkened her twilight eyes,
Still the boat swept on to the spirit shore
With a motion light and free—
Over the river, the cold, dark river,
My sister has gone from me.

Over the river, over the river,
When the echoes are asleep,
I hear the dip of the golden oars,
In the waters cold and deep;
And the boatman's call, when the shadows fall,
Floats out on the evening air,
And the light winds kiss his marble brow,
And play with his wavy hair;
And I hear the notes of an angel's harp,
As they sweep o'er the liquid lea—
Over the river, the peaceful river,
They're calling—calling for me.

FAME.

I

THE Orator spoke, and the crowd was hushed,
Men held their breath as the quick words rushed;
Stern eyes grew tearful, cold hearts grew hot;
Though the hours sped by, they heeded them not;
And they swore to fight till the world should see
The tyrant dead and their country free.

The Orator ceases—the curtain falls,
The echoes die through the silent halls—
They fought in vain, for the Orator's word
Stayed not the sweep of the tyrant's sword,
And the riveted chain clanked on as before
And the Orator's words are remembered no more,
Scanty his guerdon, scanty his fame,
He lives in story, only a name.

II

The Poet sang and the earth grew still,
And he moulded men's hearts at his own sweet will;
And they asked his name that it might be enrolled
With the names of earth's greatest in letters of gold—
And his pale cheek flushed and his heart beat high,
And he said—"Nor my name nor my song shall die."

He paused, and earth's voice, silent so long,
Grew sevenfold louder, and drowned his song.
As the tide of time through the centuries rolled
The rust eat in through the letters of gold;
And newer songs seemed sweeter to men,
And the Poet's songs are not heard again,
Save by a few with less heart than head,
Who grope for his thoughts in a tongue that is dead.
Scanty his guerdon, scanty his fame,
He lives in story scarce aught but a name.

III

The Thinker sat pale in his lonely cell
And mused on the thoughts he had shaped so well;
And his keen eye looked through the coming years,
And he saw through the haze of his happy tears,
His shapely thought through the world expand
Till its impress was stamped on the sea and the land;
And he thought to himself, 'mid his vision of fame,—
"Surely the world will remember my name."

And the Thinker died, and his thought went forth
To the east and the west, to the south and the north,
But talent such changes on genius rang
That the world forgot from whose brain it sprang;
And men deemed that the fruit of the thought of the sage
Was the slow grown produce of many an age.
Scanty his guerdon, scanty his fame,
He left in story not even a name.

MUSIC.

"MOONLIGHT ON THE HUDSON."—(Inst.)

A SMART HUSBAND.

MR. BOWSER TEACHES MRS. BOWSER HOW TO DO BUSINESS.

I WANTED to send off for a lady's fashion magazine, and on a dozen different occasions begged

of Mr. Bowser to write the letter and send off the money. He kept promising and neglecting, man like, but one evening he said :

"Give me the name of that magazine and I will get a letter off to-morrow."

"It's gone," I answered.

"Humph! Do you mean to say that you wrote a business letter?"

"I do. I ordered the magazine and sent in a year's subscription."

"And chucked the $2 into the letter, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, that's about what I should expect of you. You'll never see either money or magazine again. If some post-office official doesn't steal the money, they will gobble it at the end of the route and swear they never got it. Mrs. Bowser, you are as simple as a child."

"But it may come all right."

"Yes, and we may discover a box of gold in the back yard. There's but one way to do business."

"How's that?"

"See this P. O. money order for thirty-eight? I am going to send that to Boston to-morrow. It will go straighter than a crow, and there's no cause for worry. However, it's useless to try to teach a woman how to do business."

Three or four days went by, and then he suddenly inquired :

"Have you heard from that magazine, Mrs. Bowser?"

"Not yet."

"I suppose not. When you do hear please let me know. After 40 or 50 years experience of this sort you may learn how to do business."

Two days later he asked me again, and I was then able to show him a letter acknowledging receipt of the money, and a copy of the magazine.

"It seems to have gone through," he said, as he handed the letter back; "but that was owing to Providence. Probably the parties had heard of me and hesitated to defraud you for fear I'd raise a row."

"What about the order you sent off, Mr. Bowser?"

He jumped out of his chair and turned pale and gasped :

"By gum! but I'd forgotten about that! I ought to have had an acknowledgement three days ago."

"Can't have been lost, eh?"

"N-no."

"It was the only proper way to do business, wasn't it?"

"Of course it was, and of course it got there all right. I'll probably get a letter to-morrow."

"But it's so queer."

"I don't see anything so queer about it. I shall probably have a letter begging my pardon for the delay."

A letter arrived next day. I saw by Mr. Bowser's perturbation when he came home that something was wrong, and he finally handed me the letter. It read :

"No post-office order has been received from you. Please do not try any more chestnuts on us."

"But you did send it," I protested.

"Of course I did."

"Directed your letter all right?"

"Certainly."

"Stamped and posted it?"

"Look here Mrs. Bowser, you talk as if I didn't know enough to get aboard a street car and pay my fare!"

"But it's so queer. There is but one business way of doing business, Mr. Bowser. After 40 or 50 experiences of this sort you may learn how to do business."

He glared at me and was too insulted to reply. He went to the post-office and made complaint, and for the next two weeks that lost order was the topic of conversation. The officials sought to trace the letter, and Mr. Bowser made affidavits to this and that, and the hunt was still going on when, in dusting off his secretary and straightening up his loose papers I found a letter sealed and addressed to the Boston firm. I had no doubt it contained the missing order. I quietly handed it to Mr. Bowser as he came home to dinner, and his face turned all colors before he could open it.

"Mr. Bowser," I said, "you men folks have curious ways of doing business. It is sing—"

"I'd like to know how this letter got here?" he demanded.

"You left it here, of course."

"Never! Because I scolded you about your careless way of sending off money, and because you wanted to get even with me for it, you took

this letter from my pocket and detained it. Mrs. Bowser, this is the last straw to the camel's load! Do you want alimony or a lump sum?"

Next day he was all right again, and he even stopped at the sale and brought me up half a dozen pairs of gloves.—*Detroit Free Press.*

"BOY WANTED."

PEOPLE laughed when they saw the sign again. It seemed to be always in Mr. Peters's window. For a day or two, sometimes for only an hour or two, it would be missing, and passers-by would wonder whether Mr. Peters had at last found a boy to suit him; but it was sure to appear again.

"What sort of a boy does he want, anyway?" one and another would ask, and then they would say to each other that they supposed he was looking for a perfect boy, and in their opinion he would look a good while before he found one. Not that there were not plenty of boys—as many as a dozen used sometimes to appear in the course of the morning, trying for a situation. Mr. Peters was said to be rich and queer, and for one or both of the reasons boys were anxious to try to suit him. "All he wants is a fellow to run errands; it must be easy work and sure pay." This was the way they talked to each other. But Mr. Peters wanted more than a boy to run errands. John Simmonds found it out, and this is the way he did it. He had been engaged that very morning, and had been kept busy all the forenoon at pleasant enough work; and, although he was a lazy fellow, he rather enjoyed the place. It was toward the middle of the afternoon that he was sent up to the attic, a dark, dingy place, inhabited by mice and cobwebs.

"You will find a long, deep box there," said Mr. Peters, "that I want to have put in order. It stands right in the middle of the room; you can't miss it."

Jim looked doleful. "A long, deep box, I should think it was!" he said to himself, as the attic door closed after him. "It would weigh 'most a ton, I guess; and what is there in it? Nothing in the world but old nails and screws and pieces of iron and broken keys and things—rubbish, the whole of it. Nothing worth touching; and it is as dark as a pocket up here, and cold besides. How the wind blows in through these knot-holes! There's a mouse! If there is anything I hate, it's mice! I'll tell you what it is, if old Peter thinks I am going to stay up here and tumble over his rusty nails, he's much mistaken. I wasn't bred for that kind of work."

Whereupon John bounced down the attic-stairs three at a time, and was found lounging in the show-window an hour afterward, when Mr. Peters appeared.

"Have you put the box in order already?" was the gentleman's question.

"I didn't find anything to put in order. There was nothing in it but nails and things."

"Exactly. It was the 'nails and things' that I wanted put in order. Did you do it?"

"No, sir. It was dark up there, and cold: and I didn't see anything that was worth doing. Besides, I thought that I was hired to run errands."

"Oh," said Mr. Peters, "I thought you were hired to do as you were told." But he smiled pleasantly enough, and at once gave John an errand to do down-town and the boy went off chuckling, declaring to himself that he knew how to manage the old fellow; all it needed was a little standing up for your rights.

Precisely at 6 o'clock John was called and paid the sum promised him for a day's work; and then, to his dismay, he was told that his services would not be needed any more.

The next morning the old sign, "Boy Wanted," appeared in its usual place.

Before noon it was taken down and Charlie Jones was the fortunate boy. Errands—plenty of them. He was kept busy until within an hour of closing. Then, behold! he was sent up to the attic to put the long box in order. He was not afraid of a mouse nor the cold, but he grumbled much over the box. Nothing in it worth his attention. However, he tumbled over the things, growling all the time, picked out a few straight nails, a key or two, and finally appeared with the message: "Here's all there is worth keeping in that box. The rest of the nails are rusty and the hooks are bent or something."

"Very well," said Mr. Peters and sent him to the post-office. What do you think? By the close of the next day Charlie had been paid and discharged, and the old sign hung in the window.

"I've no kind of notion why I was discharged," grumbled Charles to his mother. "He said he had no fault to find, only he saw that I wouldn't suit. It's my opinion that he doesn't want a boy at all."

It was Crawford Mills who was hired next. He knew neither of the other boys, and so did his errands in blissful ignorance of the "long box" until the second morning of his stay, when in a leisure hour he was sent to put it in order. The morning passed, dinner time came and still Crawford had not appeared from the attic. At last Mr. Peters called to him: "Got through?"

"No, sir; there is ever so much more to do."

"All right. It is dinner time now, and you may go back to it after dinner."

After dinner back he went. All the short afternoon he was not heard from; but just as Mr. Peters was deciding to call him again he appeared.

"I've done my best, sir," he said; "and down at the very botton of the box I found this."

"This" was a $5 gold piece. "That's a queer place for gold," said Mr. Peters. "It's good you found it. Well, I suppose you will be on hand to-morrow morning." This he said as he was putting the gold piece in his pocketbook.

After Crawford had said good-night and gone Mr. Peters took the lantern and went slowly up the attic stairs. There was the long, deep box in which the rubbish of twenty-five years had gathered. Crawford had evidently been to the bottom of it. He had fitted pieces of shingle to make compartments, and in these different rooms he had placed the articles, with bits of shingle laid on top, and labeled thus: "Good screws," "picture nails," "small keys somewhat bent," "picture hooks," "pieces of iron whose use I don't know." So on through the long box. In perfect order it was at last, and very little that could really be called useful could be found within it. But Mr. Peters, as he bent over and read the labels laughed gleefully, and murmured to the mice: "If we are not both mistaken, I have found a boy and he has found a fortune."

Sure enough. The sign disappeared from the window and was seen no more. Crawford became the well-known errand boy of the firm of Peters & Co. He had a little room, neatly fitted up, next to the attic, where he spent his evenings, and at the foot of the bed hung a motto which Mr. Peters gave him. "It tells your fortune for you; don't forget it," he said, when he laughed and read it curiously: "He that is faithful in that which is least is faithful in much." "I'll try to be, sir," he said, and he never once thought of the long box over which he had been so faithful.

All this happened years ago. Crawford Mills is errand boy no more, but the firm is Peters, Mills & Co. A young man, and a rich one. "He found his fortune in a long box of rubbish," Mr. Peters said once, laughing. "Never was a $5 gold piece so successful in business as that one of his has been; it is good he found it."

Then after a moment of silence, he said, gravely: "No, he didn't; he found it in his mother's Bible—'He that is faithful in that which is least is faithful also in much.'"

MUSIC.

"RUTH"—VOCAL. (Sacred Quartette.)

"RUTH."

ENTREAT me not to leave thee,
Or to return from following after thee.
For whither thou goest I will go,
Where thou lodgest I will lodge,
Thy people shall be my people,
And thy God, my God,
Where thou diest I will die,
And there will I be buried.
The Lord do so to me and more also,
If aught but death part thee and me.

RECITATIONS.

FROM THE FACTORY.

BY J. A. ARKLEY.

'I'M coming home to die mother, when bright
September leaves
Have faded to a rusty brown, and yellow shine
the sheaves.

When all the bright and beauteous hues that
Summer sunbeams brought,
Have perished, like my early life, and vanished
into naught;
I'll be as sad a sight as aught beneath the Autumn
sky,
How glad I am, how sad I am, to hasten home
to die!

"That dear old home! I mind it well, upon the
breezy hill,
How could I leave its sheltering eaves for this
hot, stifling mill?
And down the valley, green and cool, beside the
old mill brook,
A hundred nameless blossoms bloomed, in many
a pleasant nook.
The white sheep dotted all the hill, whose fleeces,
colored brown,
Were by your patient fingers wrought, to make
my home-spun gown.
I knew no pain in those young days, in homely
comfort dressed,
No racking cough, no deadly fear, my buoyant
heart oppressed.
Oh, mother dear! had I but stayed beneath your
watchful eye,
I might not now be coming home, within your
arms to die.

"You know it was the other girls who worked
and roomed with me,
You cannot think how taunting that those
thoughtless girls could be.
They laughed so at the useful clothes your wis-
dom did provide,
I had to lay my home-spun hose and thick-soled
shoes aside.
I blush to think how quickly I was led to jeer
and laugh,
And talk of naught but beaux and dress, and
joined their senseless chaff.
I often cry to think of it, as sleeplessly I lie,
But O forgive me, mother! for I'm coming home
to die.

"A rush of tender memories came of those same
girls to-night,
How lovingly they tended me from dark till
morning light!
The tempting things they brought to me from
out their scanty store,
And their troubled, anxious faces as they closed
my chamber door,
And left me for their long day's work within the
dusty mill,
Are kindnesses I'll not forget till this poor heart
is still.
I know 'twill be the hardest thing to bid the
girls good-bye,
And tell them I am going home, I'm going home
to die.

"Now don't come out to meet me, when the train
goes rattling down,
But stay at home, and wear for me, that old gray
wincey gown
And muslin cap I laughed about and said 'twas
such a fright,
I want to see them on you, and I'll know that all
is right.
And I want to hear you spinning, and the mur-
muring of the mill,
And see the welcome light shine out from the
old house on the hill.
But, oh, you must not fret and grieve, for Heaven
is very nigh
Your weary, suffering daughter, who is coming
home to die."

LET THE CLOTH BE WHITE.

BY WILL CARLTON.

Go set the table, Mary, an' let the cloth be white!
The hungry city children are comin' here to-
night;
The children from the city, with features pinched
an' spare,
Are comin' here to get a breath of God's untainted
air.

They come from out the dungeons where they
with want were chained;
From places dark and dismal, by tears of sorrow
stained;
From where a thousand shadows are murdering
all the light,
Set well the table, Mary dear, and let the cloth
be white!

They ha' not seen the daises made for the heart's
behoof;
They never heard the raindrops upon a cottage
roof.
They do not know the kisses of zephyr an' of
breeze,
They never rambled wild an' free beneath the
forest trees.

The food that they ha' eaten was spoiled by others' greeds,
The very air their lungs breathed was full o' poison seeds,
The very air their souls breathed was full o' wrong and spite,
Go set the table, Mary dear, an' let the cloth be white!

The fragrant water lilies ha' never smiled at them.
They never picked a wild flower from off its dewy stem.
They never saw a greensward that they could safely pass
Unless they heeded well the sign that says, "Keep off the grass."

God bless the men and women of noble brain an' heart
Who go down in the folk-swamps and take the children's part!
Those hungry, cheery children that keep us in their debt,
And never fail to give us more of pleasure than they get!

Set well the table, Mary, let naught be scant or small,
The little ones are coming; have plenty for 'em all.
There's nothing we should furnish except the very best
To those that Jesus looks upon an' called to him and blessed.

THE EGGS THAT NEVER HATCH.

THERE'S a young man on the corner,
Filled with life and strength and hope,
Looking far beyond the present,
With the whole world in his scope.
He is grasping at to-morrow,
That phantom none can catch;
To-day is lost. He's waiting
For the eggs that never hatch.

There's an old man over yonder,
With a worn and weary face,
With searching anxious features,
And weak, uncertain pace.
He is living in the future,
With no desire to catch
The golden Now. He's waiting
For the eggs that never hatch.

There's a world of men and women,
With their life's work yet undone,
Who are sitting, standing, moving
Beneath the same great sun;
Ever eager for the future,
But not content to snatch
The Present. They are waiting
For the eggs that will never hatch.

—*Merchant Traveller.*

PRAYERS I DON'T LIKE.

I DO not like to hear him pray
Who loans at twenty-five per cent;
For then I think the borrower may
Be pressed to pay for food and rent.
And in that Book we all should heed,
Which says the lender shall be blest,
As sure as I have eyes to read,
It does not say, "Take interest!"

I do not like to hear him pray
On bended knees about an hour,
For grace to spend aright the day,
Who knows his neighbor has no flour.
I'd rather see him go to mill
And buy the luckless brother bread,
And see his children eat their fill,
And laugh beneath their humble shed.

I do not like to hear him pray,—
"Let blessings on the widow be,"
Who never seeks her home to say,—
"If want o'ertakes you, come to me."
I hate the prayer, so long and loud,
That's offered for the orphan's weal,
By him who sees him crushed by wrong,
And only with his lips doth feel.

I do not like to hear her pray,
With jeweled ears and silken dress,
Whose washerwoman toils all day,
And then is asked to "work for less."
Such pious shavers I despise;
With folded arms and face demure,
They lift to heaven their "angel" eyes
Then steal the earnings of the poor.

I do not like such soulless prayers,—
If wrong, I hope to be forgiven,—
No angel's wing them upward bears;
They're lost a million miles from heaven!

THE NEW BONNET.

A FOOLISH little maiden bought a foolish little bonnet,
With a ribbon and a feather, and a bit of lace upon it;
And, that the other maidens of the little town might know it.
She thought she'd go to meeting the next Sunday just to show it.

But though the little bonnet was scarce larger than a dime,
The getting of it settled proved to be a work of time;
So when 'twas fairly tied, and the bells had stopped their ringing,
And when she came to meeting, sure enough, the folks were singing.

So this foolish little maiden stood and waited at the door;
And she shook her ruffles out behind and smoothed them down before.
"Hallelujah! Hallelujah!" sang the choir above her head.
"Hardly knew you! hardly knew you!" were the words she thought they said.

This made the little maiden feel so very, very cross,
That she gave her little mouth a twist, her little head a toss:
For she thought the very hymn they sang was all about her bonnet,
With the ribbon, and the feather, and the bit of lace upon it.

And she would not wait to listen to the sermon or the prayer,
But pattered down the silent street, and hurried down the stair,
Till she reached her little bureau, and in a bandbox on it,
Had hidden, safe from critic's eye, her foolish little bonnet.

Which proves, my little maidens, that each of you will find
In every Sabbath service but an echo of your mind;
And the silly little head, that's filled with silly little airs,
Will never get a blessing from sermon or from prayers.

MUSIC.

WAVES OF THE OCEAN—GALOP.
(Inst. Duet.)

RECITATIONS.

WHAT IT IS TO BE FORTY.

To discover a sprinkle of gray in your beard,
A thinness of crop where the upland is cleared,
To note how you take to your slippers and gown,
And hug to the fire when you get home from town—
Ah, that's what it is to be forty.

To find that your shadow has portlier grown,
That your voice has a practical, business-like tone;
That your vision is tricky, which once was so bright,
And a hint of a wrinkle is coming to light—
Ah, that's what it is to be forty.

A sleigh-ride, a party, a dance, or a dine;
Why, of course you'll be present, you never decline;
But, alas! there's no invite; you're not "young folks," you see;
You're no longer a peach, but a crab-apple tree—
Ah, that's what is to be forty.

A daughter that grows like a lily, a queen—
And that blooms like a rose in a garden of green,
A dapper young clerk in an ice-cream saloon,
Both a dude and dunce, is to carry off soon;
And a boy that is ten and the pride of your eye
Is caught smoking vile cigarettes on the sly—
Ah, that's what it is to be forty.

At twenty a man dreams of power and fame;
At thirty his fire has a soberer flame;
At forty his dreams and his visions are o'er,
And he knows and he feels as he ne'er did before
That a man is a fool till he's forty.

"SHINE! BLACKING, BOSS?"

WITHIN the broad metropolis,
Along its pavements gay,
There is a sound we never miss
As round we pick our way;
The little gamins here and there,
While they at pennies toss,
Will stop and with a business air
Inquire: "Shine! blacking, boss?"

O, be it dark or be it light—
E'en during rain or sleet—
No matter what the hour of night,
Some "Arab" you will meet;
He'll scan you o'er—boots first of all—
With air of piquant sauce,
And then from out his mouth will drawl
His cry: "Shine! blacking, boss?"

When nature says that he must rest
From labors of the day,
He cares not where he makes his nest—
His head on steps he'll lay;
His feet he stretches 'cross some path—
Then sleeps as if on moss,
And wakened by some stumbler's wrath,
He cries: "Shine! blacking, boss?"

When at the gates, some early dawn,
St Peter's bell he'll ring,
Unlike his mates, who look forlorn,
His blacking-box he'll bring;
And when St. Peter opes the door,
For words he's not at loss;
He's ready with his gamin's roar
To cry: "Shine, blacking, boss?"

BURT ARNOLD.

THE HAND THAT ROCKS THE WORLD.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

BLESSINGS on the hand of Woman!
Angels guard its strength and grace
In the palace, cottage, hovel,
O, no matter where the place!
Would that never storms assailed it;
Rainbows ever gently curled;
For the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rocks the world.

Infancy's the tender fountain;
Power may with beauty flow;
Mothers first to guide the streamlets;
From them souls unresting grow.
Grow on for the good or evil,
Sunshine stream'd or darkness hurled;
For the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rocks the world.

Woman, how divine your mission
Here upon our natal sod!
Keep, O keep the child soul open
Always to the breath of God!
All true trophies of the Ages
Are from Mother Love impearled;
For the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rocks the world.

Darling girls, with Eden music
Ringing yet in each young heart,
Learn and treasure household knowledge,
Precious in Life's future part.
When you'll too, exulting mothers,
Bravely boyed and gently girled,
Feel the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rocks the world.

Blessings on the hand of woman!
Fathers, sons, and daughters cry,
And the sacred song is mingled
With the worship in the sky.
Mingles where no tempest darkens,
Rainbows evermore are curled;
For the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rocks the world.

BROTHERLY LOVE.

WHAT a hollow mockery is often the sentiment expressed by the above words. To one instance of genuine fraternal affection, there are hundreds where the very relationship, which should bind one another in firmer ties, serves only as the whetstone of mean jealousy, despicable spite and absolute hatred.

Strange as it may appear, an elder brother often looks down with contempt at the manly, independent efforts of his younger brother to gain a position in the business world by his own exertions, and instead of encouraging him and removing the obstacles in his path, he, piqued at that very independence, does all that lies in his power to injure and harm him.

Are there such bigoted narrow-minded brothers? To our sorrow, we must confess that there are, and to add to the obloquy and mean-spiritedness of the action, it often happens that such a one pretends to the Christian graces, is a shining light in his church, an elder, one, who by his *preaching* would seem to be on the path of righteousness, but by his *practice* violates the holiest of ties.

Perhaps it is in accordance with his real nature that such a brother should act the hypocrite, and cowardly give the thrust in secret, which he dared not openly do.

We can pity such a brother, for at his heart conscience and remorse, like serpents' teeth, must be continually gnawing, and even his gray hairs will not shield him from the merited doom that will overtake him when once his duplicity, trickery, and hypocrisy are laid bare.

To the brother who is persecuted, we advise patience and forbearance. An independent spirit, a plucky determination to work and win, an enterprising activity which has brought invariable success, will always awaken the jealousy of the less-gifted, who *imitate* the very actions which they pretend to deride; and, after all, such exhibitions of malice, spite and meanness are only the homage which conscious inferiority pays to superior merit.

"I WANT MY BALLOON."

As I passed down the street, one bright sunny day,
A comical sight met my gaze—
A scene that, for mixture of sorrow and fun,
Will haunt me through all of my days.
On the walk stood a child, who, with "injun like" yells
Of dismay, stared up to the sky,
Where a tiny red object was gliding away,
And fast growing dim to the eye.
As nearer I came, he loudly bawled out:
"I don't want to lose it so soon!
O, sir, catch it quick. O, make it come back!
I want my nice, pretty balloon!"

"Little lad," then I said, "It will never return.
Why did you let go of the string?
Pray did you not know, when you loosened your hold,
Your plaything would surely take wing?"
"Why, sir," sobbed the child, "I thought it would stay,
And float close above me until
I wearied of watching it bob up and down,
And could draw it back to me at will.
Oh, won't you please catch it—it's going so fast—
Do stop my nice, rosy balloon!"

* * * * *

Ah! many there be in this world's busy throng
Who hold in their hands the frail string
That bound to themselves wealth, laurels or love,
Or some other valuable thing;
But, alas! like the child, they loosened their grasp,
Perhaps merely testing its power;
But realized too late, what their recklessness wrought,
As they watched it soar 'bove them so far;
Then, frantic, they strove their tight hold to regain
But too oft 'tis humanity's doom,
To, by their own folly, lose what they prize most,
And then cry for the vanished balloon.

GRANDMA'S REST.

"He giveth his beloved sleep."

GRANDMA was tired and weary,
Weary with tears and with pain;
Put by the staff and the rocker,
She will not need them again.
Into sweet rest she hath entered,
No more to suffer or weep,
After life's long, fitful fever
Grandma has fallen asleep.

Hills that she loved now enfold her,
Hid in their bosom she lies;
Heeds not the song of the robin,
Beauty of blosom or skies.
Over her bed the green grasses
Soon will so lovingly creep;
Out 'mid the daisies and clover
Grandma is lying asleep.

Rest the worn feet now forever,
Dear wrinkled hands are so still,
Pulseless the heart that no longer
Sorrow can quicken or thrill.
Years will glide o'er her gently,
Fading the shadowland deep,
Drive back thy tears, would you wake her?
Grandma has fallen asleep.

Oh! beautiful rest for the weary,
Beautiful sleep for the true,
Lying so peacefully ever,
Under the sunlight and dew.
Floats through our heartstrings a quiver
Like breath of a whisper sweet,
"He giveth—to his beloved—"
And grandma has fallen asleep.

LIBBIE J. SHERMAN.

MUSIC.

"LIFE'S DREAM IS O'ER." (Vocal Duet.)

(I.)

Contralto:—The night shades are falling,
And fast gather around us;

The bright moon is gleaming,
And darkly lights the vale;
Tenor:—Far, far from my country,
And far from thy loving smile,
Alone must I wander,
And ne'er see thee again.
Contralto:—Oh, angels of heaven!
Tenor:—My heart ever shall be thine, love.
Contralto:—Oh, guard him from evil!
Contralto and Tenor:—Ah! why canst thou not be mine own!
Oh, love stay one moment,
A moment of ecstacy,
Thy heart throbbing on my breast,
Life's long dream is o'er, life's dream is o'er,
Farewell! Farewell!

(II.)

Contralto:—Oh, tell me if ever,
When life's storms beat against thee,
And bright hopes are broken,
If then thou wilt think of me;
Tenor:—The night winds are sighing,
Of hopes that are dying,
Forever my darling,
Shall they breathe sweet thoughts of thee.

CABIN PHILOSOPHY.

JES' turn de back-log, ober, dar—an' pull your stoo'es up nigher,
An' watch dat 'possum cookin' in de skillet by de fire:
Lemme spread my legs out on de bricks to make my feelin's flow,
An' I'll grin' you out a fac' or two, to take befo' you go.

Now, in dese busy wukin' days, dey's changed de Scripter fashions,
An' you needn't look to mirakuls to furnish you wid rations;
Now, when you's wantin' loaves o' bread, you got to go and fetch 'em,
An' ef you's wantin' fishes, you mus' dig your wums an' ketch 'em;
For you kin put it down as sartin dat the time is long gone by,
When sassages an' 'taters use to rain fum out de sky!

Ef yo think about it keerfully, an' put it to the tes',
You'll diskiver dat de safes' plan is gin'ully de bes':
Ef you stumble on a hornet's-nes' an' make de critters scatter,
You needn't stan' dar like a fool an' argefy de matter;
An' when de yaller fever comes an' settles all aroun',
'Tis better dan de karanteen to shuffle out o' town!

Dar's heap o' dreadful music in de very fines' fiddle;
A ripe an' meller apple may be rotten in de middle;
De wises' lookin' trabeler may be de bigges' fool;
Dar's a lot o' solid kickin' in the humbles' kind o' mule;
De preacher ain't de holies' dat war's de meekes' look,
An' does de loudes' bangin' on the kiver ob de book!

De people pays deir bigges' bills in buyin' lots an' lan's;
Dey sca'ter all deir picayunes aroun' de peanut stan's;
De twenties an' de fifties goes in payin' orf deir rents,
But Heben an' de organ grinder gits de copper cents.

I nebber likes de cullud man dat thinks too much o' eatin';
But frolics froo de wukin' days, and snoozes at de meeting';
Dat jines de Temp'ance 'Ciety, an' keeps a gittin' tight,
An' pulls his water-millions in de middle ob de night!

Dese milerterry nigger chaps, with muskets in deir han's,
Perradin' froo de city to de music ob de ban's,
Had better drop deir guns, an' go to marchin' wid deir hoes
An' git a honest libbin' as dey chop de cotton-rows,
Or de State may put 'em arter while to drillin' in de diches,
Wid more'n a single stripe a-runnin' 'cross deir breeches.

Well, you think dat doin' nuffin' 'tall is mighty so' an' nice,
But it busted up de renters in de lubly Paradise!
You see, dey bofe was human bein's jes' like me an' you,

An' dey couldn't reggerlate deirselves wid not a thing to do;
Wid plenty wuk befo' 'em, an' a cotton crop to make,
Dey'd nebber thought o' loafin' roun' an' chattin' wid de snake.

—*Scribner's Magazine.*

THE SIN OF OMISSION.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

It isn't the thing you do, dear,
It's the thing you leave undone,
Which gives you a bit of a heart-ache
At the setting of the sun.
The tender word forgotten,
The letter you did not write,
The flower you might have sent, dear,
Are your haunting ghosts to-night.

The stone you might have lifted
Out of a brother's way,
The bit of heartsome counsel
You were hurried too much to say,
The loving touch of the hand, dear,
The gentle and winsome tone
That you had no time nor thought for,
With troubles enough of your own.

These little acts of kindness
So easily out of mind,
These chanches to be angels
Which even mortals find,—
They come in night and silence,
Each chill, reproachful wraith,
When hope is faint and flagging,
And a blight has dropped on faith.

For life is all too short, dear,
And sorrow is all too great,
To suffer our slow compassion
That tarries until too late.
And it's not the thing you do, dear,
It's the thing you leave undone,
Which gives you the bitter heart-ache
At the setting of the sun.

READING.

PENALTIES OF CIVILIZATION.

THE LITTLE CARES AND WORRIES THAT AFFLICT CIVILIZED MEN.

What taxes we do pay for being civilized! Just look at those two pictures, the one of a savage and the other of a civilized man sallying forth for his day's work. The savage seizes his bow and arrow, and perhaps his tomahawk, and bounces out of his tent, leaving Mrs. S. to bring water from the stream and to skirmish around for dry wood to build a fire wherewith to cook the squirrel, opossum, rattlesnake or other vermin he may bring home for dinner.

Mr. Nineteen Percentury has eaten a light breakfast, consisting of fried fish, omelette aux fines herbes, beefsteak and wheat cakes, preceded by an early glass of seltzer water, and is about to start for business. First he puts on his arctics, then his hat, then his overcoat, then his wristlets, then he feels in his pocket to see if his watch is there, and compares it with the parlor clock to ascertain whether they agree; feels in his inside breast pocket to assure himself that certain documents are there; feels in his outside breast pocket to know that his handkerchief is all right; slaps his pantaloons pocket to satisfy himself that his wallet has not been left in his dress trousers (he calls his business garments pantaloons or pants and his social ones trousers;) then he looks inquiringly toward the ceiling, trying to think whether there is anything else. Here Mrs. N. P. comes in, a consulting inquirer.

"Have you got your pen knife?"

No, he has not, and he is sure to want it during the day. It is found on the table in the next room. He places it in his right hand vest pocket.

"Have you got your pencil case and memorandum book?"

No—hunt—found—left hand vest pocket.

"Cigar case?"

He feels left hand overcoat pocket. "Yes, all right."

"Match case?"

Feels—yes—examined—empty—replenishes—left hand pantaloons pocket.

"Office keys?"

Feels—yes—all right.

"Latch key?"

Feels pistol pocket—yes.

"Card case?"

Searches through six pockets—no—must be in dress waistcoat. It is—empty—replenishes—left hand *vest* pocket.

"Don't forget those letters you have to mail."

"Oh, no." Letters want stamp—none in the

house—never mind—get them at druggist's, only he is always out of them—letters to be carried in hand.

"Don't go without your paper to read in the cars."

"Oh, dear, no, where is it?" Paper found—left hand overcoat pocket.

"Umbrella? It might rain."

"Ugh?" He doesn't know—dubious—looks out of window. "See weather probabilities—newspaper—safest perhaps to take it. Umbrella propped up against table, handy."

"Now, are you sure you have the right change for your car fare?"

Full change, pocket—pants pocket—no—ten cents borrowed from wife—all right—now he'll be off. Buttons up overcoat, pulls on gloves, picks up letters and umbrella. "Good bye."

"Oh! Have you got your eye glasses?"

Umbrella and letters placed on chair, glasses taken off, coat unbuttoned—exploration through numberless pockets—no—probably dress waistcoat—yes—upper left hand vest pocket—button up—umbrella, letters—all right. "Good-bye."

"Oh! Niney, dear, you better leave me a little money before you go, I want to pay Madam Hazelquirke to-day."

"! ! !"

And this is civilization.

MUSIC.

"CHANSON DES ALPS." (Instrumental.)

COLLOQUY.

CHRISTMAS AT LYNDALE HALL;

or,

THE GREATEST CATCH OF THE SEASON.

Adapted by Miss A. O. Briggs, for several Ladies and Gentlemen.

Characters.

Paul Hylton	A bachelor from India.
John Farland	A wealthy gentleman.
Lady Clara Farland	His wife.
Miss Ada Ross	Lady Clara's daughter.
Kate Challis	John Farland's niece.
Count Rienzo	A young nobleman.
Lord Annesley	A guest at Lynedale Hall.
Several other Ladies and Gentlemen	Guests.
Mrs. Green	The housekeeper.
Harry Filkins	Footman.
Other Servants.	

SCENE I. *Paul Hylton, in his bachelor apartments in India, is reading a letter. Having finished the letter he gives vent to his pent up thoughts and emotions in the following soliloquy:*

Paul H. Heigh-ho! How time passes! It is fifteen years, this very day, since I sailed for India. Fifteen years since, standing on board the steamer Ocean Queen, I bade farewell to the only tried and true friend I had in the world. I shall never forget his last words. "Remember, Paul," said he, "that whether you win or fail I am your friend and brother. While I have a shilling, half of it is yours; while I have a home, you shall share it. If India fails, come back to me. Return when you may, your first visit must be at my house."

For the first few years we exchanged letters by each outward-bound and returning steamer, but after his marriage with Lady Clara Ross, that wealthy and aristocratic young widow, there has been a continual dropping off, until if I hear from him once or twice a year I think myself fortunate. Perhaps the extra demands on his time and attention by Lady Clara and her daughter leaves him but little leisure for correspondence.

This good, long letter, just received, breathes forth the same kind sympathies as of old. A longing comes over me to return to my native land—to grasp again the hand of warm-hearted John Farland. I can never feel at home here. The scenery, the climate, and the people are uncongenial. I will close up my affairs and sail on the next steamer. John shall know nothing of this. I will answer his letter in person and treat him to a genuine surprise.

SCENE II. *A nicely furnished library at Lynedale Hall. Paul Hylton is ushered into the room by a liveried servant and seated.*

Footman. Mr. Farland is about the premises. I will call him. Your card, please.

Paul H. Never mind the card nor the name. Tell him a friend wishes to see him. (*Exit footman.*) Well, I declare, these clothes do look a little out of place in such an elegant mansion—I never once thought of them. I *am* too careless about such things! but John won't care whether I'm dressed in style or out of style if he is at all as he used to be. Wonder if he'll know me! (*Enter John Farland, bows and presents his hand, but does not recognize him.*)

John F. Your countenance is familiar, sir, but I really can't call you by name.

Paul H. John, don't you know me?

John F. (*Greatly surprised.*) It can't be Paul, Paul Hylton!

Paul H. Paul Hylton it is, indeed! Come to spend Christmas with you.

J. F. (*Shaking his hand warmly.*) Welcome home, old boy, I am so glad to see you! Meant to give me a surprise, did you? Well, well, you have succeeded admirably. Did you get my last letter? (*They take seats.*)

Paul H. Yes; just before I left India. It was in fact that good cheering message which confirmed my decision to return.

John F. Glad something started you! Just think, it is fifteen years since you left us!

Paul H. Yes; fifteen years, John, of hard work and worry, of self-exile—of strange vicissitudes. Do you think me much changed?

John F. Now that I know you, I can see that you look, on the whole, quite natural; only time has added a stray wrinkle or so to the forehead and touched with a slight frost those raven locks; but it was your voice that I first recognized—there was no mistaking that. Should you have known me had I dropped down unexpectedly in India?

Paul H. Yes; I think I would have known you anywhere.

J. F. Come back to stay?

Paul H. Well, yes, I guess so. I'm heartily tired of India. It may do for fortune-seekers, but it is not a place I would like to make my home.

J. F. So the world has not prospered with you, Paul? I'm sorry. You deserve a better fate. My old-time promise holds good. If you need assistance in any way come to me. (*Enter Lady Clara.*)

Lady C. Oh, beg pardon, (*With a very haughty toss of the head.*) I did not know you were engaged. Perhaps, with a house full of visitors you can spare time for more than one.

J. F. (*Very meekly.*) To be sure, my dear, to be sure! I am very remiss, Lady Clara. Let me introduce my old friend, Paul Hylton, to you. (*Makes a very haughty bow.*) He—he (*With hesitation*) has come to spend Christmas with us. (*She surveys Paul slowly from head to foot.*) What room will suit Mr. Hylton best? He will want good fires—England is very cold after India.

Lady C. I understood you, that our list of friends was quite complete. You had better send for the housekeeper. There are no rooms to spare. (*Sweeps haughtily out of the room.*)

J. F. (*Rubbing his hands and looking perplexed.*) Lady Clara is—is tired to-night; we have so many guests.

Paul. H. John, be quite frank with me. I am an uninvited guest; if I have come at an inopportune moment, I will go away and return after the holidays are over.

J. F. Nothing of the kind,—how can you speak so, Paul? You are my friend and guest—welcome always as flowers in May. Lady Clara is rather peculiar; she has always been amongst grand people, you know. I think it would, perhaps, be as well not to say that you have been unfortunate before her. She would not understand, you see. I'll ring for Mrs. Green, the housekeeper. (*Rings the bell. Enter Mrs. Green.*) Mrs. Green, this is my old friend Paul Hylton come from India to make us a visit,—have you any pleasant room vacant?

Mrs. Green. (*Surprised and delighted.*) Bless my stars! I guess I know this gentleman! Can it be possible that you are Paul Hylton? I used to live at your house when you were a little boy. Do you remember me?

Paul H. (*Shaking hands with her.*) Mrs. Green, you dear old soul, how are you? I have often wondered what had become of you.

Mrs. G. I left town shortly after your father died and your beautiful home was broken up. That was a rascally piece of business, cheating the orphan out of his rightful property! I never could get over it. Your uncle wanted me to stay and live with him but I could not think of such a thing. Well, he and his family are all dead now with the exception of a scapegrace son who drank and gambled until he lost

the home his father left him, so it didn't do them much good after all.

Paul H. That is generally the case with ill-gotten gain. It was a gigantic fraud. The perpetrators covered up their tracks so well, the law could not reach them, but, it seems retribution did.

J. F. Have you a nice room for our old friend, Mrs. Green?

Mrs. G. Beg pardon, Mr. Farland, I was so surprised to see him again that I quite forgot to answer your question. I'll look the house over and see that he has the best room there is to spare—bet your life on that. (*Exit Mrs. Green.*)

Paul H. My mother, you know, died when I was quite young and Mrs. Green was as good to me as a mother could be. Father used to say, "Be a good boy, Paul, and obey Mrs. Green, for if she should get discontented and leave I don't know what we could do." I was very much attached to her, and cried heartily when she went away.

J. F. Yes, she is a most worthy woman. I guess our household machinery would wabble some if we didn't have her for a regulator. (*Kate Challis opens the door and starts back at seeing a stranger.*)

Kate C. Oh, excuse me! Uncle, can I speak with you a moment?

J. F. Certainly, my child. (*Leaves the room a few moments, then returns.*)

Paul H. Who was that beautiful young girl, John? Lady Clara's daughter?

John F. Oh, no; thank fortune, she has none of the royal blood in her veins! She is my poor dead sister Nellie's child—one of the dearest and best girls in the world! Since her mother's death she has made her home with us. When she comes back I'll call her in and introduce her.

Paul H. Thank you. She has a sweet face, and if, as I judge it to be, it is an index to her disposition, I shall be glad to make the acquaintance.

J. F. Yes, poor girl, her parents are both dead, and she is quite alone in the world. I am the only near relative she has and I would lay down my life for her any time. You can see for yourself how matters stand. Everything is not as harmonious as it might be. Kate is the sunshine of my home. Paul, as you value your own peace of mind, never marry an imperious, self-willed woman.

Paul H. It is most surely the one great calamity from which I should hope to be spared. (*Kate knocks at the door—Mr. Farland opens it.*)

Kate Challis. All right, Uncle. Mrs. Green has arranged things very nicely.

J. F. Glad to hear it. Come in Kate and let me introduce you. (*She steps into the room.*) Mr. Hylton, this is my niece Miss Kate Challis. (*They shake hands.*) Kate and I will try and make you feel at home, won't we, Kate?

Kate C. Of course we will. (*Bell rings*) I have often heard Uncle speak of you and of the good times you used to have when you were boys together, so I feel well acquainted with you. I know we shall enjoy your visit exceedingly.

J. F. Kate, was that the first dinner bell?

Kate C. Yes, sir; it just rang.

J. F. We must go down to the drawing-room or Lady Clara will be quite out of patience.

SCENE III. *In the drawing-room. It is filled with guests when Mr. Farland, Paul Hylton, and Kate enter. Kate very quietly seats herself. No one pays her the least bit of attention. Mr. Farland introduces Paul. Lady Clara and her daughter, Miss Ada Ross, exchange significant glances. He appears quite at ease and takes a vacant seat beside Kate Challis.*

Miss Ada Ross. Our arrangements are quite complete, Count Rienzo. We are to have a grand Christmas ball. Won't that be just jolly?

Count Rienzo. Oui, Mademoiselle Ross. Je serais charmé si vous-voulez dancer avec moi. Quel dommage that I not can speak good English!

Miss A. R. Yes, it is too bad, but you can understand all we say to you.

Count R. Oui, si vous parlez bien lentement.

Miss A. R. You will soon learn to speak our language by hearing it constantly.

Paul H. Do you enjoy dancing, Miss Challis?

Kate C. Oh, yes, very much, Mr. Hylton.

Paul H. Then I may claim you for a dance or two?

Kate. Most assuredly, I should be delighted to dance with you. (*Lady Clara and daughter exchange amused glances.*)

Lady Clara. Oh, by the way, Lord Annesley, have you heard that Parkwood Grange has been recently sold to a very wealthy gentleman who is having it fitted up in the most magnificent style intending to make it his residence?

Lord A. Yes, I rode over to the Grange today and was perfectly charmed with the grandeur of the place. It excels by far any nobleman's castle in this part of the country. I am informed that the fortunate proprietor made the purchase through an agent, and although everybody is on the qui vive to learn further particulars, the strictest secrecy is maintained. It is rumored, however, that he is very rich, very eccentric, and a bachelor. There's a chance for you, Miss Ada.

Miss A. R. That's so, Lord Annesley. I must surely set my hook for him. He will be the greatest catch of the season.

Paul H. That would not, perhaps, be a bad plan for you Miss Challis. If he is such a big fish in the matrimonial frog-pond it might be well to try your luck at angling. (*Another exchange of glances between Lady Clara and her daughter.*)

Kate C. I've no faith in my skill as an angler, Mr. Hylton—it is wholly out of my line of business.

Miss A. R. Well spoken this time, Kate. He would probably look for a lady more nearly his equal in social position. I would dearly love to be mistress of Parkwood. Don't you think, Lord Annesley, that I could preside over the establishment with becoming grace and dignity?

Lord. A. Certainly, Miss Ada. Nothing could be more appropriate. You may depend on my influence to further your interests in that direction. It takes some sharp maneuvering to catch these shy old fellows, but they're worth fishing for.

Miss A. R. Thank you, Lord Annesley, I shall hold you to your promise. How I wish he would happen to be at the ball! I would smile my sweetest and look my prettiest and take his old bachelor heart by storm.

Lord A. That would, indeed, be a grand opportunity, but let us hope for better luck in the future. (*Bell rings—Each gentleman escorts a lady to dinner—Paul Hylton accompanies Kate Challis.*)

SCENE IV. *In the Library. Paul Hylton, alone, reading the morning paper. Enter Kate Challis. He lays down his paper and addresses Kate.*

Paul H. Merry Christmas, Miss Challis! Why, you haven't been crying! What is the matter? Do tell me what it is.

Kate C. I ought to be ashamed of myself, I know, but Lady Clara has decided that I am not to go to the ball.

Paul H. Why not, pray?

Kate C. I have no dress suitable, and with so many visitors at the hall Lady Clara thinks there will be no time to see about one.

Paul H. Where do Lady Clara's come from?

Kate C. From London. Dresses for my aunt and cousin arrived three days ago.

Paul H. You must surely go to the ball,—buy a dress Kate.

Kate C. I have no money. (*Smiling.*) My uncle buys everything for me. He will not know I want this until it is too late.

Paul H. What a thing it is to want money! I wish everybody could be rich—yourself, especially, just now.

Kate C. Yes, it would be nice. You can sympathize with me in this—can't you, Mr. Hylton? Uncle says you have been unfortunate—I don't know why the best people must always be poor. It is hard to be dependent on others, but my uncle is very kind, so I'm not wholly friendless, you see. O, Mr. Hylton, I forgot to return your "Merry Christmas," and here is a little keepsake I have brought you. It is merely a trifle, but please accept it as a token of remembrance. (*She hands him a small parcel. He opens it and finds a nice silk handkerchief with his initials embroidered on it.*)

Paul H. Thank you, Kate,—please let me call you so. It is a perfect beauty! Did you embroider this so exquisitely?

Kate C. Yes, sir; I got up early and have just finished it. That is right, call me Kate. I like it better.

Paul H. And you must call me Paul—will you?

Kate C. You are so much older, Mr. Hylton, it would almost seem like showing disrespect.

Paul H. Never mind the disrespect, Kate. Friendship levels all distinctions. Will you call me Paul?

Kate C. Why, yes; since you wish it, but

Lady Clara would be shocked to hear me call you so.

Paul H. A fig for Lady Clara! You may call me Mr. Hylton before her and the family, if you like, but when you speak to me alone remember I am "Paul."

Kate C. Yes, Paul, I will remember it. Are you going to help us decorate the Hall with holly for the ball?

Paul H. Yes, Kate, after I go down to the office and telegraph concerning some very important matters which demand immediate attention.

Kate C. I'll not detain you then, Paul. Ha! ha! how queer that sounds.

SCENE V. *John Farland and Paul Hylton in the library.*

J. F. (*Consulting his watch.*) It is some little time yet before the dancing-hall will be opened and as the arrangements are all completed, we may hope for a little quiet talk in the interim. I do sincerely hope that after Lady Clara has succeeded in marrying off Miss Ada to her satisfaction we shall have fewer balls and parties and more domestic enjoyment.

Paul H. This I suppose is to be a wonderful affair from the number of notables who are invited. I have a better suit than this which I must wear on the occasion, but even that will compare quite unfavorably with the elegant apparel of the other guests.

J. F. Who cares for the elegant apparel? I don't, do you?

Paul H. Well, no, perhaps not enough for my own good. (*Enter Lady Clara in a great rage.*)

Lady C. Is it possible, John, you have ordered this box for Kate from London? I can hardly believe even you capable of such a folly.

J. F. I have ordered nothing. I did not know Kate required anything. What do you mean?

Lady C. There is a box just come from London addressed to Miss Challis, containing the most magnificent dress I ever saw—far better than I or my daughter can afford. Shoes, gloves, fan, opera cloak, wreath, bouquet, and all complete. If you did not order it, who did?

J. F. Most certainly, I did not. Is there no bill or memorandum, or anything by which you can tell from whence it came?

Lady C. Not a word!—not a fold of paper!

J. F. What does Kate say, herself?

Lady C. (*Contemptuously.*) Kate! She pretends to be surprised; but it seems very strange to me. I do not like anything underhand.

J. F. (*Rings the bell impatiently—a servant enters.*) Send Miss Challis to me at once! (*Exit servant—Kate enters apparently very much confused.*) Kate, can you guess who has made you this beautiful and very valuable present?

Kate C. No, Uncle; no one has ever given me anything but you.

J. F. That will do. Wear your dress, my dear, and look as nice as you can.

Kate C. Thanks, Uncle, I will wear it. (*Leaves the room.*)

Lady C. Your niece must have a fairy godmother. (*Contemptuously.*) I do not like mysteries; nor do I approve of a poor penniless girl, like Kate, being dressed like a duchess! (*Leaves the room in a huff.*)

J. F. Who can have sent Kate that dress? I shall never hear the last of it. Yet I am glad some one cares for the child.

Paul H. She should marry a neighbor, then you could take refuge with her sometimes. I would like to see her in that dress before she enters the ball room. Perhaps I'd better not attend this evening.

J. F. You absent yourself from the ball? I shall not listen to such a thing. Your clothes will be plenty good enough and Kate will be greatly disappointed if you do not go. She is a very graceful dancer. When she passes the door I'll call her in.

Paul H. I am glad she can enjoy dancing. I imagine she must have a great many heartaches. Nothing is harder for a sensitive soul to endure than the taunts of an overbearing woman.

J. F. That is true, Paul, I can't see how any person should take delight in saying bitter things to a poor and dependent orphan. My spirit rises in rebellion, sometimes, but I suppose discretion is the better part of valor and I bite my lips to keep from expressing my thoughts in words more forcible than elegant.

Kate (*Knocks at the door and enters all dressed for the ball.*) Why, Uncle, you and Mr. Hyl-

ton will be too late if you don't hurry and make your toilet.

J. F. Well done, Kate! You will be the belle to-night. That dress is a perfect beauty.

Kate C. Well done, somebody! Whoever sent me this had good taste in selecting. Isn't it a nice Christmas present, Uncle?

J. F. It certainly is, my child, I hope you will have a good time. Who shall you dance with?

Kate C. O, with you and Mr. Hylton of course, and, I dare say, Mr. Humphrey will ask me as well. He is nearly a stranger here, you know.

J. F. You are a good girl, Kate. Give me a kiss and then run away. (*She pretends to kiss him.*)

Paul H. Kiss me too! I am not your uncle, but I am his oldest friend, and here is a piece of mistletoe—see!

J. F. Yes, give him a kiss Kate. Poor Paul! He has no one in the wide world to kiss him. (*She drops her head bashfully. Paul takes her hand and presses it to his lips. She smiles and leaves the room.*)

SCENE VI. *Tableau:—The Belle of the Ball. Represents a ball-room with the dancers on the floor.*

SCENE VII. *John Farland and Paul Hylton alone in the library.*

J. F. So you think you must leave us, Paul? Where are you going?

Paul H. To London, John, to seek my fortune.

J. F. If there should be any way in which you would like to start do not hesitate for want of capital. Remember, Paul, my purse is yours. We are brothers, you know. If I were a bachelor—(*sighs sadly*)—if I were a bachelor, you should share my home, but a married man can't always do as he would.

Paul H. I can not think of staying longer. I know a lengthy visit would not be at all pleasing to Lady Clara.

J. F. Lady Clara, I am sorry to say, is not one of the most amiable of women.

Paul. Thanks, John, for your kind offers of assistance. If I have good luck I hope not to need financial help, but there is one boon I must ask before I go. Give it to me and I shall be the happiest of men.

J. F. Anything I have, Paul, you know you will be most welcome to.

Paul H. Give me your niece, Kate, to be my wife.

J. F. My niece Kate!

Paul H. Your niece—the sweetest, truest, best girl in the world!

J. F. Willingly, most willingly; but Paul, my dear boy, what will you keep her on? Kate cannot live on air, you know.

Paul H. I will find the ways and means if you will but give your consent.

J. F. I am so glad! There is no one I care for so much as you, Paul. I would rather give Katie to you than to a prince. Go and ask her yourself—see what she says, and bring her to me.

Paul H. I'm afraid she will feel insulted by an offer of marriage from an old, old bachelor like me; I can but test my fate, and if she should refuse, I must abide the consequences, I suppose. (*Exit Paul.*)

J. F. Popping the question is something new in his line. He will find it rather an awkward affair. Well, well, may success attend him. (*Takes his flute and plays to while away the time—Enter Paul with Kate on his arm.*)

Paul H. Kate has promised to be mine, John. Give us your blessing.

J. F. That is yours in perpetuity, my children. May yours be a peaceful and happy home if not the abode of wealth and luxury.

Kate C. I shall not mind being poor at all Uncle, I'm used to it. I can help Paul in many ways and not make myself a useless burden on his hands to support. If we live in London, it will be so near you can come and see us often.

J. F. You may depend on a visit from me whenever I need a fresh supply of sunshine, and that will probably be quite often. We must tell Lady Clara. (*They look at each other in dismay.*) Paul, you had better take the news yourself.

Paul H. Well, if I must, I must, but I had rather face the dragon in his cave. Never mind—Here goes! (*Exit Paul.*)

SCENE VIII. *In Lady Clara's boudoir. Lady Clara and Paul Hylton alone.*

Lady C. Why, Mr. Hylton! Kate is a mere child, and you, old enough to be her father! I should call you both two precious simpletons,

Of course, if Mr. Farland has given his consent, I have nothing to do in the matter. Miss Challis is not under my control. I may, perhaps, be permitted to say, I think it a singular arrangement for two persons entirely without fortune to marry. I hope it may end well.

Paul H. It is a little singular, Lady Clara, I confess, but love can accomplish wonders.

Lady C. So it seems. When is this affair to come off?

Paul H. I am going to London for a week and shall hope to claim my bride on my return.

Lady C. In a week! It will be impossible for her to leave so soon.

Paul H. You need not trouble yourself concerning a wedding outfit. I will see that she has everything needful for the occasion.

Lady C. You will need no very elaborate outlay. Being penniless and of no social standing, you will of course expect a very quiet wedding.

Paul H. Most certainly, I should prefer it under any circumstances. Grand weddings seldom turn out well. We will reserve our wedding feast until we can invite our friends to a home of our own.

Lady C. Which will not be very soon, I fear.

Paul H. Then we can do without it. A man's life does not consist in the multitude of his riches nor a true woman's happiness in the splendor of her entertainments. Kate and I can be happy together even in the obscurity of our poverty.

Lady C. I don't know about that. I should prefer a little less love and a little more luxury.

Paul H. Tastes differ, Lady Clara. A loveless home would be to me the most desolate of desolations. I must take the next train so I will bid you good-bye.

SCENE IX. *The Wedding Day. The family in the drawing-room with the exception of Kate. Enter Paul Hylton.*

J. F. Why, Paul, what makes you so late? It is nearly time for the ceremony.

Paul H. The train was delayed on account of an accident on the road. Where is Kate?

Lady C. Oh, she is in her room crying her precious eyes out, I suppose, for fear you would not come.

J. F. (*Rings for a servant who enters the room.*) Take this package to Miss Challis and inform her of Mr. Hylton's arrival.

Lady C. It is so late she had better dress before coming down.

J. F. An accident on the road? Anything serious?

Paul H. No injury to life or limb, I believe, but a smashing up of several freight cars in a collision. We were obliged to wait until they could clear the track.

Lady C. Have you a place to take your bride, Mr. Hylton?

Paul H. Oh, yes, we shall have very comfortable quarters,—as good a home as persons in our circumstances could expect.

Lady C. I am glad to hear it, Mr. Hylton. Kate has lived with us so long we, of course, have some interest in her welfare.

J. F. Did you succeed in securing a good position, Paul?

Paul H. Measurably well. It will do until I can find something better. (*Enter servant with the mail.*) Lady Clara opens a letter addressed to Mr. John Farland and family, and starts back in surprise.

Lady C. Here is a card from Parkwood Grange. (*Reads.*) Mr. and Mrs. Paul Hylton at home after January 15th! Can it be possible, Mr. Hylton, you are the gentleman who has recently purchased Parkwood Grange?

Paul H. The same mysterious personage. Lady Clara, It has been the one dream of my life to buy back my early home. I learned, on my arrival, that it was for sale and instructed my agent in London to make the purchase. The arrangements are now completed, and after a short wedding trip we shall settle down under the old paternal roof.

J. F. (*Stepping forward and grasping his hand.*) Well done, my boy, I congratulate you. Does Kate know anything of this?

Paul H. Nothing at all. She probably has been expecting upper apartments in some crowded tenement block in London. She marries me for myself you see.

J. F. So then our little Kate has secured the greatest catch of the season. How is that, Miss Ada?

Miss A. R. It seems, Mr. Farland, you took our little jest in earnest. I shall look for something besides riches when I marry. Nothing short of the little "Countess," would suit me.

J. F. Ah! I see. When Count Rienzo can

talk a little better English, we may expect another wedding.

Miss A. R. I have a desire for rank and station. I do not fancy untitled gentlemen. Blood is what tells, you know.

J. F. Yes, the good rich blood of robust health is the best blood I know of. I should much prefer it to the sickly blue blood of titled aristocracy.

Lady C. I think Mr. Hylton, (*With a deferential smile*) it would have been better had you appeared in your true character.

Paul H. I made no mention, whatever, of my financial affairs; but as you seemed to take it for granted that I lacked the means to wear better clothes, I suffered you to remain unenlightened on that point as long as it should be for my pleasure to do so. My little experience at Lynedale Hall has done me a world of good. It has showed up in their true light the false distinctions in social life; it has proved the truth and sincerity of my old friend, John Farland, and given me the sweetest, noblest little wife man was ever blessed with.

Lady C. Had we known your real standing yours should have been one of the grandest weddings on record. It is all your fault, Mr. Hylton.

Paul H. No apologies are due, Lady Clara. The arrangements are all right. I would not wish them otherwise.

Lady C. We must cut short our discourse. The clergyman has arrived and we must prepare for the ceremony.

SCENE X.

Tableau.

A QUIET WEDDING.

MUSIC.

PEACEFULLY SLUMBER.

PEACEFULLY slumber, my own darling son;
Close thy dear eyelids, and sweetly sleep on;
All things lie buried in silence profound.
Sleep; I will scare e'en the gnats floating round.

'Tis now, my dearest, thy life's early May;
Ah! but to-morrow is not as to-day;
Trouble and care round thy curtains shall soar;
Then child, thou'lt slumber so sweetly no more.
Angels of heaven as lovely as thou,
Float o'er thy cradle and smile on thee now.

Later when angels around thee shall stray,
'Twill be to wipe but thy teardrops away.

Peacefully slumber, my own darling one,
Watch by thy bedside, till dark night is gone;
Careless how early, how late it may be,
Mother's love wearies not watching o'er thee.

OPTIONAL.

FRANK RUBY'S CHRISTMAS.

BY P. HAMILTON MYERS.

'TWAS Christmas Eve; the snow fell fast,
Fell through the twilight, dun and grey;
And now a breeze, and now a blast,
The wind went whistling on its way.

Through all the city's whitened streets
Gift-bearing people homeward sped;
In car and stage were crowded seats
And crowded roofs were overhead.

Pedestrians, bending to the storm,
Signalled in vain the autocrat,
Who stamped to keep his great feet warm,—
Jehu in oil-cloth coat and hat.

But all was mirth, each heart was gay;
Well could they storm and tempest stem:
'Twas eve of blessed holiday,
And happy homes awaited them,—

Homes in which joyous shouts would ring,
Homes radiant with the light of bliss,
Where red-lipped children climb and cling
To win the first paternal kiss.

Piled presents and the fireside glow,—
On such a scene one fain would dwell;
But of this night of sleet and snow
I have another tale to tell.

Frank Ruby's years were forty-five;
"And half that period and more,"
He said, "I've labored hard to drive
The wolf of hunger from the door.

"Yet here we are, this night of storm—
Our cabin floor is bare and rough,
Our fuel scant, we are not warm,
We seldom have quite food enough.

"Our chilren are too thinly clad
Though they are good as good can be;
And Edwin, oh, my darling lad!
He sleeps beneath the briny sea."

Patient and pale, beside him stood
His wife, and begged him not to grieve;
She told him that the Lord was good,
And this, His blessed Christmas Eve.

"Perhaps he looks upon us now
In pity," so the woman said.
Frank Ruby's was a wrinkled brow,
Frank Ruby shook a doubting head.

"To-morrow all the town will feast:
I longed to get some treat for you,
But did not dare to spend the least
Because the rent was almost due."

"'Tis right," she said, "for I have dared
(Remember, it is Christmas time!)
To spend—nay, husband, be not scared!
It was for *them*, and but a dime.

"'Twas but this once; you know, my dear,
They never had a toy before;—"
Is it the rattling wind they hear,
Or mortal hand that shakes the door?

They haste to open, they bring a light:
An old man bending 'neath a pack,
Begs food and shelter for the night;
His white hair streams adown his back.

They help him in; he scarce can hear
The words of welcome which they speak;
And yet he feels the warmth and cheer
For smiles light up his aged cheek.

He lowers his bundle to a chair,
Shakes from his clothes the clinging snow,
Shakes it from cap and beard and hair
Then sits beside the fire's full glow,—

And laughs while Frank piles on the wood
And rubs his hands before the blaze;
And when the good wife brings him food,
He laughs again, but little says,—

And little they, so deaf is he,
So busy with his frugal meal,
And with that cup of steaming tea,
Whose warmth his very heartstrings feel.

Two little Christmas stockings hung
Gaping beside the roaring hearth;
"And have you children? Are they young?"
The old man asked with air of mirth.

They nodded, and he shook with glee.
"Ha, ha!" he said, "I've guessed aright,
And, surely down the wide chimney
Old Santa Claus will come to-night."

They made his bed before the fire,
With blankets which they ill could spare;
And, wearied all, they soon retire,
But not without an evening prayer.

Morn came, and still the snow did fall.
Frank feared his ancient guest would stay;
He knew there was not food for all:—
Alas, for such a Christmas Day!

He hears his children leap from bed,
He hears their voice of noisy mirth,
As shivering (each in nightgown red)
They hasten to the fireless hearth.

"O, father, father! come and see
What Santa Claus brought me and sis.—
Our stockings full as full can be;
And on the top, see, what is *this?*"

They rush to him in eager strife;
Their little hands outstretched they hold
In each he sees—as sure as life!—
A bright broad disk of coined gold.

"What can it mean? It is some trick!"
Husband and wife astounded say.
They rise, they dress themselves full quick
They haste to where the stranger lay.

Their ancient guest he sleepeth well:
Frank Ruby gives him many a shake;
He seems enchained by some strange spell
Never was man so hard to wake.

Once more! he rises nimbly now,
He stands erect in manly grace;
He tears the white wig from his brow
And flings the false beard from his face

"My son, my son!" the father cries,
Dame Ruby swoons upon his neck;
'Tis Edwin stands before their eyes,
Saved from the sinking vessel's wreck.

To paint a pleasure great as this,
A joy so tender, so divine,
Such lasting ecstasy of bliss,—
Needs more presuming pen than mine.

The parents think not of the pelf,
The "eagles" roll upon the floor;
They only think of Edwin's self
Nor ask nor guess if he has more.

Not so with him, the boisterous youth,
Who from the land of gold had come,
And who had labored hard, in truth,
To gain and bring some thousands home

"I've also brought my own strong arm,"
He said, "nor e'er again will stray."
Frank Ruby feared no future harm,
Frank Ruby *kept* that holiday.

He called his poorer neighbors in;
A smoking turkey graced his board;
He laughed, as those may laugh who win,
And thenceforth trusted in the Lord.

AS QUICK AS THE TELEPHONE.

One night a well-known merchant of a town in the West, who had been walking for some time in the downward path, came out of his house and started out for a night of carousal with some old companions he had promised to meet.

His young wife had besought him with imploring eyes to spend the evening with her, and had reminded him of the time when evenings passed in her company were all too short. His little daughter had clung about his knees and coaxed in her pretty, willful way for papa to tell her some bed-time stories; but habit was stronger than love for wife or child, and he eluded her tender questioning by the deceits and excuses which are the convenient refuge of the intemperate and so went on his way.

When he was some distance from his house he found that in changing his coat he had forgotten his purse, and he could not go out on a drinking-bout without any money, even though his family needed it, and his wife was economizing every day more and more in order to make up his deficits. So he hurried back and crept softly past the window of his own home, in order that he might steal in and obtain it without running the gauntlet of other questions or caresses.

But as he looked through the window something stayed his feet. There was a fire in the grate within—for the night was chill—and it lit up the pretty little parlor and brought out in startling effect the pictures on the wall. But these were nothing to the pictures on the hearth. There, in the soft glow of the fire-light, knelt his child at her mother's feet, its small hands clasped in prayer, and its fair head bowed; and as its rosy lips whispered each word with childish distinctness, the father listened, spell-bound, to the words which he himself had so often uttered at his own mother's knee:

"Now I lay me down to sleep."

His thoughts ran back to boyhood hours; and as he compressed his bearded lips, he could see in memory the face of that mother, long ago gone to her rest, who taught his own infant lips prayers which he had long forgotten to utter.

The child went on and completed her little verse, and then as prompted by her mother, continued:

"God bless mamma, papa, and my own self"—then there was a pause, and she lifted her troubled blue eyes to her mother's face.

"God bless papa," prompted the mother, softly.

"God bless papa," lisped the little one.

"And please send him home sober."

He could not hear the mother as she said this; but the child followed in a clear, inspired tone—

"God bless papa—and please—send him—home sober, Amen."

Mother and child sprang to their feet in alarm when the door opened so suddenly; but they were not afraid when they saw who it was returned so soon. But that night when little Mary was being tucked up in bed, after such a romp with papa, she said in the sleepiest and most contented of voices:

"Mamma, God answers almost as quick as the telephone, doesn't he?"

From the Baptist Weekly.

ANTIETAM.

I.

I've wandered o'er Antietam, John,
And stood where foe met foe
Upon the fields of Maryland
So many years ago.
The circling hills rise just the same
As they did on that day,
When you was fighting blue, old boy,
And I was fighting gray.

II.

The winding stream runs 'neath the bridge
Where Burnside won his fame;
The locust trees upon the ridge
Beyond are there the same.
The birds were singing mid the trees—
'Twas bullets on that day
When you was fighting blue, old boy,
And I was fighting gray.

III.

I saw again the Dunker church
That stood beside the wood,
Where Hooker made that famous charge
That Hill so well withstood,

DEVOTION. 69

'Tis scarred and marred by war and time
As we are, John, to-day,
For you were fighting blue, old boy,
As I was fighting gray.

IV.

I stood beneath the signal tree
Where I that day was laid,
And 'twas your arms, old boy, that brought
Me to this friendly shade.
Though leaves are gone, and limbs are bare,
Its heart is true to-day
As yours was then, though fighting blue,
To me, though fighting gray.

V.

I marked the spot where Mansfield fell—
Where Richardson was slain
With Stark and Douglass mid the corn,
And Brand amid the grain.
Their names are sacred to us, John;
They led us in the fray,
When you were fighting northern blue,
And I the southern gray.

VI.

I thought of Burnside, Hooker, Meade,
Of Sedgwick, old and brave;
Of Stonewall Jackson, tried and true
That strove the day to save,
I bared my head, they rest in peace,
Each one has passed away,
Death musters those who wore the blue
With those who wore the gray.

VII.

The old Pry mansion rears its wall
Beside Antietam's stream,
And far away along the south
I saw the tombstones gleam.
They mark each place where Little Mac
And Robert Lee that day
Made proud the north, though wearing blue,
And south, though wearing gray.

VIII.

Yes, John, it gave me joy to stand
Where we once fiercely fought.
The nation now is one again—
The lesson has been taught.
Sweet peace doth fair Antietam crown,
And we can say to-day
We're friends, though one was fighting blue
And one was fighting gray.

5

PRACTICAL PHILOSOPHY.

"WALKIN' out dis mawin to behole de bewtiful in natur'," began President Gardner as he arose, "my mind recollected dat I had been axed to splain de true secret o' happiness. In de fust place, when am a man happy? Is it when he has lots o' money—when he has fixed his enemy—when he travels an' sees de world—when he has a good home? An' how many grades of happiness kin you count up? An' what am happiness, when you boil it down?

"Happiness, as an old black man like me defines it," continued Brother Gardner, "am not sto' cloze, a fat wallet, a big house an' ice cream ebery night afore you go to bed. When I looked about me arter a wife I didn't look fur anything gaudy. I knew I mus' ma'ry a black woman or none at all. I knew she'd be away off on her Greek an' Latin, an so when I got my ole woman I war' not a bit dis'pinted. She am as good as I am, an' what more can I ask? When I war' free to start out I reasoned dat I mus' job 'round at dis an' dat, kase I had no trade. I nebber counted on havin' more dan a cord of wood an' five bushels of 'taters ahead, an' I nebber have had. I knew I'd have to live in a small house, own a cheap dog, live an' dress plainly, an' keep dis black skin to de grave, an' it has all happened jist as I 'spected. I am happy kase I havn't 'spected too much. I am happy kase I doan't figger on what I havn't got. I am happy kase I reason dat de weather can't allus be fa'r, money can't allus be plenty, good health can't allus last, an' yer bes' fr'ends can't allus be counted on. If dar' am any secret of happiness I believe it am dis, an' we will now begin de reg'lar bizness of de occashun.

Detroit Free Press.

PEOPLE WE MEET.

Do you ever watch the people you daily meet in the crowded streets? Look at this man coming toward you, see how his fists are clenched as though he had a death-grip on something, and his face has the picture of determination expressed thereon; we hope we shall not see a murder recorded the next morning. And here comes one just the opposite, all smiles, his arms swing carelessly, and hands open. He seems

as happy as the couple who now approach us, who are very much interested in each other's pleasant conversation; a marriage may be the record in the morning paper from this interview. Here comes one who thinks he owns the whole pavement, he tries to walk upright and straight, he presses his lips close together and starts off all right, but what he has taken inwardly controls his outward locomotion. And again another couple evidently man and wife, for their conversation does not seem to be of too pleasant a nature. And so you can go the livelong day and cull out the happy and contented from those who are unhappy, desperate, and determined. You can tell by the index of the face if a person has been successful in his business relations during the day, or whether he does not see poverty or suicide staring him in the face. If the reader will only take the trouble to observe the people he meets in one day who are soliloquizing to themselves, he will be astonished, and find himself at times doing the same thing.

A CHILD'S FIRST IMPRESSION OF A STAR.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

SHE had been told that God made all the stars
That twinkled up in heaven, and now she stood
Watching the coming of the twilight on,
As if it were a new and perfect world
And this were its first eve. She stood alone
By the low window, with the silken lash
Of her soft eye upraised and her sweet mouth
Half parted with the new and strange delight
Of beauty that she could not comprehend,
And had not seen before. The purple folds
Of the low sunset clouds, and the blue sky,
That looked so still and delicate above,
Filled her young heart with gladness, and the eve
Stole on with its deep shadows, and she still
Stood looking at the west with that half-smile,
As if a pleasant thought were at her heart.
Presently in the edge of the last tint
Of sunset, where the blue was melted
Into the faint golden mellowness, a star
Stood suddenly. A laugh of wild delight
Burst from her lips, and putting up her hands,
Her simple thought broke forth expressively,
"Father, dear father! God has made a star!"

TWO VISITS.

BY N. E. M. HATHEWAY.

THE fire in the kitchen was out,
The clock told that midnight was past:
The cook was in bed and asleep,
And the door of the pantry was fast;

When six little mischievous mice
A-strolling for plunder and play
Came in by a hole in the wall
They had gnawed for the purpose that day

First Sharp Tooth and Spry hurried through
Followed closely by Pry Nose and Fuzz;
And lastly came Shy Toes and Sleek—
Then, oh, what a frolic there was!

They danced on the best china plates—
These six little mischievous mice;
They nibbled the fruit-cake and pies;
They scattered the sugar and rice.

With nothing to startle or harm,
They kept up their frolic and feast
Till the stars faded out of the sky,
And morning appeared in the east.

When they came to the pantry again,
They spied in the midst of the floor
A structure of wire and wood
Unseen on their visit before.

It seemed to their curious eyes,
Well fitted for pleasure and ease,
With six little rooms; and each one
Had tables of bacon and cheese.

They viewed it around and around,
They snuffed the sweet smells with delight.
"'Tis a house built for us," they exclaimed.
"And we were expected to-night!"

Then Sharp Tooth and Spry and the rest
With nothing to make them afraid,
Crept into the six little rooms
Where supper was waiting and—staid!

They came to the pantry no more,
For this was the end of them all;
And the cook nailed a stout piece of tin
On the hole they had made in the wall

Complete Program No. 3.

—FOR—

School and Evening

ENTERTAINMENTS.

ARRANGED BY

MISS A. O. BRIGGS.

MUSIC.

RECITATIONS.

ISAAC'S ADDRESS.

My frien's, de subjick of my address dis ebenin' is Lack of Faith. I see it in front an' behind, an' to de right an' left of me almost ebery hour in de day. Fifty year ago ef I went to a cull'd man an' axed de loan ob two bits fur a week I got it widout de least hesitashun. He didn't draw down his left eye an' whisper, "Chestnuts" an' softly inquar ef he had hayseed in his ear. In my juvenous days, when an ole man cum to me an' put his hand on my head an' tole me dat spreein' 'round nights was de side doah to State Prison, I didn't grin in his face nor whisle in his ear. Ef I wanted a cup o' shugger or a drawin' ob tea ebery naybur was willin' to lend, nebber doubtin' dat I would repay at de airliest moment. Twenty year ago, I could walk into a butcher shop an' order a soup-bone an' tell him to charge it, an' dat bone would go up to my cabin in all faith an' confidence. Let me go inter a butcher shop to-morror an' gin' dat order an' de butcher would pint to a dozen signs ob, "No Trust," an' look 'pon me as crazy. Dar was a time when I could git a patch put on my bute an' walk off wid de remark dat I would pay fur it nex' week. Ef I should try dat on to-morror, I would git de collar frum de policeman befo' I'd gone a hundred rods. In de good ole days, I could walk up an' down all de alleys in Detroit widout an onkind remark bein' remarked to me. Only yisterday, as I was gwine up an alley to look fur my dog, a white man looked ober his back fence an' said, "You is jist one day too late, cull'd man,—dem chickens is gone!" De world 'pears to hev reached dat stage when nobody believes an' everybody doubts. Ef I git on a street kyar, de conductor wants his cash befo' you set down. Ef I go on de railroad a pusson cum 'round befo' we hev gone five mile, an' demands de fare. Ef I go to de postoffice fur a stamp, de clerk reaches out fur my two cents afore he tears de stamp off. Ef I want to borry shugger or tea, de nayburs ar' jist out. Ef I go to rent a house de owner wants a month's rent in advance. De good ole days, when man had faith in man, an' to doubt a man's word meant dat he was a rascal, hev departed, probably nebber to return no moah. It grieves an' pains me. I want to hev faith an' don't want to doubt, but de state of affairs affects me mo' or less. I fine myself hesitatin' when Waydown Beebe wants de loan ob my Sunday coat to 'tend a pray'r-meetin'. I fine myself fishin' for excuses when Pickles Smith wants de loan ob half a dollar fur a week. I cotch myself wonderin' ef Shindig Watkins takes me fur a hay-stack when he wants to borry my new rug to lay in front ob his stove the night he has a party. Dis state ob things is too bad! It fills me with sorror to think ob it an' I'm greatly afeered, my frien's, dat it is neber goin' to grow no better.

WHERE DO YOU LIVE?

I knew a man and his name was Horner,
Who used to live on Grumble Corner,
Grumble Corner in Cross-Patch Town;
And he never was seen without a frown.
He grumbled at this and he grumbled at that;
He growled at the dog, he growled at the cat;
He grumbled at morning, he grumbled at night;
And to grumble and growl were his chief delight.

He grumbled so much at his wife that she
Began to grumble as well as he;
And all the children wherever they went,
Reflected their parents' discontent.
If the sky was dark and betokened rain,
Then Mr. Horner was sure to complain.
If there was never a cloud about
He'd grumble because of a threatened drought.

His meals were never to suit his taste;
He grumbled at having to eat in haste;
The bread was poor, and the meat was tough,
Or else he hadn't half enough.
No matter how hard his wife might try
To please her husband, with scornful eye
He'd look around and then with a scowl
At something or other begin to growl.

One day, as I loitered along the street,
My old acquaintance I chanced to meet
Whose face was without the look of care
And the ugly frown that it used to wear;—
"I may be mistaken, perhaps," I said,
As, after saluting I turned my head;
"But it is and it isn't the Mr. Horner
Who lived for so long on Grumble Corner."

I met him next day, and I met him again,
In melting weather, in pouring rain,
When stocks were up and when stocks were down
But somehow a smile had replaced the frown.
It puzzled me much. And so, one day,
I seized his hand in a friendly way,
And said, "Mr. Horner, I'd like to know
What can have happened to change you so?"

He laughed a laugh that was good to hear,
For it told of a conscience calm and clear;
And he said, with none of the old-time drawl,
"Why, I've changed my residence; that is all."
"Changed your residence?" "Yes," said Horner,
"It wasn't healthy on Grumble Corner,
And so I moved. 'Twas a change complete;
And you'll find me now on Thanksgiving Street.'

Now every day as I move along
The streets so filled with the busy throng,
I watch each face, and can always tell
Where men and women and children dwell
And many a discontented mourner
Is spending his days on Grumble Corner,
Sour and sad, whom I long to entreat
To take a house on Thanksgiving Street.

MARY'S LAMB WITH VARIATIONS

Mollie had a little lamb
As black as rubber shoe,
And every where that Mollie went
He emigrated too.
He went with her to church one day—
The folks hilarious grew
To see him walk demurely
Into Deacon Allen's pew.
The worthy deacon quickly let
His angry passions rise,
And gave him an unchristian kick
Between his sad brown eyes.
This landed lamby in the aisle;
The deacon followed fast
And raised his foot again,—alas!
That first kick was his last;
For Mr. Sheep walked slowly back
About a rod, 'tis said,
And ere the deacon could retreat
He stood him on his head.
The congregation then arose
And went for that ere sheep;
When several well directed butts
Just piled them in a heap.
Then rushed they straightway for the door
With curses long and loud,
While lamby struck the hindmost man
And shoved him through the crowd.
The minister had often heard
That kindness would subdue
The fiercest beast, "Aha!" he said,
"I'll try that game on you."
And so he kindly, gently called,
"Come, lamby, lamby, lamb,
To see the folks abuse you so
I grieved and sorry am."
With kind and gentle words he came
From that tall pulpit down,
Saying, "Lamby, lamby, lamb,—
Best sheepy in the town!"
The lamb quite dropped his humble air
And rose from off his feet,
And when the parson landed he
Was past the hindmost seat.

As he shot out the open door,
And closed it with a slam,
He named a California town—
I think 'twas "Yuba Dam."

MUSIC.

READING.

"IT IS MY MOTHER!"

In one of the fierce engagements with the rebels, near Mechanicsville, in May, 1864, a young lieutenant of a Rhode Island battery had his right foot so shattered by a fragment of shell that, on reaching Washington after one of those horrible ambulance rides, and a journey of a week's duration, he was obliged to undergo amputation of the leg. He telegraphed home, hundreds of miles away, that all was going well, and with a soldier's fortitude composed himself to bear his suffering alone.

Unknown to him, however, his mother, one of those dear reserves of the army, hastened up to join the main force. She reached the city at midnight, and the nurses would have kept her from him until morning. One sat by his side fanning him as he slept, her hand on his feeble, fluctuating pulsations which foreboded sad results. But what woman's heart could resist the pleadings of a mother then? In the darkness she was finally allowed to glide in and take the place at his side. She touched his pulse as the nurse had done; not a word was spoken, but the sleeping boy opened his eyes and said, "That feels like my mother's hand;—who is this beside me? It *is* my mother! Turn up the gas and let me see mother!"

The two dear ones met in one long, joyful, sobbing embrace, and the fondness, pent up in each heart, sobbed and panted and wept forth its expression.

The gallant fellow—just twenty-one—his leg amputated on the last day of his three years' service, underwent operation after operation, and, at last, when death drew nigh and he was told by tearful friends that it only remained to make him comfortable, said, "I have looked death in the face too many times to be afraid now." Leaning his head upon his tender mother's breast his spirit took its flight to join the noble band of hero martyrs who have so valiantly laid down their lives upon their country's altar.

A PRACTICAL JOKER.

"Now you say that you have always been a loving, faithful wife, and that your husband had no cause for complaint, do you?" asked a lawyer of an Indiana woman, opposing her husband's petition for a divorce.

"Yes, sir, I do say that very thing," was the reply.

"You never threw sticks of wood at him, or hot water over him, did you?"

"Oh, I don't know, but I *may* have done that once or twice in a playful way."

"Oh, you did? And were you joking when you chased him all over the house with a red-hot poker?"

"Yes, I was; and he knows it, too."

"Didn't you sew him up in the bed-clothes one night and pound him with a club?"

"Well, now, the idea of a man trying to get a divorce from his own lovin' wife for a little joke like that!"

"Oh, so that was a joke too, eh? Was it intended for a joke when you knocked him down cellar and threw three flat-irons after him?"

"Of course it was. I always was a jokey kind of woman."

"I should say so. You thought it a joke when you locked him out of the house with the thermometer below zero, and he had to sleep in the hen-roost. *That* was a joke, eh?"

"Pshaw, now! He's gone and told you of that little caper of mine, has he? Well, he never could take a joke, nohow."

"A few more jokes of that kind would have killed him."

The judge thought so, too, and gave the man his "bill;" whereupon his spouse of the past, said:

"The idee of a man bein' allowed a divorce from the true and lovin' wife of his buzzum for a few little jokes like that! There ain't no justice in it!"

MR. BLIFKIN'S FIRST BABY.

THAT first baby was a great institution. As soon as he came into this "breathing world," as the late W. Shakespeare has it, he took command in our house. Everything was subservient to him. He regulated the temperature, he regulated the servants, he regulated *me*.

For the first six months of that precious baby's existence he had me up, on an average, six times a night.

"Mr. Blifkins," said my wife, "bring a light, do; the baby acts strangely; I'm afraid it will have a fit."

Of course the lamp was brought, and of course the baby lay sucking his fist, like a little white bear as he was.

"Mr. Blifkins," says my wife, "I think I feel a draft of air; I wish you would get up and see if the window is not open a little, because baby might get sick."

Nothing was the matter with the window as I knew very well.

"Mr. Blifkins," said my wife, just as I was going to sleep again, "that lamp, as you have placed it, shines directly into baby's eyes,—strange that you have no more consideration!"

I arranged the light and went to bed again. Just as I was dropping to sleep—

"Mr. Blifkins," said my wife, "did you think to buy that broma, to-day, for the baby?"

"My dear," said I, "will you do me the injustice to believe that I could overlook a matter so essential to the comfort of that inestimable child?"

She apologized very handsomely, but made her anxiety the scapegoat. I forgave her, and without saying a word to her, I addressed myself to sleep. "Mr. Blifkins," said my wife, shaking me, "you must not snore so—you will wake the baby."

"Jest so—jest so," said I, half asleep, thinking I was Solon Shingle.

"Mr. Blifkins," said my wife, "will you get up and hand me that warm gruel from the nurse-lamp for baby?—the dear child, if it wasn't for his mother I don't know what he would do. How can you sleep so, Mr. Blifkins?"

"I suspect, my dear," said I, "that it is because I'm tired."

"Oh, it's very well for you men to talk about being tired," said my wife. "I don't know what you would say if you had to toil and drudge like a poor woman with a baby."

I tried to soothe her by telling her she had no patience and got up for the gruel. Having aided in answering to the baby's requirements, I stepped into bed again, with the hope of sleeping.

"Oh, dear!" said that inestimable woman, in great apparent anguish, "how can a man, who has arrived at the honor of a live baby of his own, sleep when he don't know that the dear creature will live till morning?"

I remained silent, and after awhile, deeming that Mrs. Blifkins had gone to sleep, I stretched my limbs for repose. How long I slept I don't know, but I was awakened by a furious jab in the forehead from some sharp instrument. I started up, and Mrs. Blifkins was sitting up in the bed, adjusting some portions of the baby's dress. She had, in a state of semi-somnolence mistaken my head for the pillow, which she customarily used for a nocturnal pincushion. I protested against such treatment in somewhat round terms, pointing to several perforations in my forehead. She told me I should willingly bear such trifling ills for the sake of the baby. I insisted upon it that I didn't think my duty, as a parent to the immortal, required the surrender of head as a pincushion.

This was one of the many nights passed in this way. The truth is, that baby was what every man's first baby is—an autocrat, absolute and unlimited.

Such was the story of Blifkins, as he related it to us the other day. It is a little exaggerated picture of almost every man's experience.

RECITATIONS.

PLUCK AND PRAYER.

THERE wa'n't any use o' frettin',
And I told Obadiah so,
For ef we couldn't hold on to things
We'd jest got to let 'em go.
There were lots of folks that'd suffer
Along with the rest of us,
An' it didn't seem to be wuth our while
To make sich a dreffle fuss.

To be sure, the barn was most empty,
An' corn an' pertaters sca'ce,
An' not much of anything plenty an' cheap
But water—an' apple-sass.
But then,—as I told Obadiah—
It wa'n't any use to groan,
For flesh an' blood couldn't stan' it; an' he
Was nothin' but skin an' bone.

But laws! ef you'd only heerd him,
At any hour of the night,
A-prayin' out in that closet there,
'Twould have set you crazy quite.
I patched the knees of his trousers
With cloth that was noways thin,
But it seemed as ef the pieces wore out
As fast as I set 'em in.

To me he said mighty little
Of the thorny way we trod,
But at least a dozen times a day
He talked it over with God.
Down on his knees in that closet
The most of his time was passed;—
For Obadiah knew how to pray
Much better than how to fast.

But I'm that way contrairy,
That ef things don't go jest right,
I feel like rollin' my sleeves up high
An' gittin ready to fight.
An' the giants I slew that winter
I a'n't goin' to talk about;
An' I didn't even complain to God,
Tho' I think that he found it out.

With the point of a cambric needle
I druv the wolf from the door,
For I knew that we needn't starve to death,
Or be lazy because we were poor.
An' Obadiah he wondered,
An' kept me patchin' his knees,
An' thought it strange how the meal held out,
An' strange we didn't freeze.

But I said to myself in a whisper,
"God knows where his gift descends;
An' 'tisn't allus that faith gits down
As fur as the finger-ends."
An' I wouldn't have no one reckon
My Obadiah a shirk;
For some, you know, have the gift to pray
An' others the gift to work.

THE CLASSMATES.

BY MISS A. O. BRIGGS.

'TWAS midnight, and the halls of Yale
Were desolate and lone.
Commencement day had come and passed,
And with it all had gone
Of those who oft in daily quest
Of learning there had met.—
All gone?—Ah, no, within its walls
Six classmates lingered yet.

Six classmates lingered yet to spend
An hour before they part
In social converse, friend with friend,
In interchange of heart,
To breathe their plans for future days
Into each other's ears,
And set a time to meet again
In the dim lapse of years.

"I go," said he of the lofty brow,
"I go in search of fame.
I would twine me a wreath from the laurel bough;
I would win a deathless name
For me shall the nation's shout ascend,
And the clarion blast be blown;—
I scorn to tread earth's by-way paths,
Unknowing and unknown."

Then he the gentle-hearted spake:
"I haste to the light of home;
I go where the loved of my kindred dwell,
And ne'er may I wish to roam.
I claim the hand of my fair young bride,
And, far from worldly strife,
Will dwell content in the shady bowers
Of sweet, domestic life."

Then spake the one of thoughtful mien:
"I'll nature's realms explore;—
These shallow draughts from Learning's fount
But give me thirst for more.
Philosophy shall teach to me
Her grand, unerring laws,
And Science lift the mystic veil
From each mysterious cause."

"I leave," said he of the stalwart form,
"These halls for a foreign shore.
I would worship the goddess Fortune now;—
I would gather the shining ore.
My ships shall dot the spacious sea,
My buildings fill the land;
And sums, untold, of precious gold
Shall be at my command."

"Ha! ha!" said a jolly, laughing wight,
"Since life is short, at best,
Why vex the mind with needless cares?—
The soul with vague unrest?—
I'll quaff the sweets from pleasure's bowl;
And merry shall I be.
A life of self-inflicted toil
Is not the life for me."

"I build," said the one of sober speech,
"No fanes of crumbling clay;
I fling not time as worthless chaff
That winds may bear away;
My highest aim shall be to tread
The path my Savior trod,
To cheer the drooping soul and lead
The erring back to God."

* * * * * * *

Long years had passed;—they met again—
But ah! how changed were they!
With raven locks and auburn curls,
Old Time had mingled gray;
The stalwart form was bowed with years,
Care-marked the loftly brow;—
The old men, gazing through their tears,
Contrasted *then* with *now*.

First spake the one who sought for fame:
"I've climbed the topmost height,
And placed above them all my name
In burning letters bright;
I've feasted on a nation's praise;—
But oh! I'm weary now;—
I find the laurel wreath of fame
May press an aching brow."

Then he who lived for love came forth,
With feeble steps and slow;
A mourner's sable weeds he wore;
His heart seemed crushed with woe.
"My earthly joy is o'er" he said,
In sorrow's plaintive tone,
"My loved ones sleep the sleep of death;
I'm left on earth alone."

"Alas!" sighed pleasure's devotee,
"A foolish choice was mine!
I've drained the dregs of pleasure's cup—
Its wormwood and its wine,
Its wild delusions lured me on
With many a broken vow.—
A sadder and a wiser man
I come before you now."

Then spake the one who toiled for gold
"I've wealth at my command;
I've ships upon the boundless sea,
And buildings on the land;
I live in splendor, but alas!
Joy dwells from me apart;—
I find that gold is not the thing
To satisfy the heart."

Then he of thoughtful mien replied;
"I've delved for learned lore.
The truths I've gathered seem to me
But pebbles from the shore;
While far beyond my mortal ken
Unnumbered treasures shine,
Guarded by mysteries too deep
For finite powers like mine."

Then spake the philanthropic one
With radiance on his brow;
"I've sought not wealth, nor love, nor fame
Nor pleasure's faithless vow;
But I have found enduring joy;
And brighter grows the way
Till from earth's darkness we emerge
To heaven's eternal day."

And then and there a solemn pledge
Was registered above,
To spend their few remaining years
In humble deeds of love.
All selfish aims ignoble seemed;—
Too sordid,— too confined!—
The grandest, noblest work of man
To guide and bless mankind.

MUSIC.

THE MANAGING WIFE.

A LESSON FOR HUSBANDS.

ADAPTED BY MISS A. O. BRIGGS.

FOR A LADY AND GENTLEMAN.

SCENE I. *A pleasantly furnished room. Mr. Ezra Newton sits by his desk looking over his yearly account. Mrs. Newton sits by the table knitting He seems busy for a few moments after the curtain rises, then closes his book and looks up.*

Mrs. Newton. Well, how do you come out?

Mr. Newton. I find that my expenses, during the last year, have been thirty-seven cents over a thousand dollars.

Mrs. N. And your income has been a thousand dollars?

Mr. N. Yes, I managed pretty well, didn't I?

Mrs. N. Do you think it managing well to exceed your income?

Mr. N. Ha! ha! what's thirty-seven cents?

Mrs. N. Not much, to be sure, but still something. It seems to me that we ought to have saved instead of falling behind.

Mr. N. But how can we save anything on this salary, Elizabeth? We haven't lived extravagantly. Still it seems to have taken it all.

Mrs. N. Perhaps there is something in which we might retrench. Suppose you mention some of the items.

Mr. N. The most important are house rent, one hundred and fifty dollars, and articles of food, five hundred dollars.

Mrs. N. Just one-half for the table!

Mr. N. Yes, just half, and you'll admit that we can't retrench there, Elizabeth? I like to live well. I had enough of poor board in boarding houses before I married. Now, I mean to live as well as I can.

Mrs. N. Still we ought to be saving up something for a rainy day, Ezra.

Mr. N. That would be something like carrying an umbrella when the sun shines.

Mrs. N. It is a good thing, however, to have an umbrella in the house for fear it may be needed.

Mr. N. I can't controvert your logic, Elizabeth, but I am afraid we shan't be able to save anything this year. When I get my salary raised it will be time enough to think of that.

Mrs. N. Let me make a proposition to you. You say one-half of your income has been expended on articles of food—are you willing to allow me that sum for the purpose?

Mr. N. You'll guarantee to pay all bills out of it?

Mrs. N. Yes.

Mr. N. Then I'll see to the rent, the coal and gas bills and shift the entire responsibility of providing for the table upon you. It will be a weight off my shoulders; but I can tell you beforehand, you won't get rich out of your savings.

Mrs. N. Perhaps, not; at any rate I will engage not to exceed my allowance.

Mr. N. That's right. I shouldn't relish having any additional bills to pay. As I am paid every month I will hand you half the money. Remember, you are to set a good table and live within your means. What's left you may have for pin money.

Mrs. N. All right! You'll see how I can manage.

SCENE II. *Mr. and Mrs. Newton in the same room. He has his paper, she, her knitting. He looks up from his paper and addresses his wife.*

Mr. N. You manage to keep busy, little woman. One would think we had a large family by the way you click those knitting needles—as though your very life depended on it. I declare, if you are not knitting a child's stocking—who's that for, pray?

Mrs. N. For the poor little motherless boy on the alley. His father is so busy cobbling for others that he don't seem to know his own little boy's feet are bare. Mrs. Smith has just given him a pair of new shoes out of their store, and I have volunteered to furnish him with stockings.

Mr. N. I suppose you buy the yarn out of your pin money.

Mrs. N. Most certainly. When I am so prospered as to be getting rich out of my pin money I feel it my duty to help others who are worse off than myself.

Mr. N. Getting rich! ha! ha! I guess not very fast.

Mrs. N. I have not been running behindhand. Has your board been satisfactory?

Mr. N. Couldn't wish for better. You are a first-class cook—that's one thing.

Mrs. N. And an economical one, that's another. I see that nothing is wasted. We have lived well and yet I have managed to lay by a little. How is it with you?

Mr. N. That's more than I can say. I've not exceeded my income, however. We have lived fully as well, and I don't know but better than we did last year. How you can save anything is a mystery to me.

Mrs. N. It is all in knack, Ezra.

Mr. N. I've some good news to tell you, my dear. Can you guess what it is?

Mrs. N. A rise in salary?

Mr. N. You must have gone to guessing

school! Yes, I'm to have twelve hundred dollars a year. I will still be as good as my word. You shall have half of it.

Mrs. N. Thanks! That will give me a better chance to increase my savings.

Mr. N. He, or she, that is faithful in small things shall be made ruler over greater ones.

SCENE III. *A nicely furnished parlor, Mr. and Mrs Newton sitting by the table.*

Mr. N. This seems something like it. I shall not mind the difference in rent—only a hundred dollars—when we can have all the modern improvements and a landlord who is famed for keeping things in good repair.

Mrs. N. Yes, and don't you think I have done well to save enough to furnish our new parlor? The old furniture was getting somewhat antiquated.

Mr. N. You have indeed, my dear. How could you do it?

Mrs. N. Knack, I tell you, Ezra.

Mr. N. I don't know how it is. I can never come out ahead. I might as well pay the extra hundred dollars rent, for I have saved no more since my salary was raised than before. There's a hole in my pocket somewhere. It will leak out.

Mrs. N. Let me look it up and mend it for you then. Here's a document, my dear, which may be of interest to you. (*Hands him a paper*)

Mr. N. (*Reads it and seems greatly surprised*) How is this, Elizabeth? A deed for this house and lot! There must, surely, be some mistake.

Mrs. N. A veritable deed—no mistake about it! I have bought us a home out of my pin money. I am your landlady. Give me the two hundred and fifty dollars per year for rent and we soon shall have an accumulated fund from which to draw when necessity requires.

Mr. N. You are a manager, that's a fact. How did you do it?

Mrs. N. Not by miserly pinching and starving, but by the good common sense method of making the most of everything, taking advantage of the market and paying cash down every time. The accumulations of the past ten years have been loaned at legal rates to responsible parties—the owner of this building being one of my heaviest borrowers. They have kept the secret well, and allowed me to treat you to a pleasant surprise.

Mr. N. You shall have your rent promptly, my good landlady, and I've half a mind to give you the whole purse, since you are such a wonderful financier.

Mrs. N. Not quite so bad as that, my dear, but remember the truth of the old proverb; "It is not so much what a man earns, as what he saves that makes him prosperous."

MUSIC.

PERSONAL INFLUENCE.

THERE is nothing that will let the light into the soul like personal influence; nothing that can lift one up out of the darkness, and lead one into the divine and quickening light, and baptize one into the spirit of faith, hope, love, and charity, like the magic power of a good example; nothing that can inspire, exalt, and purify, like the magnetic rays of healing and helping that beam out of the eyes of noble men and women. If your life has been deep and broad in its experience, then you have seen lives that were better than yours; lives whose pure light shone upon you from a serener height than you could reach, just as the drooping flowers, some chilly morning, have looked up through the thick fogs and caught a glimpse of the bright sun which scatters the mists and opens the glad blossoms to the warm life-giving light. Whose life is not sometimes wrapped around with fogs? Who has not looked up from his life-work and seen no cheering sun above him—nothing but a heavy, leaden sky hanging over his pathway? And then, perhaps, you have almost doubted the sun itself—doubted goodness and doubted God—until you have seen the clouds break away, the fogs lift, and doubt vanish before the beautiful radiance of some shining example? I tell you that I believe, more and more, that what the world needs to reform and redeem it is, not so much a sound theology, or a profound philosophy as it needs holier, purer, diviner lives—lives that shall be the light of men.

THE PICKET GUARD.

BY MRS. HOWLAND.

"ALL quiet along the Potomac," they say,
"Except now and then a stray picket
Is shot as he walks on his beat to and fro
By a rifleman in the thicket."

'Tis nothing—a private or two now and then,
Will not count in the news of the battle;
Not an officer lost—only one of the men,
Moaning out, all alone, the death-rattle.

All quiet along the Potomac to-night,
Where the soldiers lie peacefully dreaming;
Their tents in the rays of the clear autumn moon
Or the light of the watch-fires, are gleaming;
A tremulous sigh on the gentle night wind
Through the forest leaves softly is creeping,
While stars up above, with their glittering eyes
Keep guard—for the army is sleeping.

There's only the sound of the lone sentry's tread,
As he tramps from the rock to the fountain
And thinks of the two in the lone trundle-bed,
Far away in the cot on the mountain.
His musket falls slack—his face, dark and grim,
Grows gentle with memories tender,
As he mutters a prayer for the children asleep—
For their mother—may Heaven defend her!

The moon seems to shine just as brightly as then
That night, when the love yet unspoken,
Leaped up to his lips—when low, murmured vows
Were pledged to be ever unbroken.
Then drawing his sleeve roughly over his eyes,
He dashes off tears that are welling,
And gathers his gun closer up to its place,
As if to keep down the heart-swelling.

He passes the fountain, the blasted pine tree—
The footstep is lagging and weary;
Yet onward he goes through the broad belt of light
Towards the shades of the forest so dreary.
Hark! was it the night wind that rustled the leaves?
Was it moonlight so gloriously flashing?
It looked like a rifle—"Ha! Mary, good-bye!"
And the life-blood is ebbing and plashing.

All quiet along the Potomac to-night—
No sound save the rush of the river;
While soft falls the dew on the face of the dead—
The picket's off duty forever.

SHOPPING.

HAULING over calico, tumbling over lace;
Looking at the ribbons; smiles upon her face,—
'Tis really very funny how the clerks are hopping—
How nothing seems to suit the taste of a lady shopping.

Examines some delaines; thinks them quite too dear;
These will never answer they're so old and queer,
Would like a handsome bonnet, inspects a monster heap,
But none will suit her fancy, all too poor and cheap!

She wants some silken hose—would be glad to buy—
Looks at several pairs, thinks they come to high!
Clerk reflects upon it, thinks it plain to see
That they surely would not come much above the knee!

She would be glad to purchase a fine and handsome shawl;
But this one is too large, and that one is too small;
This one is too gaudy; that one is too plain;—
When they get some new ones she will call again.

Clerk surveys the counter groaning with its pile,
"Glad to see her always!" thinking all the while
If he dare but do it he the words could find
To give her far more truthfully the true state of his mind.

She stands and overhauls the goods very much at leisure;
Finds fault with everything just as suits her pleasure;
At last she makes a bargain—Oh, let the truth be said!
She draws her purse and purchases a spool of cotton thread!

Hauling over calico, tumbling over lace,
Looking at the ribbons, smiles upon her face,—
'Tis really very funny how the clerks are hopping—
How nothing seems to suit the taste of a lady shopping!

THE UNFINISHED STOCKING.

BY SARAH K. BOLTON.

LAY it aside—her work; no more she sits
By open window in the western sun,
Thinking of this and that beloved one
In silence as she knits.

Lay it aside; the needles in their place;
No more she welcomes at the cottage door
The coming of her children home once more
With sweet and tearful face.

Lay it aside; her work is done and well;
A generous, sympathetic, Christian life;—
A faithful mother and a noble wife;—
Her influence who can tell?

Lay it aside—say not her work is done;
No deed of love or goodness ever dies,
But in the lives of others multiplies;
Say it is just begun.

MUSIC.

COLLOQUY.

LEMUEL DRAYTON'S FORTUNES AND MISFORTUNES.

DRAMATIZED BY MISS A. O. BRIGGS.

Characters.

Mr. Drayton,	*Conductor,*
Mrs. Drayton,	*Baggage Man,*
Lemuel Drayton,	*Young America,*
Mabel Orne,	*Prize Package Vender,*
Rev. Mr. Troufant,	*News boy,*
Ladies and Gentlemen,	*Passengers.*

SCENE I. *Mr. and Mrs. Drayton and their son Lemuel at the breakfast table.*

Lemuel. I've been a thinkin', Dad, as we hain't got nothin' to du 'ceptin' the chores, that I'll go down to Bosting.

Mrs. Drayton. (*Springing from her chair and pressing her hands to Lemuel's temples*) O, Lemmey, Lemmey, are yo' gittin' crazy? You're agoin' to have another bad spell in your head, I know. Yo' wus took afore a talkin' strange. Zebulon, you'd best to harness up old Gray an' go fur Dr. Jones. I'll make yo' a good dose of catnip as soon as I can, Lemmey, and put a mustard draft onto yer stummick.

L. Don't be spooney on a feller, old lady. When a man has got money it's nothin' strange he should wanter see furrin parts. Don't they allus go tu the continent in all novels? I sold my sorrel colt yesterday for seventy-five dollars, cash down. I guess ef you'd as many greenbacks as I've got you'd wanter see a few sights.

Mrs. D. O, Lemmey, my dear son, yo' can't be seris!

L. Yes, I'm as seris as ever Parson Brown was to a funeril. I've heern tell of Bosting and I'm bound to see it. There's a powerful lot of great sights there. There's the Airtherkeneum and the Bunker Hill Monument and the State House and suthin' they call the Hub of the Universe. It's got a gret name and I reckon it's worth lookin' at.

Mrs. D. Yo' don't think of goin' yit a while? Jest wait a few weeks, and not start off so kinder suddin'. Mebbee I shall feel more reconciliated tu it then.

L. I'm goin' this very day. I know jest how it'll be ef I keep puttin' it off. I shan't never git started.

Mr. D. Wal, ef you go Lem, you'll have ter look out fur pickpockets. They're thicker'n skeeters 'round a frog pond. Some on 'em are rigged up in the slickest store clothes and wear great big rings on their fingers, with sharp knives shet up into 'em. I've heern tell as how they'd tech a spring, and the knives would fly open and cut through your pocket, slick and clean, without your never knowin' nothin' about it.

L. I'll look out for them fellers, Dad, bet yer boots, I will! It'll take a purty sharp chap tu git ahead of me.

Mrs. D. Can't yo' take along the old gun Lemmey? 'Tain't got no lock but they won't know it an' most folks ar' afeerd of fire arms.

L. The old gun—! ha! I guess you're a gittin' strange in your head insted o' me. No; I shan't take nothin' of the sort 'ceptin' my umbrill. Ef they git tu close tu me, I'll hit 'em a whack over the head with that, and I reckon they'll understand that I mean business, and no mistake, by that time.

Mr. D. (*taking out an old fashioned leather pocket book*) Here, Lem, you'd best to put your money intu this and keep a good look out for fear you'll lose it. You'll hev to hussel ef you take the fust train. I'll go out and be harnessin' while you're gittin' ready, and then I'll drive down tu the station. (*Exit Mr. Drayton.*)

Mrs. D. Seein' you're sot on goin', I 'spose I mought as well give in; but you'll hev to fix up right smart, 'cause you'll see lots of folks in Bosting.

L. Yis, that's so, Marm. I calkerlate tu set off in good style.

Mrs. D. Yo' can wear them new clothes you're Dad brought to the auction, and your new green satin jacket that Mehitabel Grant made. I've got yoer two standin' collars done up nice and stiff, and I'll give yo' my last year's green and yallar satin bunnit strings for a neck-tie. Yo' can take along your overcoat ef it should be cold and your linen duster tu travel in.

Lem. That's all hunk-a-dora! Where'll I find my clothes, Mar?

Mrs. D. They're in tother room on the spare bed. Yo' can go in there and dress yourself. (*Exit Lemuel. Mrs. Drayton hurrys about putting him up a lunch and packing his satchel.*

L. (*Coming out in his shirt sleeves.*) Where's my neck-tie? (*Mrs. D. brings it to him*) You'll hev tu tie it for me, Mar, I never could tie one fit tu be seen.

Mrs. D. Wal, set down, then, and I'll fix it on all nice for you. (*He sits down and she ties it for him*) Oh; dear! I wish I didn't feel so about your goin'! It's beat intu me that suthin' is agoin' tu happen!

L. Ha! ha! Marm, you act as though I was a baby. Guess I'm old anuff and big anuff tu take care of myself. So you needn't worry 'bout me.

Mr. D. (*Poking his head in at the door*) Hurry up, Lem, I'm waitin'.

L. Don't fret old man, we've got plenty time. I'll be out soon as I can git ready. (*Mrs. D. helps him put on his coat. He puts on his hat and swings his duster over his arm.*)

Mrs. D. Here's your satchel with your comb and brush and a change of clothes—cause you'll want to keep fixed up slick, yo' know, and I've put yo' up a lunch in this basket so yo' won't git hungry on the road. (*He takes satchel, basket and umbrella*).

L. Now good-bye marm. Don't worry 'bout me.

Mrs. D. Good-bye Lemmy. (*Exit Lemuel. Mrs. D. puts her checked apron up to her eyes*). Oh, dear! oh, dear! It's beat into me suthin's a goin ter happen!

SCENE II. *In the Car. Seats are arranged to resemble the inside of a car. Several passengers are already seated. Enter Lemuel. He takes a hand satchel from a seat and putting it on the floor appropriates the seat. He feels of his pocket to see if his money is there, puts on his linen duster, throws his overcoat over the back of the seat, sets his lunch-basket and satchel on the floor at his feet, settles himself in his seat and looks around at the passengers. In front of him sits a nicely dressed gentleman reading a paper. One hand, with a massive ring on the little finger, is resting on the back of the seat. Lemuel eyes him suspiciously. A lady enters and stops at his seat.*

Mabel Orne. Is this engaged?

L. (*Blushing and stammering*). E-engaged? Wal, no, I hain't exactly, though Mary Ann Hinks has took quite a shine tu me and I did buy her a bussom-pin of a peddler last spring; but, then, that hain't nothin'.

Mabel O. Of course not. May I sit down?

L. To be shure! Set right down! Don't be afeered of crowden me; I guess I can stand it ef you can. (*She takes a seat*). Be you engaged, may I ask?

M. O. No. (*Pressing her handkerchief to her mouth to keep from laughing*).

L. You hain't! Wal now, that's curis! 'Spect you've had a sight of beaux, though,—pretty gals allers does. (*Takes out his pocket-book and looks at it and puts it back into his pocket*).

M. O. Why, how you talk!

L. Do I? Wal, I'm a man of truth, and whatever I say I'm in airnest about. I'm a man of truth, ef I be a man of property.

M. O. Oh! so you are wealthy?

L. Sarting! or else I shouldn't be a travelin' fer pleasure. I've got seventy-five dollars right in here. (*Tapping his pocket*).

M. O. (*Endeavoring to suppress a smile*). Really, sir, what may I call your name?

L. Lemuel's my name—Lemuel Drayton—and yours?

M. O. Mabel Orne.

L. Mabel! That's a good deal like a novel name. I read one 'tother day where the gal's name was Mabel; and she killed two babies and an old woman to git some property. I hope you hain't like her.

M. O. I should hope not, sir. (*A boy stops in front of Lemuel's seat*).

Young America. Did you find a hand satchel on this seat when you came in?

L. Yis; I found one. Was it yourn?

Y. A. Yes, it is mine. I left it here to secure my seat while I went into the smoking car. You've got cheek to take a seat already engaged.

L. Don't give me any of your sass, you little runt you, why did'nt you stay here and take care of your truck then?

Y. A. Simply because I didn't choose to. If you had known putty, you would have passed by the seat when you saw it was engaged.

L. You git out! Do you spose you can make

me 'bleve any sich nonsense? The seats is all free in these ere cars.

Y. A. You're a greeny. Hand over my satchel and I'll find another seat.

L. (*Handing him the satchel*). There, take it and be off, or I'll whack you over the head with my umbrill.

Y. A. Let me see you do it, old hayseed!

L. (*Rising and brandishing his umbrella*). I mean business, young sass-box, and don't you forget it!

M. O. Oh! don't strike him, Mr. Drayton, I shall be frightened out of my senses if there is a fight in the car. (*Lemuel settles down into his seat. Young America seats himself at the further end of the car, facing him*).

L. Wal, if it's a goin to scare you so, I won't wollop him, but he desarves it—the little upstart!

Y. A. Ha! ha! ha! He's too green for any thing!

L. Do you hear him, Mabel?

M. O. Yes, but never mind.

L. Jist as you say, Mabel, I won't tech him ef you don't want me tu, for I've took a powerful shine to you and I guess you hev to me—hain't you now? (*Looks at her enquiringly.*)

M. O. I—I don't know, Mr. Drayton. (*Puts her handkerchief to her mouth to keep from laughing.*)

L. You needn't be so bashful 'bout ownin' it up—'taint nothin' to be ashamed on. Look here! (*Placing his arm over the back of the seat*) why can't you and I make a bargain? I hain't engaged and you 'haint engaged and we're both on us as good lookin' as the next one; and I've got two cows to hum—a red and a brindled one—both on 'em the master-hands to turn out the butter that you ever seed! Our butter allers brings the highest price, and, I vum, ef you'll have me, you shall sell all the butter them two cows makes, and no questions axed as to where the money goes. And you shall dress in silk every day, and satin tu,—by jingo! (*Enter boy selling prize packages.*)

Prize Vender. Prize packages! Prize packages! Several thousand dollars given away! Buy a package, sir, and make your fortune.

L. Be ye in airnest 'bout the prizes?

P. V. Certainly, sir, I wouldn't dare be so bold about selling any bogus affair. Several thousand dollars often given away at one haul. You look as though you were born under a lucky planet, sir. Just buy a package and try your luck.

L. I don't know,—would you Mabel? Mebbey I'd better try my luck. 'Twould be a nuff sight easier than airnin a livin on a farm. Yis, I guess I'll take a package. (*Feels in his pocket for the money and finds it gone. He starts to his feet in dismay.*) He's got it! Stop him! Ketch holt of him! I knowed he was one of them fellers the minnit I sot eyes onto him! Help me hold him somebody, quick! (*He seizes the gentleman, in front of him, by the shoulders. Mabel Orne leaves the car unnoticed by Lemuel in his excitement*).

Passengers. (*Excitedly*). What's the matter? What's the matter?

L. Seventy-five dollars gone like a streak! Sarch him! I demand that he be turned inside out, rite on the spot! Conductor man, here! You jest see after this fine gentleman, ef you please!

Conductor. What has he done?

L. Done? Hain't I jest told you? He's picked my pocket of fayther's red leather wallet, and seventy-five dollars that I sold my colt for—that's what he's done! Sarch him! (*The passengers are greatly excited. Several gentlemen leave their seats and gather around Lemuel and the suspected individual.*)

Rev. Mr. Trufant. If the gentleman wishes to search me he is at perfect liberty to do so. Go on, sir.

L. Won't you strike, nor grab holt of my throat, nor nothin?

Rev. Mr. T. I'll not molest you,—proceed! (*Lemuel gives a thorough search, but finds nothing except a black pocket book containing a few dollars, a pocket handkerchief and a pearl handle knife*).

Rev. Mr. T. Are you satisfied?

L. Sarting I be; but it's mighty queer where that wallet went to.

Conductor. The gentleman whom you have just had the honor of searching is the Rev. Dr. Trufant, of Boston—one of the most eminent clergymen in the place.

L. Oh, my gracious!—a minister! Marm would be the death of me ef she should find out that I had called a pickpocket a minister! I mean a pickpocket a minister!—hanged ef I know what I du mean, any how. I'm so

flustered I can't seem tu tell 'tother from which.

Conductor. It's my opinion, if you have lost any money, that the girl who sat on the seat with you has got it. She looked like that kind of a character.

L. She? She? Why she was as pritty a gal as you'd see in an age; and I was about as good as engaged tu her. (*The passengers laugh outright.*) You needn't laff! I know I never seen her till this mornin', but there's sich a thing as love at fust sight——

Conductor. Especially when the object is a red leather wallet with seventy-five dollars in it. It seems the young lady believes in love at first sight, too.

L. (*Disconsolately.*) Wal, the money's gone; and ef she's got it, I'll never believe in nobody agin! I wish I was to hum—I don't feel well. I won't go to Bosting—consarned ef I will! I'll go back in the next kears that's goin' my way. Conductor man, you jest hold up a minnit while I git out.

Conductor. You'll be obliged to wait till we reach the next station—two miles ahead. (*Lemuel sighs and takes his seat.*)

News Boy. Papers! Papers! New York and Boston dailies! All about the murder!

L. What murder? (*In great consternation.*) Who's killed now, I wonder? Anybody on this ere train? What will happen next!

News Boy. Buy a paper, sir, and read all about it. (*Hands out paper.*)

L. Where's the murder?

News Boy. In New York—A dreadful thing! Body hacked all to pieces! Buy a paper, sir?

L. No I haint got no money to buy nothin'.

Conductor. How are you going to pay your fare home?

L. Oh, I've got anuff left for that I guess in my jacket pocket.—Lucky I kept a little change out of the wallet.

Conductor. You don't seem to enjoy your journey very much.

L. You're right there, Boss; ef I ever live tu git home alive, I'll never be fool enuff tu think of goin' off travelin' again for pleasure.

Baggage Man. Baggage rechecked! Baggage rechecked! (*To Lemuel.*) Any baggage, sir?

L. None but what I kin take care on myself. It's enuff to lose my money, let alone givin' up my baggage into the bargain. You don't play none of your games on me, old feller.

Baggage Man. Ha! ha! You're from the country I reckon. Haven't traveled much.

L. No, but I've traveled enuff to-day to larn a thing or two. You don't ketch me in sich a box agin—not much!

Conductor. Aldeena Junction! Junction! Passengers for the Falls change cars!

L. Mr. Conductor, is here where I git out?

Conductor. Yes; you'll have to wait half an hour and then take the next train back. Where do you live?

L. In Spookey Holler, sir.

Conductor. I hope you'll get home all right.

L. Yis; I hope so. Ef you ever come my way jest cum over tu our house and make us a visit. Good-by.

Conductor. Thanks! Good-by.

SCENE III.—*Lemuel's return. Mrs. Drayton is out feeding the chickens when she sees Lemuel coming up the street. Thinking it must be his ghost returning to inform her that he has just been killed, she rushes into the house where her husband sits reading, and, throwing herself into a chair, commences wringing her hands in agony.*

Mrs. D. He's killed! he's killed! My Lemmey's dead and I've seen his ghost. It's a comin' up the road with them same clothes on that he wore away—the green and yaller neck tie that I tried onto his neck this very mornin', and the new jacket that Miss Grant made and his umbrill and satchel and dinner basket—jest as natural as life! O Lemmy! Lemmy! I knowed suthin' was agoin tu happen! Oh, dear! Oh, dear! (*Buries her face in her checked apron and sobs disconsolately. Footsteps are heard outside.*) Oh, goodness, gracious! he's come! he's come! (*Mrs. D. rushes frantically into another room and stands peeking through the nearly closed door.—Enter Lemuel*).

Mr. D. Lem, what are you back so soon for?

L. I've seen anuff of the world! Consarn Bosting! and consarn the hull world entirely! I've had my pocket picked and I don't know nothin' about nothin'.

Mrs. D. (*Coming into the room.*) Your

pocket picked! (*Triumphantly.*) I said so. I knowed suthin' was agoin to happen! 'Twas beat into me! (*Lemuel throws his hat down on the table, and out rolls the missing pocket-book.*)

L. Gracious Peter! it's here! it hain't ben filtered! The gal was an angel arter all! Hurray! Hail Columbia! happy land! Come, Marm, let's have a little dance. (*Seizes his mother's hand and pulls her around the room. In his wild antics he upsets the churn, which is placed behind a screen—out of sight.*)

Mrs. D. There, now, Lemmey, jist see what you have done! You've upsot that hull churnin' of cream! Didn't you know no better?

Mr. D. Be you crazy, Lem? Set down and tell us all about it.

L. 'Tain't no use cryin' for spilt milk nor spilt cream nuther, Mar, seein' the money's all right. (*Takes a seat.*) I remember it all now—slick as can be. I was dreadfully skittish 'bout losin' my money, and took it out of my pocket and put it inter my hat and then forgot all about it. Bimeby a feller cum along sellin' prize packages warranted tu win a fortin'. I thought I'd jest go in for a share, so I put my hand in my pocket for the money and found it was gone. One of them slick chaps with a big ring onto his finger sot in front of me—I tell you what, I raised a rumpus with him. I grabbed him by the collar and searched his pockets for him but didn't find nothin', and, —land of Goshen! who do you think he was, Mar? I hope tu die ef he wan't a minister from Bosting! So you see, Dad, 'tain't allus a sure thing 'bout them big rings, 'cause other folks besides pickpockets sometimes wear 'em. I guess it's jest as you say, Mar, that I ain't fit to go to furrin parts. I'll stay to hum and put my money intu the bank and marry Mary Ann Hinks. I don't want to travel no more. I've seen anuff of the world! Yis, I'll marry Mary Ann and settle down fur life in Spookey Holler.

FAULT FINDING.

If any one complains that most people are selfish, unsympathetic, absorbed in their own pursuits, their own happiness and their own sorrow, the chances are, ten to one, that the complainant is conspicuous for the very faults he condemns. His thoughts are so concentrated on his own affairs, that he is impatient because other people are similarly preoccupied. He is unable to enter into their grief or their joy. When he is wretched, he is amazed and indignant that any one can be happy. When he is happy he thinks it intolerable that other people should be so oppressed with their own sorrows as not to make merry with him in his gladness.

He has so high an estimate of the importance of his own work that he thinks other men ought to spend a large part of their time in watching and admiring it, and he wonders at the selfishness which keeps them at their own occupations, when they ought to be showing their sympathy with his.

This absorption in everything that relates to himself is the explanation of the universal indifference of which he complains. To secure sympathy, we must give as well as take. The country that exports nothing will have no imports; but if it infers that all the rest of the world is in wretched poverty, with no mines and no timbers, and no glorious harvests, the inference will be a false one.

As soon as a man finds that he is beginning to think that all human hearts are cold let him suspect himself.

When an iceberg floats away from the frozen fields which lie near the pole, it cools the waters into which it drifts; the very Gulf-stream sinks in temperature as soon as the mountain of ice touches it.

In the crowd, it is the man that pushes hardest who thinks that everybody is pushing him; it is the man who is resolved to make his way to the front, who complains that everybody wants to get in front of him. If people speak roughly to you, it is doubtless because you first spoke roughly to them. The world of humanity is a looking-glass in which you see reflected your own features.

THE WOMAN NEXT DOOR,

You all know her. She it is who pokes her head out of the window every time your bell rings, and never knows who threw the dead cat over into your yard.

She is the Khedive who secures a reserved

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seat at the knot-hole in the fence and lets her neighbor know what the rest of the neighborhood had for dinner. She sets her ash barrel, invariably, several inches past her party line, so it scourges over on your sidewalk.

She has something less than a million children, and they make a play ground of your front stoop and use their own as a front parlor. They look upon your front gate as their own personal property and swing on it until they break the hinges. They pick your choicest flowers and leave their carts and hobby horses in your pathway.

She cooks cabbage three or four times a week and gives you the benefit by throwing open all the windows. She always beats her carpet on wash-day and makes your shirt fronts look as though they were ironed with a brick.

The children begin playing foot-ball next to your bedroom just about bed-time and don't finish the game until after midnight, and then wake you up in the morning quarreling about who won the game. They have, at least, half a dozen pet cats that fight their battles nightly under your chamber window until you haven't a bootjack, shoe brush, or any other get-at-able within your reach; and their watchdog sets on your front steps and barks an howls alternately from early evening until daylight.

When a new family moves into the neighborhood, she sits by the closed blinds and takes an inventory of the furniture and reports to her chosen friends in the block the result of her investigations. In the winter she sees that her snow is shoveled onto your side walk and chokes up your gutter until it gets red in the face.

She runs from one to the other with all the choice bits of gossip she can pick up and manages to keep the whole neighborhood in a very active state of fermentation.

A funeral is a picnic to her, and she swaps comments on the appearence of the coffin and the mourners over the front balcony. When her funeral day comes around, there isn't water enough in the neighborhood to get up a good sized weep.

A RELUCTANT CHOICE.

AFTER the circus had opened to the public yesterday, a gray-haired colored brother, who held by the hand a boy of fourteen, as both stood gazing at the tent, shook his head in a solemn manner and observed:

"It's no use to cry 'bout it now, sonny, kase we am not gwine in dar no how."

"But I wanter."

"In course you does. All chillen of your size run to evil an' wickedness, an' dey mus' be sot down on by does wid experience."

"You used to go," urged the boy.

"Sartin, I did, but what was the result? I had sich a load on my conscience that I couldn't sleep nights. I cum powerful nigh bein' a lost man, an' in dem days de price of admission was only a quarter, too."

"Can't we both git in for fifty cents?"

"I 'speck we might, but to-morrer you'd be bilin' ober wid wickedness and I'd be a backslipper from church. Hush up, now, kase I hain't got but thirty cents, an' dar am no show fur crawlin' under de canvas."

The boy still continued to cry, and the old man pulled him behind a wagon and continued:

"Henry Clay Scott, which would you rather do—go inter de circus an' take de awfullest lickin' a boy eber got, or have a glass of dat red lemonade an' go to Heaben when you die? Befo' you decide, let me explain dat I mean a lickin' which will take ebery inch of de hide off, an' I also mean one of dem big glasses of lemonade. In addishun, I would observe dat a circus am gwine on in Heaben all de time an' de price of admisshun am jest to be good an' mind all dat is said to you in dis world. Now, sah, what do you say?"

The boy took the lemonade, but he drank it with tears in his eyes.

ON THE SHORES OF TENNESSEE.

"MOVE my arm-chair, faithful Pompey,
In the sunshine bright and strong,
For this world is fading, Pompey,—
Massa won't be with you long;
And I fain would hear the south wind
Bring once more the sound to me
Of the wavelets softly breaking
On the shores of Tennessee.

Mournful though the ripples murmur,
As they still the story tell,
How no vessels float the banner
That I've loved so long and well,

I shall listen to the music
Dreaming that again I see
Stars and stripes on sloop and shallop,
Sailing up the Tennessee.

And, Pompey, while old Massa's waiting
For death's last dispatch to come,
If that exiled starry banner
Should come proudly sailing home,
You shall greet it, slave no longer
Voice and hand shall both be free
That shout and point to Union colors,
On the waves of Tennessee"

" Massa's berry kind to Pompey;
But ole darkey's happy here,
Where he's tended corn and cotton
For ese many a long-gone year.
Over yonder missis' sleeping—
No one tends her grave like me;
Mebbe she would miss the flowers
She used to love in Tennessee.

'Pears like she was watchin, Massa,
If Pompey should beside him stay;
Mebbe she'd remember better
How for him she used to pray;
Telling him that way up yonder
White as snow his soul would be,
If he served the Lord of Heaven
While he lived in Tennessee."

Silently the tears were rolling
Down the poor old dusky face,
As he stepped behind his master,
In his long accustomed place.
Then a silence fell around them
As they gazed on rock and tree,
Pictured in the placid waters
Of the rolling Tennessee.

Master dreaming of the battle
Where he fought by Marion's side,
When he bade the haughty Tarleton
Bow his lordly crest of pride;
Man, remembering how yon sleeper
Once he held upon his knee,
Ere she loved the gallant soldier
Ralph Vervair, of Tennessee.

Still the south wind fondly lingers
'Mid the veteran's silvery hair;
Still the bondman, close beside him,
Stands behind the old arm-chair,
With his dark-hued hand uplifted
Shading eyes, he bends to see
Where the woodland, boldly jutting
Turns aside the Tennessee.

Thus he watches cloud-born shadows
Glide from tree to mountain crest,
Softly creeping, aye and ever,
To the river's yielding breast.
Ha! above the foliage yonder
Something flutters wild and free!
" Massa! Massa! Hallelujah!
The flag's come back to Tennessee!"

" Pompey, hold me on your shoulder,
Help me stand on foot once more,
That I may salute the colors
As they pass my cabin door.
Here's the paper signed that frees you;
Give a freeman's shout with me—
'God and Union!' be our watchword
Evermore in Tennessee."

Then the trembling voice grew fainter,
And the limbs refused to stand;
One prayer to Jesus—and the soldier
Glided to that better land.
When the flag went down the river
Man and master both were free,
While the ring-dove's note commingled
With the rippling Tennessee.

JEALOUSY IN THE CHOIR.

Silver-noted,
Lily-throated,
Starry-eyed and golden-haired,
Charming Anna,
The soprano,
All the singers' hearts ensnared.

Long the tenor
Sought to win her,
Sought to win her for his bride;
And the basso
Loved the lass so
Day and night for her he sighed.

The demeanor
Of the tenor
To the basso frigid grew;
And the basso,
As he was so
Mashed, of course grew frigid too.

Anna smiled on
Both, which piled on
To their mutual hatred fuel;
So to win her
Bass and tenor
Swore they'd fight a vocal duel.

Shrieked the tenor
Like a Vennor
Cyclone howling o'er the plain;
Sang so high
To outvie
The bass, he split his head in twain.

Growled the basso
Till he was so
Low to hear him was a treat;
Lower still he
Went until he
Split the soles of both his feet.

Charming Anna,
The soprano,
Mourned a week for both these fellows;
Then she wed the
Man who fed the
Wind into the organ bellows.

THE SHOTGUN POLICY.

Two men were standing at the gate of a country farm yard whittling sticks and giving each dots about managing women. "Talk sassy to 'em," the man on the outside of the fence said, "an' ye'll see how they'll be fotched down."

Just then the cabin door opened, and a red-headed, long-necked women yelled:

"Say, 'Zeke, ther flour's out!"

"Out whar?" he yelled back.

"Out'n the bar'l," she answered.

"Wall, put it back an' cover it up tighter," he replied, while the outside man grinned.

"Don't you see how she's hacked a' ready?" he laughed, when the fiery topknot disappeared.

"I does," spoke the elated victor. Presently the same shrill voice cried:

"'Zeke, I'se gwine over to mar's, an' ef ye think their measles are ketchin', I'll leave ther baby hyar."

"Dunno whether they's ketchin' er not," replied the husband. "I've never seed 'em ketch enything."

Again the head was drawn back, amid applause from the outside. The next time the door opened the muzzle of a shotgun was poked out, and a bead drawn on the saucy man.

"'Zeke," came the solemn voice.

"Melindy," he gasped, looking in vain for some place to dodge.

"'Zeke," she continued, "ther flour's out."

"All rite, I'm off ter the mill at once," he answered, shiveringly.

"'Zeke, I'm gwine over ter mar's fer a spell; d'ye think the measles is ketchin'?"

"No, Melindy, I seed pap ter day, an' he sed the children wuz all well."

"Kerrect," she said, lowering the gun, "I'm off. Ye can sorter clean up the place 'till I git back, but be shore ter stay inside while I'm gone."

"All right," he answered meekly, moving aside to let her pass.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

KATE.

THERE'S something in the name of Kate
Which many will condemn;
But listen, now, while I relate
The traits of some of them.

There's Deli-Kate, a modest dame,
And worthy of your love;
She's nice and beautiful in frame,
As gentle as a dove.

Communi-Kate's intelligent,
As we may well suppose;
Her faithful mind is ever bent
On telling what she knows.

There's Intri-Kate, she's so obscure
'Tis hard to find her out;
For she is often very sure
To put your wits to rout.

Prevari-Kate's a stubborn maid,
She's sure to have her way;
The cavilling, contrary jade
Objects to all you say.

There's Alter-Kate, a perfect pest,
Much given to dispute;
Her prattering tongue can never rest,
You cannot her refute.

There's Dislo-Kate, in quite a fret,
Who fails to gain her point;
Her case is quite unfortunate,
And sorely out of joint.

Equivo-Kate no one will woo;
The thing would be absurd,
She is so faithless and untrue,
You cannot take her word.

There's Vindi-Kate, she's good and true,
And strives with all her might
Her duty faithfully to do,
And battle for the right.

There's Rusti-Kate, a country lass;
Quite fond of rural scenes;
She likes to trample through the grass
And loves the evergreens.

Of all the maidens you can find,
There's none like Edu-Kate;
Because she elevates the mind
And aims to something great.

DECORATIVE.

"I HATE a tunnel!" the maiden said,
And closer to the drummer drew;
"They always make me feel afraid
Of some disaster; don't they you?"
And then the drummer shook his mane.
"You're safe enough with me," said he.
"Whatever happens to the train,
You always can rely on me!"

And, with ear-splitting whistle's shriek,
The train plunged in the black abyss;
The drummer sought her blooming cheek,
And frescoed it with manly kiss.
Emboldened by her sweet alarm,
As on they tore through that eclipse,
He laid her head upon his arm,
And friezed a dado on her lips.

"Ah, me!" the maiden sweetly smiled,
As she arranged her tumbled hat,
And once again the sunbeams filed
In at the window where they sat;
"Ah, me! for once that horried pest
Was robbed of every startling fear.
I thank you for your interest;
Excuse me, sir; I get off here!"

And so she left him drowned in sighs,
And on the sea of soft dreams tossed,
Of her sweet lips and pure, bright eyes,
So quickly gained and quickly lost.
To dream! but, ah, at last to wake
And learn that in the tunnel's din,
She'd seized upon her chance to snake
His watch and chain and diamond pin

A WORD OF ADVICE.

YOUNG men, you are the architects of your own fortunes. Rely upon your own strength of body and soul. Take for your star, self-reliance, faith, honesty and industry. Inscribe on your banner, "Luck is a fool, Pluck is a hero" Don't take too much advice; keep at your helm and steer your own ship, and remember that the great art of commanding is to take a fair share of the work. Don't practice too much humanity. Think well of yourself. Strike out. Assume your own position. Rise above the envious and the jealous. Fire above the mark you intend to hit. Energy, invincible determination, with a right motive, are the levers that move the world. Don't drink. Don't chew Don't smoke. Don't swear. Don't deceive. Don't marry until you can support a wife. Be in earnest. Be self-reliant. Be generous. Be civil. Read the papers. Make money and do good with it. Love truth and virtue. Love your country and obey its laws. If this advice be implicitely followed by the young men of the country the millennium is near at hand.

HOME GLIMPSES.

BY MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

WE pass from time to time
On the city's great highway,
And only see
The multitude,
And the shops so bright and gay.

Perhaps an area-gate
And a basement home quite bare,
And the anxious,
Pallid faces
Of the children playing there.

Ay, little we have seen,
As we went with hurrying feet
On our missions,
Large or little,
Of the homes *above* the street.

But now we glimpses get
That bless our eyes each day
Of the happiest, coziest
Hearths and homes
As we take our aërial way.

How many changing scenes,
My neighbor, we may trace
Of the skilled mechanic's
Humble home
And the carmen's dwelling-place.

A modest table set,
A fond wife waiting nigh—
And now a mother
Singing sweet
Her baby's lullaby.

A worn man sitting down
At the window taking rest,
A little bright
And curly head
Soft leaning on his breast.

Yes, it is seven P. M.
As we speed along up-town,
And many a modest
Lamp is lit,
And the curtains not pulled down.

And very glad are we—
To all the world akin—
We now may get
A glimpse of heaven
On earth, from the homes within.

There many blessings sweet
And many a joy are sent,
For love and peace
And hope may dwell
In the humblest tenement.

THREE FRIENDS.

THERE were three demons came out of the deep;
Friends that blighted the eye to see;
That frightened the dreamer out of his sleep,
And chilled the heart with a sudden leap,
And numbed the brain with their stealthy creep,
A ghastly, terrible, horrible three.

"War" was one, and his sable plume
Shadowed a face that was cruel as hate;
He awakened the dawn with the sullen boom
Of murderous guns; like a pall of gloom
Hung the smoke of his breath, and pitiless doom
His mailed hands held like a soulless fate.

Life was his meat and his drink was gore;
Red to his knees he walked in blood;
Laughed as he raged down the carmine shore,
Raising his voice in the horrid roar
And shrieks of his victims, as more and more
They swelled the ghastly flood.

And "Rum" was another one, grisly and grim;
Crueller, ten times told than you'd think;
Misery poisoned its beakers brim,
Death eternal, and hate, and sin,
Want and woe; he poured them in,
And gave to the world to drink.

His victims were numberless as the sands,
Maiden and youth and hoary age;
The wisdom and courage of my lands,
Hearts of manhood, and dimpled hands,
They came to his death feast, ghostly bands,
Weak fools and the strong-minded sage.

And the third—he came with a goblin smile
Gentle and kind he seemed to be;
But the heart of the fiend was full of guile,
In his merriest moments all the while
His thoughts were cruel, his plans were vile;
He was the worst of the three.

At feast and wedding he sat elate,
With luscious lips he kissed the bride;
He petted the little, he pleased the great,
While he wrecked the home and destroyed the state,
With a sway like the rule of an iron fate,
That you couldn't resist if you tried.

Oh, woe was the home where he entered in!
He darkened the hearthstone that he stood by
And faces pale, and wan, and thin,
Looked up in fear at his mocking grin,
And the victims knew, as they scooped him in,
They were hopeless slaves of the demon "Pie."

Burlington Hawkeye.

THE COWBOY.

HE came from the land of the setting sun,
This blazing star of the first degree;
A cowboy bold, all ripe for fun,
The home of the tenderfoot to see.
His eyes were black and his hair was long;
The rim of his hat was soft and wide;
And his gorgeous pants were of buckskin strong,
With wonderful fringes adown the side.

His mustang was kinky as ever you saw;
To the martial jingling of his spurs
The small boy listened with breathless awe;
He was a terror to city curs.
A pistol was thrust through his leathern belt,
And a knife reposed in his horseman's boot,
Every inch a king he doubtless felt;
A Western hero, right on the shoot!

He ogled the ladies day by day
As he gracefully ambled to take the air;
Oh, he was a daisy, this cowboy gay;
One of the brave who deserve the fair.
What sensitive maids, in his mind, were seen
Hopelessly pining for him in vain,
What scalps of swains, with jealousy green,
Adorned this conquering lord of the plain!

He welcomed the tanglefoot, hot and strong;
And terrible oaths this creature swore!
For a deadly conflict he seemed to long,
His thirst was excessive for human gore,
Till he stirred up a gentleman, mild and slim,
Who wielded daily a bloodless pen,
But "the sand" was there, all the same, in him;
And he went for the braggart right there and then.

He reached for that cowboy's ringlets long,
And pulled him down from his wild mustang;
And wiped the street with the buckskins strong,
While the spurs resounded with merry clang—
And he left him a wreck, did this man of might
With the broadcloth suit and hat of silk;
And the small boy scoffed at the buckless wight
As he limped to the lockup weak as milk.

No more with the cattle the cowboy dwells;
His pistol and knife in the pawn-shop rest;
The mustang a tipcart vile propels;
He will gallop no more in the far South-west.
And his master has studied his lesson well,
Let roughs and rowdies of this take note,
'Tis the swaggering cowards who boast and swell,
And a man may be brave in a broadcloth coat.

—*John S. Adams, in Boston Globe.*

LET HER DO WHAT SHE CAN.

LET her do what she can for humanity's sake,
Whatever the form that her service may take,
Whether high in the councils of Church or of State,
Or down where the outcast and suffering wait;
In the love-circled home, be it cottage or hall;
In the school, where the seed in the soft ground may fall;
In the African jungle far over the sea,
Or here in the land that the Lord has made free.

Let her do what she can, for the world's pleading wail
Rises up on the breeze, is abroad on the gale;
If her heart for the good of her fellows be stirred,
Restrain not her efforts, in deed or in word,
Let her walk in your fellowship, brother and friend,
Wherever your steps for humanity wend;
Turn not from the proffer of service aside,
Let your strength to her wisdom and love be allied.

Let her girdle the world with her ribbons of love,
And lift the White Cross all its plague spots above;
Let her scatter Christ's leaven from shore unto shore,
Till wrong and oppression shall vex us no more.
"She hath done what she could," said the Saviour to men,
Who scorned at the service she rendered Him then;
"She hath done what she could," be it said of us all,
When the curtain of silence shall over us fall.

—*Union-Signal.*

THE SPOOPENDYKES.

THE OLD GENTEMAN TAKES EXERCISE ON A BICYCLE.

"Now, my dear," said Mr. Spoopendyke, hurrying up to his wife's room, "If you'll come down in the yard I've got a pleasant surprise for you."

"What is it?" asked Mrs. Spoopendyke, "what have you got, a horse?"

"Guess again," grinned Mr. Spoopendyke. "It's something like a horse."

"I know! It's a new parlor carpet. That's what it is!"

"No, it isn't, either. I said it's something like a horse; that is, it goes when you make it. Guess again."

"Is it paint for the kitchen walls?" asked Mrs. Spoopendyke, innocently.

"No, it ain't and it ain't a hogshead of stove blacking, nor a set of dining-room furniture, nor it ain't seven gross of stationary wash tubs. Now guess again."

"Then it must be some lace curtains for the sitting-room windows. Isn't that just splendid?" and Mrs. Spoopendyke patted her husband on both cheeks and danced up and down with delight.

"It's a bicycle, that's what it is!" growled Mr. Spoopendyke. "I bought it for exercise and I'm go to ride it. Come down and see me."

"Well, ain't I glad," ejaculated Mrs. Spoopendyke. You ought to have more exercise, if there's exercise in anything, it's in a bicycle. Do let's see it!"

Mr. Spoopendyke conducted his wife to the yard and descanted at length on the merits of the machine.

"In a few weeks I'll be able to make a mile a minute," he said, as he steadied the apparatus against the clothes post and prepared to mount. "Now you watch me go to the end of this path."

He got a foot into one treadle and went head first into a flower patch, the machine on top, with a prodigious crash.

"Hadn't you better tie it up to the post until you get on?" suggested Mrs. Spoopendyke.

"Leave me alone, will ye?" demanded Mr. Spoopendyke, struggling to an even keel. "I'm doing most of this myself. Now you hold on and keep your mouth shut. It takes a little practice, that's all.

Mr. Spoopendyke mounted again and scuttled along four or five feet and flopped over on the grass plat.

"That's splendid!" commended his wife. "You've got the idea already. Let me hold it for you this time."

"If you've got any extra strength you hold your tongue, will ye?" growled Mr. Spoopendyke. "It don't want any holding. It ain't alive. Stand back and give me room, now."

The third trial Mr. Spoopendyke ambled to the end of the path and went down all in a heap among the flower pots.

"That's just too lovely for anything!" proclaimed Mrs. Spoopendyke. "You made more'n a mile a minute, that time."

"Come and take it off!" roared Mr. Spoopendyke. "Help me up! Dod gast the bicycle!" and the worthy gentleman struggled and plunged around like a whale in shallow water.

Mrs. Spoopendyke assisted in righting him and brushed him off.

"I know where you make your mistake," said she. "The little wheel ought to go first, like a buggy. Try it that way going back."

"Maybe you can ride this bicycle better than I can," howled Mr. Spoopendyke. "You know all about wheels! What you need now is a lantern in your mouth and ten minutes behind time to be the City Hall clock! If you had a bucket of water and a handle you'd make a steam grind-stone! Don't you see the big wheel has got to go first?"

"Yes, dear," murmured Mrs. Spoopendyke, "but I thought if you practiced with the little wheel at first, you wouldn't have so far to fall."

"Who fell?" demanded Mr. Spoopendyke. "Didn't you see me step off? I tripped, that's all. Now you just watch me go back."

Once more Mr. Spoopendyke started in, but the big wheel turned around and looked him in the face, and then began to stagger.

"Look out!" squealed Mrs. Spoopendyke.

Mr. Spoopendyke wrenched away and kicked and strugled, but it was of no avail. Down he came, and the bicycle was a hopeless wreck.

"What'd ye want to yell for!" he shrieked. "Couldn't ye keep your measly mouth shut? What'd ye think ye are, anyhow, a fog horn? Dod gast the measly bicycle!" and Mr. Spoopendyke hit it a kick that folded it up like a bolt of muslin.

"Never mind, my dear," consoled Mrs. Spoopendyke, "I'm afraid the exercise was too violent anyway, and I'm rather glad you broke it."

"I s'pose so," snorted Mr. Spoopendyke. "There's sixty dollars gone."

"Don't worry, love. I'll go without the carpet and curtains, and the paint will do well enough in the kitchen. Let me rub you with arnica."

But Mr. Spoopendyke was too deeply grieved by his wife's conduct to accept any office at her hands, preferring to punish her by letting his wounds smart rather than get well, and thereby relieve her of any anxiety she brought on herself by acting so outrageously under the circumstances.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

AN INQUISITIVE CHILD.

ONE of those unnaturally bright children who are always getting people into difficulties was at a prayer meeting the other evening, with his mother, when he asked aloud:

"Ma, say ma—who was Dinah More?"

"Hu-u-sh," whispered his mother cautiously, "It's a hymn."

"No, it ain't, ma," continued the hopeful, "it's a woman's name; who's say going home to Dinah More?"

"Willie," said his mother in a ghastly voice,

"you're disturbing the meeting. It means going to heaven to die no more."

"Dine no more! Oh, ma; don't they eat anything there?"

His mother explained as well as she could, and Willie sat still for half a minute, his bright eyes roving about the church. Then he asked in a shrill whisper:

"Ma, is God out of town?"

"No-o, no-no," answered the distracted woman faintly.

"Then what's Mr. Kelly running this meeting for, ma?" continued the sweet child.

The choir sung him down, but the meeting closed with a moment of silent prayer and his gentle voice was distinctly heard saying:

"Old Mrs. Jones' switch don't match her hair like yours does, ma!"

DON'T MARRY A MAN IF HE DRINKS.

YOUNG ladies, pray listen to me,
And keep just as quiet as mice,
While I sing you a song—it is not very long—
Which contains a piece of advice:
No matter what people may say,
No matter what somebody thinks;
If you wish to be happy the rest of your days,
Don't marry a man if he drinks;
Don't marry a man if he drinks.

He may be so handsome and gay,
And have such a beautiful voice;
And may dance so divinely you'll feel in your heart
That he must be the man of your choice;
If his accents are tender and low,
And sweeter than roses and pinks,
And his breath quite a different thing, you may know
Your exquisite gentleman drinks;
Your exquisite gentleman drinks.

Just think of the sorrows and cares,
The heart-rending sighs and fears;
Of the words and the blows, and cruelest woes,
And then think of the ocean of tears;
Think of Toodles the drunkest of men,
His attitudes, his coughs, and winks,
And then think what a dignified pair you will make
If you marry a man that drinks.

Young ladies, look well to your hearts,
Don't throw them away on a sot,
Or a man who is given to treating his friends,
Whatever his station or lot;
Though his pride may uphold him awhile,
Yet sooner or later he sinks;
Then if you would be happy the rest of your days,
Don't marry a man if he drinks.

—*Fulton (N. Y.) Times.*

WRONGS WILL BE RIGHTED THEN.

I WONDER now if any one
In this broad land has heard
In favor of downtrodden boys
One solitary word?
We hear enough of "woman's rights,"
And "rights of workingmen,"
Of "equal rights" and "nation's rights,"
But pray just tell us when

Boys' rights were ever spoken of!
Why, we've become so used
To being snubbed by every one,
And slighted and abused,
That when one is polite to us
We open wide our eyes,
And stretch them in astonishment
To nearly twice their size.

Boys seldom dare to ask their friends
To venture in the house;
It don't come natural at all
To creep round like a mouse;
And if we should forget ourselves,
And make a little noise,
Then ma, and auntie sure would say,
"Oh, my, those dreadful boys!"

The girls bang on the piano
In peace; but if the boys
Attempt to tune with fife or drum,
It's "stop that horrid noise!"
"That horrid noise!" just think of it!
When sister never fails
To make a noise three times as bad
With everlasting "scales."

Insulted thus, we lose no time
In beating a retreat;
So off we go to romp and tear
And scamper in the street.
No wonder that so many boys
Such wicked men become—
'Twere better far to let them have
Their games and plays at home.

Perhaps the text that teacher quotes
Sometimes—"Train up a child"—
Means only train the little girls,
And let the boys run wild.
But patience, and the time shall come
When we will all be men,
And when it does, I rather think
Wrongs will be righted then!

KEEP A STIFF UPPER LIP.

My boy as you travel this mundane sphere,
You will find many things exceedingly queer,
That often will cause you to open your eyes
In a manner expressive of greatest surprise,
When you arouse from a golden dream,
And discover that things are not what they seem;
If fickle Miss Fortune should give you the slip,
Look her square in the face with a stiff upper lip.
If folks pass you by with a cynical sneer,
Because in fine clothing you cannot appear;
Never be cast down by trifles like that,
Though ragged your jacket and napless your hat;
If your heart is all right and level your head,
Supposing that you can show "nary a red;"
They have dollars, you sense, and that's the best grip,
Meet them square in the face with a stiff upper lip.
If your girl should forsake you for some other fellow,
Don't act like a calf and foolishly bellow,
For girls handle their cards with a gambler's art,
Oft playing the deuce with a fellow's poor heart;
Let them play a lone hand awhile at the game,
If it's diamonds they seek let them work for the same;
There's as good fish in the sea as ever did nip,
Your luck may yet turn, keep a stiff upper lip.
So my boy when you buffet the wind and the wave
Remember life's voyagers should ever be brave,
Though tempests may gather and breakers may roll,
Keep your boat in deep water, look out for the shoal,
When the waves are dark look aloft to the stars,
If the vessel is wrecked why cling to the spars,
Heed the old maxim, "don't give up the ship,"
Whose anchor is hope; keep a stiff upper lip.

DON'T WORRY.

If you want a good appetite, don't worry. If you want a healthy body, don't worry. If you want things to go right in your homes or your business, don't worry. Women find a sea of trouble in their housekeeping. Some one says they often put as much worry and anxiety into a loaf of bread, a pie or a cake, into the weekly washing and ironing, as should suffice for much weightier matters. This accounts largely for the angularity of American women. Nervousness, which may be called the reservoir of worrying—its fountain and source—is the bane of the American race. It is not confined to the women, by any means, but extends to the men as well. Even business men are sometimes afflicted, so we have heard, and so our advice not to yield to this habit will be most kindly received by all classes of readers. What good does fretting do? It only increases with indulgence, like anger, or appetite, or love, or any other human impulse. It deranges one's temper, excites unpleasant feelings toward everybody, and confuses the mind. It affects the whole person, unfits one for the proper completion of the work whose trifling interruption or disturbance started the fretful fit. Suppose these things go wrong to-day, the to-morrows are coming, in which to try again, and the thing is not worth clouding your own spirit and those around you, injuring yourself and them physically—for the mind affects the body—and for such a trifle. Strive to cultivate a spirit of patience, both for your own good and the good of those about you. You will never regret the step, for it will not only add to your own happiness, but the example of your conduct will affect those with whom you associate, and in whom you are interested. Suppose somebody makes a mistake, suppose you are crossed, or a trifling accident occurs; to fly into a fretful mood will not mend, but help to hinder the attainment of what you wish. Then, when a thing is beyond repair, waste no useless regrets over it, and do no idle fretting. Strive for that serenity of spirit that will enable you to make the best of all things. That means contentment in its best sense; and contentment is the only true happiness of life. A pleasant disposition and good work will make the whole surroundings ring with cheerfulness.

Complete Program No. 4

—FOR—

School and Evening

ENTERTAINMENTS.

ARRANGED BY

MISS A. O. BRIGGS.

MUSIC.

RECITATIONS.

CALEB'S COURTSHIP.

E. T. CORBETT, IN HARPER'S MAGAZINE.

I HADN'T no time fer courtin' when I was young an' spry,
For what with workin' an' savin' I let the years go by;
Then I was buyin' an' buildin'—and farm work never gits done—
Till at last I counted my birthdays, and found I was fifty-one.
"High time," sez I, "to be choosin' a suitable pardner for life."
So I jist sot down an' considered where I'd better look for a wife.
I wanted her young an' harnsome—of course—an' stiddy an' neat,
Smart at bakin' an' churnin', quick with her hands an' feet.
But slow with her tongue (for talkin' jist wastes a woman's time)—
An' as savin' with every penny as ef 'twas a silver dime;
An' ef she was good at mendin' an' scrubbin' an' cleanin' house,
I made up my mind to take her ef she was poor as a mouse.
Waal, it cost some time an' trouble to diskiver a gal to my mind—
There was lots on 'em to choose from, but the best was hard to find.
At last, arfter lookin' and thinkin', I settled on Eunice Stout,
The deacon's youngest darter—nineteen or thereabout.
Pretty—yes, as a picter; made the best butter, too,
That ever was sent to market. Sez, "I guess she'll do.
Whenever I've stopped to the deacon's, she's as busy as a bee—
Allus a-workin' an' doin'—yes! that's the wife for me!"
But now that I'd done my choosin' sez I to myself, "What next?"
I didn't know much 'bout wimmin', an' I'll own I was some perplexed;
So I asked advice of a neighbor—*that* was the biggest mistake—
Things mightn't hev gone so crooked ef I'd never said nothin' to Jake;
But he was twenty year younger, an' the gals all liked him, ye see,—
So I asked his advice about Eunice—jist like a fool as I be!
Sez he: "Why, man, it is easy! You must take her out to ride.
You must bring her home from meetin' an' stick close to her beside;
You must go to see her of evenin's; you must buy her some pretty things—
A book or a breastpin, mebbe, some ribbons or some rings;
Then tell her her cheeks is rosy, tell her her eyes is bright;

Tell her you love her dearly, an' dream of her at night;
Tell her—" But here I stopped him. "It's easy talkin' " sez I,
"But I never did no courtin' an' I'm half afeard to try,—
I'll make ye an offer, Jacob; ef you'll go with me to-night,
To kinder keep up my courage, an' see that things goes right,
Tackle the deacon, mebbe, an' show me how to begin,
I'll give ye a yearlin' calf—I will, as sure as sin is sin!"
Waal, the bargain was struck. Me an' Jacob went to see Eunice together.
Jake, he talked to the deacon 'bout crops an' cattle, an' weather;
Eunice, she kep' very quiet—jest sot an' knitted away,
An' I sot close beside her a-thinkin' of somethin' to say.
Many an evenin', I noticed, when she went for apples an' cake,
Inter the pantry, 'twas allus, "Come hold the candle, Jake.'
As ef she counted *him* nobody; then she'd give me a smile,
Soon's I offered to help her, an' say 'twarn't worth my while.
I'll own 'twas quite surprisin' how long they'd hev ter stay
A pickin' out them apples, but Jake told me one day,
They was tryin' to find the best ones, so's she could give 'em to *me;*
An' surely *that* was flatterin', as any one could see!
Once I bought her a ribbon—Jake said it oughter be blue,
But a brown one's far more lastin' an' this one was cheaper, too;
An' once I took her out ridin', but that wasted half a day,
An' I made up my mind that walkin' was pleasanter anyway.
Waal, I'd been six months a-courtin' when I sez to Jake, sez I:
"It's time that we was married; here's Thanksgivin' drawin' nigh—
A first-rate day for a weddin'; an' besides, to say the least,
I can make that Thanksgivin' turkey do fer part of the weddin' feast."
So that night I mustered courage to the very sticking p'int,
(You wouldn't never mistrusted that I shook in ev'ry j'int)
We was comin' along from meetin'. Sez I, "I'd like you to say
That you hain't no objections, Eunice, to be married Thanksgivin' Day."
She looked at me smilin' an' blushin' as red as a rose and as sweet,
I scursely knew fer a minnet ef I stood on my head or my feet;
Then—"I hevn't the least objection," sez she as I opened the gate;
But she didn't ask me to stop, she sez only, "It's gittin' ruther late."
I looked all 'round for Jacob, but he'd kinder slipped out of sight;
So I figured the cost of a weddin' as I went along home that night.
Waal, I got my house all ready an' spoke to the parson beside,
An' arly Thanksgivin' mornin' I started to hev the knot tied.
But before I come to the deacon's—I was walkin' along quite spry.
All rigged in my Sunday best, of course—a sleigh comes dashin' by;
Thar was that Jacob a-drivin', an' Eunice sot at his side,
An' he stops an' sez, "Allow me to interduce my bride!"
So that was the end of my courtship. You see I started wrong,
Askin' advice of Jacob an' takin' him along;
For a team may be better fer ploughin,' an' hayin' an' all the rest,
But when it comes to *courtin'*—why, a single hoss is best!

ROLL CALL.

BY N. G. SHEPHERD.

"CORPORAL GREEN!" the Orderly cried;
"Here!" was the answer loud and clear,
From the lips of a soldier who stood near;
And "Here!" was the word the next replied.

"Cyrus Drew!"—then a silence fell—
This time no answer followed the call;
Only his rear man had seen him fall
Killed or wounded, he could not tell.

There they stood in the fading light,
These men of battle, with grave, dark looks,
As plain to be read as open books,
While slowly gathered the shades of night.

The fern on the hill-sides was splashed with blood,
And down in the corn where the poppies grew,
Were redder stains than the poppies knew,
And crimson-dyed was the river's flood.

For the foe had crossed from the other side,
That day, in the face of a murderous fire,
That swept them down in its terrible ire;
And their life-blood went to color the tide.

"Herbert Cline!" At the call there came
Two stalwart soldiers into line,
Bearing between them this Herbert Cline,
Wounded and bleeding, to answer his name.

"Ezra Kerr!"—and a voice answered, "Here!"
"Hiram Kerr!" but no man replied:
They were brothers, these two;—the sad wind sighed
And a shudder crept through the cornfield near.

"Ephriam Deane!"—then a soldier spoke;
"Dean carried our regiment's colors," he said,
"When our ensign was shot; I left him dead,
Just after the enemy wavered and broke.

Close to the road-side his body lies;
I paused a moment and gave him a drink.
He murmured his mother's name, I think,
And Death came with it and closed his eyes."

'Twas a victory—yes; but it cost us dear;
For that company's roll, when called at night,
Of a hundred men who went into the fight,
Numbered but twenty that answered, "Here!"

OUR FIRST LESSON IN COURTSHIP.

ONE bright moonlight night in the days of "lang syne," when log school-houses, cheap schoolmasters, and birch rods were the only instrumentalities used for teaching the "young idea how to shoot," we chanced to attend a spelling-school, in a certain rural district, the geographical location of which it is not necessary to mention. It was there, however, where our eyes first fell on a "fairy form," that immediately set our heart in a blaze. She was sixteen or thereabouts, with bright eyes, red cheeks, and cherry lips, while the auburn ringlets clustered in a wealth of profusion around her beautiful head, and her person, to our entranced imagination, was more perfect in form and outline than the most faultless statue ever chiseled by the sculptor's art. As we gazed, our feelings, which never before had aspired girlward, (we were scarcely eighteen) were fully captivated, and we determined to go home with her that night or perish in the attempt. As soon, therefore, as school was dismissed and our lady-love suitably bonneted and cloaked, we approached to offer our services, as contemplated, and realized, more fully than ever before, the difference between resolving and doing. As we neared her to put our design into execution, we seemed to be stricken with sudden blindness, then red, green, and yellow-lights flashed upon our vision and disappeared like witches in phantasmagoria! Our knees smote together like Belshazzar's, and our heart thumped with apparently as much force as if it were driving ten-penny nails into our ribs!

We, in the mean time having reached Sally's side, managed to mumble over something which is, perhaps, known to the Recording Angel, but surely is not to us, at the same time poking our elbow as nearly at right angles with our body as our physical conformation would admit.

The night wind blew keenly, which served to revive us, and as our senses returned, what were our emotions on finding the object of our primal love clinging to our arm with all the tenacity a drowning man is said to clutch at a straw! Talk of elysium, or sliding down greased rainbows, or feeding on German flutes! What are such "phelinks" in comparison with those mighty ones that swelled our heart nigh unto bursting off our waistcoat buttons! Our happiness was simply ecstatic, and every young lady or gentleman who has ever felt the throbbings of a newly pledged love, will completely understand the world of bliss hidden under that common word.

Well, we walked on pleasantly toward our Sally's home, conversing very cosily and sweetly as we walked along, until so courageous did we become, that we actually proposed to go in and sit awhile, to which our Dulcinea very graciously consented. Alas for us! how soon were we to be reminded that "the course of true love never did run smooth!"

Sally had a brother of ten summers, who accompanied us along the way, and who was in wonderfully high spirits at the idea of his sister having a beau; and he would circle around us, every now and then giggling in the height of his glee, and examining us as closely as if Sally and ourself were the world-renowned Siamese twins and he was taking his first look. Bill, by the way, was a stub, chuckle-headed boy, whose habiliments would have made the fortune of an ordinary dealer in mop-rags.

At length we arrived at the bars, and while we were letting them down, Bill shot past us and tore for the house as fast as his legs could carry him. He flung the door open with a bang and shouted at the top of his voice:

"Mother! Mother! Jim Clark is comin' home with Sal!"

"Is he?" screamed the old woman in reply, "Wal, I declare! I didn't think the saphead knew enough to ax any gal to go home with her."

We suddenly recollected that we had promised to get home early, and bidding our Sally a hurried good-bye concluded not to go in.

MUSIC.

READINGS.

A FRIGHTENED CONTRABAND.

A PORTLY, young Contraband was engaged by one of our junior staff officers as his body servant, and brought down to his quarters to attend him. It chanced that the officer had served his country gallantly at Sharpsburg, where he lost a leg, below the knee, the absence of which had been made up by an artificial limb, which the captain wore with so easy a grace that few persons who met him suspected his misfortune—his sable attendant being among the number of those who were blissfully ignorant of the fact.

The captain had been "out to dine" and returned in excellent spirits to his tent. Upon retiring, he called his darky servant to assist him in pulling off his riding boots.

"Now, Jimmy, look sharp, said the captain, "The fact is, I'm a little—ic—flimsy, Jimmy, t'night. Look sharp an'—ic—pull steady."

"Ise allus keerful Cap'n," said Jimmy, drawing off one long, wet boot, with considerable difficulty and standing it aside.

"Now—ic—mind your eye, Jim! The other's—ic—a little tight;" and black Jimmy chuckled and showed his shining ivories as he reflected, perhaps, that his master was quite as "tight" as he deemed the boot to be.

"Easy, now—ic—thats it. Ic—pull away!" continued the Captain, good-naturedly, and enjoying the prospective joke, while he loosened the straps about his waist which held his cork leg up—"*Now*—ic—you've got it! Yip—*there* you are! Oh! Oh! Oh, dear! Oh, dear!" screamed the captain in great apparent agony, as contraband, cork leg, riding boot and ligatures tumbled across the tent in a heap, and the one-legged officer fell back on his pallet, convulsed with spasmodic laughter. At this moment the door opened and a lieutenant entered.

"G'way fum me, g'way fum me, lemmy be! lemmy be! I ain't done nuffin," yelled the contraband lustily and rushing to the door, really supposing he had pulled his master's leg clean off. "Lemmy go! I didn't do nuffin—g'way! g'way!" and Jimmy put for the woods in his desperation, intent on making good his escape. The captain searched diligently for him, far and near, but was never able to find track or trace of him afterwards.

HAPPINESS.

BY WALTER COLTON.

SHE is deceitful as the calm that precedes the hurricane, smooth as the water on the verge of the cataract, and beautiful as the rainbow, that smiling daughter of the storm; but, like the mirage in the desert, she tantalizes with a delusion which distance creates and which contiguity destroys.

Yet when unsought she is often found, when unexpected often obtained; while those who seek for her the most diligently, fail the most, because they seek her where she is not.

Antony sought her in love; Brutus, in glory; Cæsar, in dominion;—the first found disgrace; the second, disgust; the last, ingratitude; and

each, destruction. To some she is more kind but not less cruel;—she hands them her cup; and they drink even to stupefaction, until they doubt, with Philip, whether they are men, or dream, with Alexander, that they are gods. On some she smiles, as on Napoleon, with an aspect more bewitching than an Italian sun, but it is only to make her frown more terrible, and by one short caress to more deeply embitter the pangs of separation. Yet is she by universal consent and homage, a queen; and the passions are the vassal lords that crowd her court, await her mandate, and move at her control. But, like other mighty sovereigns, she is so surrounded by her envoys, her officers, and her ministers of state, that it is extremely difficult to be admitted to her presence chamber, or to have any immediate communication with herself. Ambition, Avarice, Love, Revenge, all seek her, and her alone. Alas! they are neither presented to her, nor will she come to them. She dispatches, however, her envoys unto them —mean and poor representatives of their queen. To Ambition, she sends Power; to Avarice, Wealth; to Love, Jealousy; to Revenge, Remorse:—alas! what are these, but so many other names for vexation and disappointment? Neither is she to be won by flatteries or by bribes: she is to be gained by waging war against her enemies, much sooner than by paying any particular court to herself. Those that conquer her adversaries, will find that they need not go to her, for she will come to them. She has no more respect for kings than for their subjects: she mocks them, indeed, with the empty show of a visit, by sending to their palaces all her equipage, her pomp, and her train; but she comes not herself. What detains her? She is traveling incognito to keep a private appointment with Contentment, and to partake of a dinner of herbs in a cottage.

LITTLE JIM.

THE cottage was a thatched one, the outside old and mean,
But all within that little cot was wondrous neat and clean;
The night was dark and stormy, the wind was howling wild,
As a patient mother sat beside the death-bed of her child:
A little worn-out creature, his once bright eyes grown dim;
It was a collier's wife and child—they called him little Jim.

And oh! to see the briny tears fast hurrying down her cheek,
As she offered up the prayer, in thought, she was afraid to speak,
Lest she might waken one she loved far better than her life;
For she had all a mother's heart—had this poor collier's wife.
With hands uplifted, see, she kneels beside the sufferer's bed,
And prays that God would spare her boy and take herself instead.

She gets her answer from the child—soft fall the words from him;
"Mother, the angels do so smile and beckon little Jim!
I have no pain, dear mother, now, but oh! I am so dry!
Just moisten poor Jim's lips again; and, mother, don't you cry."
With gentle, trembling haste she held the liquid to his lips;
He smiled to thank her as he took each little, tiny, sip.

"Tell father, when he comes from work, I said good-night to him,
And, mother, now I'll go to sleep." Alas! poor little Jim!
She knew that he was dying; that the child she loved so dear,
Had uttered the last sentence she might ever hope to hear:—
The cottage door is opened, the collier's step is heard,
The father and the mother meet, yet neither speak a word.

He felt that all was over, he knew his child was dead,
He took the candle in his hand and walked toward that low bed,
His quivering lips gave token of the grief he'd fain conceal—
And see, his wife has joined him—the stricken couple kneel:
With hearts bowed down by sadness, they humbly ask of Him,
In heaven, once more, to meet again their own poor little Jim.

MUSIC.

RECITATIONS.

SLANG PHRASES:—A SATIRE.

BY FRANK CLIVE.

RESPECTED WIFE:—From these few lines my whereabouts thou'll learn—
Moreover, I impart to thee my serious concern:
The language of this people is a riddle unto me,
And words, with them, are fragments of a reckless mockery!
For instance, as I left the cars, an imp with smutty face,
Said, "Shine?" "Nay I'll not shine," I said, "except with inward grace."
"Is 'inward grace' a liquid or a paste?" asked this young Turk;
"Hi, Daddy! what is inward grace?—how does the old thing work?"
"Friend," said I, to the hackman whose breath suggested gin,
"Can thee convey me straightway to a reputable inn?"
His answer's gross irrelevance I shall not soon forget—
Instead of simply yea or nay, he gruffly said "You bet!"
"Nay, nay, I shall not bet," said I, "for that would be a sin;
Why don't thee answer plainly?—Can thee take me to an inn?
Thy vehicle is doubtless meant to carry folks about in——
Then why prevaricate?" Said he, perversely, "Now yer shoutin'."
"Nay, verily. I shouted not," quoth I; "my speech is mild;
But thine,—I grieve to say it—with falsehood is defiled.
Thee ought to be admonished to rid thy heart of guile."
"See here! my lively moke," said he, "You sling on too much style!"
"I've had these plain drab garments some twenty years," said I,
"And when thee says I 'sling on style' thee tells a willful lie!"
At that he pranced around as if "a bee were in his bonnet"
And with hostile demonstrations, inquired if I was "on it!"
"On what? Till thee explains thyself I cannot tell," I said.
He swore that something was "too thin;" moreover it was "played!"
But all his jargon was surpassed, in wild absurdity,
By threats, profanely emphasized, to "put a head" on me!
"No son of Belial," said I, "that miracle can do!"
Whereat he fell upon me with blows and curses, too,
But failed to work that miracle—if such was his design—
For instead of putting *on* a head he strove to smite *off* mine!
Thee knows I cultivate the peaceful habit of our sect,
But this man's conduct wrought on me a singular effect;
For when he slapped my broad-brim off, and asked, "How's that for high?"
It roused the Adam in me, and I smote him hip and thigh!
The throng then gave a specimen of calumny broke loose,
And said I'd "snatched him bald-headed," and likewise "cooked his goose,"
Although I solemnly affirm, I did not pull his hair,
Nor cook his poultry either—for he had no poultry there,
They called me "Bully boy," although I've seen nigh three-score years;
And said that I was "lightning" when I "got upon my ear!"
And when I asked if lightning climbed its ear or dressed in drab,
"You know how 'tis yourself!" said one inconsequential blab!
Thee can conceive that by this time I was somewhat perplexed;
Yea, the placid spirit in me has seldom been so vexed—
I tarried there no longer, for plain-spoken men, like me,
With such perverters of our tongue can have no unity.

THE FRENCHMAN'S TOAST

AT THE CHARITY DINNER.

BY LITCHFIELD MOSLEY.

Milors and Gentlemans:—You excellent chairman, M. le Baron de Mount Stuart, he have say to me "make de toast." Den I say to him dat I not have no toast to make; but he nudge my elbow ver soft, and say dat dere is von toast dat nobody but von Frenchman can make proper; and, derefore, vid your kind permission, I will make de toast. "De bregete is de sole of de feet," as you great philosophere, Dr. Johnson, do say in dat amoosing leetle vork of his, de Pronouncing Dictionaire; and, derefore, I vill not say vere mooch to de point. Ven I vas a boy, about so mooch tall, and used for to promenade de streets of Marseilles et of Rouen, vid no feet to put onto my shoe, I nevare to have expose dat dis day would to have arrive. I vas to begin de vorld as von garçon—or vat you call in dis countrie, von vaitre in a café—vere I vork ver hard, vid no habilimens at all to put onto myself, and ver leetle food to eat, excep' von old bleu blouse vat vas give to me by de proprietaire, just for to keep myself fit to be showed at; but, tank goodness, tings dey have change ver mooch for me since dat time, and I have rose myself seulement par mon industrie et perseverance.

Ah! mes amis! ven I hear to myself de flowing speech, de oration magnifique, of you Lor' Maire, Monsieur Gobbledown, I feel dat its is von great privilege for von étranger to sit at de same table, and to eat de same food, as dat grand, dat magestique man, who are de terreur of de voleurs and de brigands of de metropolis; and who is also, I for to suppose, a halterman and de chef of you common scountrel. Milors and Gentlemans, I feel dat I can perspire to no greataire honneur dan to be von common scountrelman myself; but helas! dat plaisir are not for me, as I are not freeman of your great cité, not one liveryman servant of von of you compagnies joint stock. But I must not forget de toast. Milors and Gentlemans, de immortal Shakespeare, he have write, "De ting of beauty are de joy for nevermore." It is de ladies who are de toast. Vat is more entrancing dan de charmante smile, de soft voice, de vinking eye of de beautiful lady! It is de ladies who do sweeten de cares of life. It is de ladies who are de guiding stars of our existence. It is de ladies who do cheer but not inebriate; and, derefore, vid all homage to dere sex de toast dat I have to propose is, "De Ladies! God bless dem all!"

MUSIC.

RECITATIONS.

THE VOLUNTEER'S WIFE.

BY M. A. DENNISON.

"An' sure I was tould to come to your Honor,
To see if ye'd write a few words to me Pat,
He's gone for a soldier, is Misther O'Connor,
Wid a sthripe on his arm and a band on his hat.

An' what'll ye tell him? It ought to be aisy
For sich as yer Honor to spake wid the pen,—
Jist say I'm all right, and that Mavoorneen Daisy,
(The baby, yer Honor), is betther again.

For whin he wint off it's so sick was the childer
She niver held up her blue eyes to his face;
And whin I'd be cryin' he'd look but the wilder
An' say, "Would you wish for the counthry's disgrace?"

So he left her in danger, an me sorely gratin',
To follow the flag wid an Irishman's joy;—
Oh! it's often I drame of the big drums a-batin'
An' a bullet gone straight to the heart of me boy!

An' say will he sind me a bit of his money,
For the rint an' the docther's bill due in a wake;—
Well, surely, there's tears in yer eye-lashes, honey!
An' faith, I've no right with such freedom to spake.

You've overmuch trifling, I'll not give ye trouble,
I'll find some one willin'—Oh, what can it be!
What's that in the newspaper folded up double?
Yer Honor, don't hide it but rade it to me.

What, Patrick O'Connor! No, no, 'tis some other!
Dead! dead! no, not him! 'Tis a wake scarce gone by.
Dead! dead! why, the kiss on the cheek of his mother,
It hasn't had time yet, yer Honor, to dry.

Don't tell me! It's not him! O, God, am I crazy?
Shot dead! O, for love of swate Heaven, say no.
Oh! what'll I do in the world wid poor Daisy!
Oh, how will I live, an' oh, where will I go!

The room is so dark, I'm not seenin' yer Honor,
I think I'll go home—" and a sob thick and dry,
Came sharp from the bosom of Mary O'Connor,
But never a tear-drop welled up to her eye.

THE RUINS OF PALMYRA.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH BY MISS. A. O. BRIGGS.

THE sun had just set; its farewell rays still brightened the western horizon and lingered lovingly on the distant mountains of Syria. The full moon, rising in the east, tinged with its silvery light the rippling waters of the Euphrates. The sky was clear, the air calm and serene; the fading splendor of day blended harmoniously with the paler tints of approaching twilight.

The shepherds had withdrawn their flocks; the eye could perceive no motion upon the gray and monotonous plain; deep silence reigned over the desert, broken only, at long intervals, by the discordant cries of some solitary night-bird or the still more dismal howls of the prowling jackal.

As the shades increased, we could distinguish only the whitish phantoms of broken columns and mouldering walls. "Syria," said I to myself, "to-day so depopulated, formerly contained a hundred powerful cities. Its fields were dotted with villages and hamlets, inhabited by a prosperous and happy people. Ah! what has become of those ages of abundance? What has become of all the brilliant creations of the hand of man? Where are the ramparts of Nineveh? the walls of Babylon? the palaces of Persepolis? the temples of Baalbec and Jerusalem? Where are the fleets of Tyre?—the dock-yards of Anrad?—the workshops of Sidon?—and the multitude of sailors, of pilots, of merchants, of soldiers, of laborers, of harvests, of herds, and all that vast concourse of humanity that once inhabited these deserted plains! Alas! I have gone over this ravaged land! I have visited these palaces, the theatre of so much splendor, and I have found only abandonment and solitude. I have sought the ancient people and their works, and I have found only the trace like that left by passing footsteps in the dust. The temples have fallen; the palaces are overthrown; the ports are blocked up; the cities are destroyed; and the land, destitute of inhabitants, is only a desolate place of sepulchres. Pause here, worldly Ambition, and learn an impressive lesson of the instability of earthly honors and achievements.

MY WELCOME BEYOND.

MRS. A. GIDDING PARK.

WHO will greet me first in heaven,
When that blissful realm I gain,
When the hand hath ceased from toiling
And the heart hath ceased from pain;
When the last farewell is spoken,
Severed the last tender tie,
And I know how sweet, how solemn,
And how blest it is to die?

As my barque glides o'er the waters
Of that cold and silent stream,
I shall see the domes of temples
In the distance brightly gleam,—
Temples of that beauteous city
From all blight and sorrow free;
Who adorn its golden portals
First will haste to welcome me?

Ah, whose eyes shall watch my coming
From the other fairer shore,
Whose the voice I first shall listen
That shall teach me heavenly lore;
When my feet shall press the mystic
Borders of that better land,
Whose face greet my wandering vision?
Who shall clasp the spirit hand?

Who will greet me first in heaven?
Oft the earnest thought will rise,
Musing on the unknown glories
Of that home beyond the skies.

Who will be my heavenly mentor?
Will it be some seraph bright?
Or an angel from the countless
Myriads of that world of light?

No, not these, for they have never
Gladdened here my mortal view;
But the dear ones gone before me,
They, the loved, the tried, the true,
They who walked with us life's pathway,
To its joys and griefs were given,
They who loved us best in earthland
Be the first to greet in heaven.

MUSIC.

READINGS.

SOMETHING IN STORE.

A POLICEMAN, patroling one of our avenues yesterday, was called into a shoe-shop, the proprietor of which was an honest unsuspecting burgher, and asked:

"Can you tell me if der Prince of Vales is still in der city?"

"The Prince of Wales! Why, he hasn't been here."

"Ish dot possible! My frent vhas der Bresident here about two veeks ago?"

"No."

"Vhas dere a big riot down town tree veeks ago, in vhich some Dutchmans got kilt?"

"No sir."

"Vhas dere some ferry boats got blowed up?"

"Never heard of any."

"My frent, ledt me ask one more question. Vhas some orphan asylums all burned up one night last veek und der leedle shildren roasted like ducks in der oofen?"

"Of course not."

"Vhell, dot exblains to me. I haf a poy, Shon. He vhas oudt nights und doan' come home till 2 o'clock next morning. Vhen I ask him aboudt it he says some orphan asylum burned down, or some ferry boat blew oop or der Prince of Vales vhas in town and vhants to see him. So dot poy has been lying to me?"

"Looks that way."

"Vhell, to-night he vhill shlip oudt, as usual, und by one o'clock he vhill come creeping in I shall ask him vhere he vhas all dere time so long; und he vhill say Sheneral Sherman vhas in town. I shall tell him dot I take him out to der barn und introduce him to a school-house on fire, und vhen I am all tired oudt mit clubbing him I belief dot poy vhill see some shokes und sthay home nights. I tought it vhas funny dot so mooch happens all ter time und dey doan put it in der Sherman bapers. Vhell, vhell, I vish it vash night so I could pegin to show him dot I am der biggest sheneral of all, pretty soon already."

ONE TOUCH OF NATURE.

THE LOVE OF MOTHER THE SAME IN ANY LANGUAGE.

BURDETTE departs from the humorous to the pathetic in the following: We were at a railroad junction one night last week waiting a few hours for a train, in the waiting-room, in the only rocking chair, trying to talk a brown eyed boy to sleep, who talks a good deal when he wants to keep awake. Presently a freight train arrived, and a beautiful little woman came in, escorted by a great big German, and they talked in German, he giving her evidently, lots of information about the route she was going, and telling her about her tickets and her baggage check, and occasionally patting her on the arm. At first our United States baby, who did not understand German, was tickled to hear them talk, and he "snickered" at the peculiar sound of the language that was being spoken. The great big man put his hand upon the old lady's cheek, and said something encouraging, and a great big tear came to her eye, and she looked as happy as a queen. The little brown eyes of the boy opened pretty big, and his face sobered down from its laugh, and he said: "Papa, is it his mother?" We knew it was, but how should a four-year-old sleepy baby, that couldn't understand German, tell that the lady was the big man's mother, and we asked him how he knew, and he said: "O, the big man was so kind to her." The big man bustled out, we gave the rocking chair to the little old mother, and presently the man came in with the baggageman, and to him he spoke English. He

said: "This is my mother, and she does not speak English. She is going to Iowa, and I have got to go back on the next train, but I want you to attend to her baggage, and see her on the right car, the rear car, with a good seat near the center, and tell the conductor she is my mother, and here's a dollar for you, and I will do as much for your mother sometime." The baggage man grasped the dollar with one hand, grasped the big man's hand with the other, and looked at the little German with an expression that showed that he had a mother too, and we almost knew the old lady was well treated. Then we put the sleeping mind-reader on a bench and went out on the platform and got acquainted with the big German, and he talked of horse trading, buying and selling, and everything that showed he was a live business man, ready for any speculation, from buying a yearling colt to a crop of hops or barley, and that his life was a very busy one and at times full of hard work, disappointment and hard roads, but with all his hurry and excitement, he was kind to his mother, and we loved him just a little, and when after a few minutes talk about business he said: "You must excuse me. I must go in the depot and see if my mother wants anything," we felt like taking his fat red hand and kissing it. O, the love of a mother is the same in any language, and it is good in all languages.

RECITATION.

STRENGTH FOR TO-DAY.

STRENGTH for to-day is all that we need,
As there never will be a to-morrow;
For to-morrow will prove but another to-day,
With measure of joy and sorrow.

Then why forecast the trials of life,
With much sad and grave persistence,
And wait and watch for a crowd of ills
That as yet have no existence?

Strength for to-day—what a precious boon
For earnest souls who labor!
For the willing hands that minister
To the needy friend or neighbor.

Strength for to-day that the weary hearts
In the battle for right may quail not;
And the eyes be dimmed by bitter tears
In their search for light may fail not.

Strength for to-day on the down-hill track
For the travellers near the valley;
That up, far up on the other side
Ere long they may safely rally.

Strength for to-day, that our precious youth
May happily shun temptation,
And build from the rise to the set of the sun
On a strong and sure foundation.

Strength for to-day, in house and home
To practice forbearance sweetly;
To scatter kind words and loving deeds,
Still trusting in God completely.

Strength for to-day is all that we need,
And there never will be a to-morrow:
For to-morrow will prove but another to-day,
With its measures of joy and sorrow.

Phila. Times

MUSIC.

RECITATIONS.

FOUND DEAD ON THE BATTLEFIELD.

AN INCIDENT OF GETTYSBURG.

BY MISS A. O. BRIGGS.

WHEN we gained, at last, the victory and cleared
the bloody ground,
On the awful field of Gettysburg, among the
dead was found
A soldier, who had fallen with that noble martyr
band,
Clasping fast his children's likeness in his cold
death-stiffened hand.

Wounded in the raging conflict, unperceived by
human eye,
From the trampling feet of foemen he had crawled
away to die,
Weak and faint, had sunk exhausted. No one
heard his feeble moan;
No one soothed his bitter anguish, lying on that
field alone.

Loudly roared the booming cannon; loudly rose
the deaf'ning cheers;
Din of angry, clashing weapons, grated harshly
in his ears;

And the ground beneath him trembled; and the sky was thick o'erspread
With the sulphurous clouds of battle, lowering darkly overhead.

Through his aching brain came thronging all the memories of his life,
Mingled with intensest longing for his children and his wife.—
Oh, what discord for a deathbed! Oh, what loneliness to miss
Tender ministry of loved ones in a moment such as this!

Pleading for his helpless orphans with his last expiring breath,
He was gazing still upon them when his eyes were dim in death.
No ear caught his dying message,—on his lips the mystic seal—
But more touching, far, than language, this mute, eloquent appeal!

Parents, with your darling children in your pleasant homes of ease,
Undisturbed by fear of danger, can ye think of scenes like these?
Can you realize the anguish that a parent's heart must bear,
Yielding up its precious idols to the world's unfeeling care?

Such the sacrificial offerings on our country's altar laid!
To redeem our nation's honor such the priceless ransom paid!
Let no thankless souls receive it with ingratitude profane,
Nor forget the living loved ones who are mourning for the slain.

Land of widows and of orphans, land baptized in human gore,
Land of heroes and of martyrs,—hallowed ground from shore to shore—
Land of progress, land of freedom, land revered in every zone,
Land of patriots, bards, and sages,—proud, we claim thee as our own!

By the tears of sore bereavement, by the blood in battle shed,
By the valiant veterans living, and the sainted martyrs dead,
By the noble deeds recorded, glowing bright on history's page,
Pledge we ne'er to prove unworthy of so grand a heritage!

THE CHILD'S FUNERAL.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

FAIR is thy site, Sorrento, green thy shore,
Black crags behind thee pierce the clear blue skies;
The sea, whose borders ruled the world of yore
As clear and bluer still before thee lies.

Vesuvius smokes in sight, whose fount of fire,
Outgushing, drowned the cities on his steeps;
And murmuring Naples, spire o'ertopping spire,
Sits on the slope beyond where Virgil sleeps.

Here doth the earth, with flowers of every hue,
Heap her green breast when April suns are bright,
Flowers of the morning—red, or ocean-blue,
Or like the mountain-frost of silvery white.

Currents of fragrance from the orange-tree,
And swards of violets, breathing to and fro,
Mingle, and wandering out upon the sea,
Refresh the idle boatman where they blow.

Yet even here, as under harsher climes,
Tears for the loved and early lost are shed;
That soft air saddens with the funeral chimes:
Those shining flowers are gathered for the dead.

Here once a child, a smiling, playful one,
All the day long caressing and caressed,
Died when its little tongue had just begun
To lisp the names of those it loved the best.

The father strove his struggling grief to quell,
The mother wept as mothers use to weep,
Two little sisters wearied them to tell
When their dear Carlo would awake from sleep.

Within an inner room, his couch they spread,
His funeral couch; with mingled grief and love,
They laid a crown of roses on his head,
And murmured, "Brighter is his crown above."

They scattered 'round him, on the snowy sheet
Laburnum's strings of many-colored gems,
Sad hyacinths, and violets dim and sweet,
And orange-blossoms on their dark-green stems

And now the hour is come; the priest is there;
Torches are lit, and bells are tolled; they go
With solemn rites of blessing and of prayer,
To lay the little one in earth below.

The door is opened ;—hark! that quick, glad cry!
Carlo has waked, has waked, and is at play!
The little sisters laugh and leap, and try
To climb the bed on which the infant lay.

And there he sits alive, and gayly shakes
In his full hands the blossoms red and white,
And smiles with winking eyes, like one who wakes
From long, deep slumbers at the morning light.

MUSIC.

COLLOQUY.

THE WRONG BAGGAGE.

DRAMATIZED BY MISS A. O. BRIGGS.

CHARACTERS.

Horatio Holt,	*A Wealthy Bachelor.*
Anna Brown,	*His Servant.*
John Wilson,	*His College Chum.*
Sambo,	*Mr. Wilson's Colored Servant*
Mr. James Stewart,	*Mr. Holt's Uncle.*
Mrs. Sarah Stewart,	" " *Aunt.*
Jenny Stewart, / *Sophy Stewart,*	" " *Cousins.*
Rose Millington	*A Lady Friend of the Stewarts.*

SCENE I. *Mr. Horatio Holt is sitting in an easy chair with his feet on a foot-rest and a cigar in his mouth reading—A servant enters.*

Anna B. Here's a letter, Mr. Holt; the postman just brought it. (*Hands him the letter and goes out.*)

Horatio Holt. Confound the girl! I was just in the most interesting part of the story. Strange how absorbed one will get reading such improbable love-scenes! Love—bah! I don't believe in the article! In matrimony, as in everything else, people are actuated by motives of self-interest. I know several young ladies who would like, confoundedly well, to marry me; but they don't get the handling of my money—not if I know myself and I rather think I do. (*Opens his letter and reads aloud.*)

"*Cousin Horatio.* Our parents are to celebrate their silver wedding next Thursday, and we want you to be sure and be here. We have invited several friends whom you used to know, and we expect a very pleasant time. There is a very beautiful and accomplished young lady friend of ours who is coming—we are sure you will be pleased to make her acquaintance. Perhaps you may fall in love—who knows? Just think of it! A crusty old bachelor, like you, falling in love! Don't get angry at our little jokes, but you must surely come.

"Sincerely Your Cousins,
"JENNY and SOPHY STEWART.

"P. S. Father sends kind regards, and says that bankers here are paying one per cent. higher interest than the bankers with whom you deposit, so if you have any money to invest, he thinks you had better bring it here.

"Yours once more,
"JENNY and SOPHY."

(*He folds his letter deliberately, puts it in his pocket and, taking up his cigar, smokes a few whiffs, and then resumes his soliloquy.*) The immortal Homer hath asserted in his never-dying Iliad, that the best part of a woman's letter is the postscript. The famous old fellow is quite right. It is certainly very true in this case. Let me see, if I visit my excellent cousins and take with me ten thousand dollars, I shall get one per cent. more interest, which will be just one hundred dollars more per annum—worth saving, at any rate! I can stop on the way and visit my old college chum, John Wilson ;—as for the young lady they write about, she'll find that Horatio Holt has seen too many pretty girls to be so easily duped as they may think. Yes, I will go. I will pack my valise, draw my ten thousand from the bank, and take the next train.

SCENE II. *Mr. Wilson is seated in his library looking over some papers; a servant enters with a card.*

John Wilson. Ah, ha! My old college chum! Bring him up here, Sambo.

Sambo. Yis sah! (*Leaves the room and returns with Mr. Holt. Exit Sambo.*)

John W. Glad to see you, old boy. How do you do! (*They shake hands warmly.*)

H. H. First rate! How's yourself?

J. W. All right. (*They take seats.*) Do you know 'Ratio, I've been wondering why in the world you didn't visit me. You haven't

been here since my marriage. That isn't showing proper regard for our old-time intimacy. You've no profession to tie you to your office, no cares of a family,—nothing to do but to live on the interest of your money, to go when you please and come when you've a mind to;—what excuse can you find for this negligence?

H. H. It is, really, too bad, I know, John. I've been contemplating a visit here, for some time, but haven't got started till now.

J. W. You've never met Mrs. Wilson. I'm sorry she's not at home; you would like her, I know, I do.

H. H. Undoubtedly! I enjoy the society of intelligent ladies; and Mrs. Wilson must be one of that class, I am sure, or you would never have fancied her.

J. W. Most assuredly she is—a woman any man might be proud of! She has gone to the city to spend a week with her mother, so I'm keeping bachelor's hall. (*Rings for a servant. Sambo enters.*) Cigars and wine for two, Sambo.

Sambo. Yis sah! (*He leaves the room and returns with the order.*) Anything moah wanted, Massa Wilson?

J. W. Not at present, Sambo. (*Exit Sambo. Mr. Wilson passes the wine to Mr. Holt and takes a glass himself. They touch glasses.*) Here's health to your lordship and the wish that you may ere long exchange the monotony of a bachelor's life for the social enjoyment of double blessedness. (*They drain their glasses and refill them.*)

H. H. Thanks for your good wishes! Here's health to your majesty.—May you reach the top round of your profession and enjoy a long life of peace and prosperity.

(*They drink, and placing their glasses on the table, help themselves to cigars and resume their conversation.*)

J. W. This seems quite like old times, Chum. Are you as much of a reader as you used to be?

H. H. About after the old style, I guess. My happiest hours are spent in my library.

J. W. That's all well enough if not carried to excess; but these book-worms are liable to become misanthropical. Why don't you go into society more, marry some fine young lady and take more interest in the real world around you?

H. H. I don't know what answer to give you, John, concerning your well-meant solicitude, other than that given by the immortal bard when he replies "Not that I love Cæsar less, but that I love Rome more," I like the ladies measurably well, but I like my books better. The majority of young ladies are either vain and frivolous, mere puppets of fashion, or artful, plotting and mercenary—would marry any one who has money and good social position; and precious little do they care for the husband whom they have duped into matrimony.

J. W. They are not all so, 'Ratio. Marry one of the few exceptions.

H. H. Do you know, my dear vagabond, (*Knocking the ashes from his cigar.*) I really think I found one of those few exceptions to-day. It's a secret, John, and you must never breathe it to anyone. I sat in the train to-day by the side of the fairest, loveliest, most angelic being that was ever created without wings. I was completely charmed by her conversation and general ease of manner. I could hardly tear myself away when the train halted at the station and I was obliged to leave her. Do you believe in love at first sight?

J. W. Well, yes, there have been instances of that kind, I have no doubt—a feeling of congeniality—a sort of natural affinity so to speak—

H. H. Just so. It seemed as though I had known her before. Maybe it was in that state of preexistence—that glorious land where, it is said, all true matches are made.

J. W. I begin to have some hopes of you, Chum. You are really growing poetic. How did you let so radiant a vision vanish without seeking a mutual understanding then and there? It was, most certainly, a very unbusiness like transaction for so shrewd a man.

H. H. Oh, I could not muster courage. She would have misconstrued my zeal and regarded my outspoken frankness as bold impertinence. There is an overruling power which shapes our destiny; and if our match was prearranged in heaven, we shall sometime meet again.

J. W. It is well you can philosophize so coolly! People are wont to be more impetuous in affairs of the heart.

H. H. By the way, John, I wish you would keep an eye on my valise. There is an even ten

thousand dollars in it that I am going to take to the city. Are your servants trustworthy?

J. W. I don't know about that. Ten thousand dollars! (*Starting up.*) Why didn't you tell me of this before? Where *is* the valise?

H. H. In the hall, I suppose. Anyway, I gave it to the servant when I came in.

J. W. You are the most careless fellow I ever knew! (*Hurries from the room and returns with the valise.*) Is this it?

H. H. Yes.

J. W. You had better unlock it and see if your money is safe. (*Mr. Holt takes the key from his pocket, unlocks the valise and thrusts his hand therein.*)

H. H. Bless my soul! (*Withdrawing his hand in great consternation.*)

J. W. (*Excitedly.*) What is the matter?

H. H. Why, look here! I don't believe the valise is mine. (*Draws forth some crochet work and a nice sample of embroidery.*) The money is gone!

J. W. Sold! (*Springing to his feet.*) Outwitted by the angel you met on the train!

H. H. So it seems. I tell you women are as treacherous as cats. Well, the money is gone and I shall be obliged to look it up.

J. W. What can you do? What steps can you take to recover your money? Have you any clue to her whereabouts?

H. H. No clue at all, except that she had a ticket to the city. I must start forthwith so as to be in time for the train. I'll put the police on her track as soon as I reach the city. Ten thousand dollars is a little too much money to be swindled out of in that shape. (*Seizes the satchel and starts for the door.*) Good-bye, John, will call on my return.

J. W. Hold on a minute, 'Ratio. Don't get crazy! I'll take a day off and go with you.

SCENE III. *At Mr. Stewart's. The door bell rings and Jennie and Sophy rush to open the door. A young lady enters.*

Jenny. O, Rose Millington, you can't think how glad we are to see you. (*Kissing affectionately.*)

Sophy. Me, too, Rose! (*They kiss also.*) We began to fear you were not coming. The train is fully an hour behind time.

Rose. Is it as much as that? I knew we were late. The scenery is grand along this line. I enjoyed my trip ever so much!

Jenny. (*Helping Rose divest herself of her wraps.*) I am delighted to think we shall have a whole day to visit before the party. I've so much to say to you I don't know where to begin.

Rose. Say the first thing that happens to come into your mind and the rest will follow.

Sophy. Did you bring that embroidery you wrote about? Oh, I hope you did! I am almost dying to see it.

Rose. Well, then, you must certainly see it forthwith. It's in the valise and I will go and get it now. (*Sophy runs for the valise and placing it upon a chair, Rose takes her key and proceeds to open it.*) Oh, gracious me! (*Peering into the valise.*)

Sophy. What's the matter, Rose?

Rose. Why, this valise is not mine—at least, the contents are not. Just look here! (*She pulls out two silk handkerchiefs, a necktie, a pair of gentlemen's socks and a collar box.*) Why, girls, I don't understand it at all. I must have taken some one else's valise—Oh, I know! It belongs to your cousin Horatio. (*She laughs heartily.*)

Jenny. Belongs to Cousin Horatio! Why, Rose, what do you mean?

Rose. Your cousin, Horatio, came into the train and took a seat by me. I knew him instantly from the description you wrote; and such a flirtation as we carried on exceeds your most ardent imagination. He's just splendid! If he wasn't such an incorrigable old bachelor, I'd just set my cap for him. Don't you tell him though. I wouldn't have him know, for the world, how smitten I was with him. I suppose he took my valise and I took his. What a funny mistake! It is quite natural, for they are just alike and the key to one, fits the other.

Jenny. But where is Horatio now?

Rose. I am sure I don't know. He got out at the second station from the city.

Jenny. Stopped over to see his friend Wilson.

Sophy. Well, we can soon tell if this belongs to Horatio, for if it does, his name will be on some of the clothes. (*Opens his collar box and examines a collar.*) Yes, here it is—"Horatio Holt." Oh my! (*The three girls burst out laughing.*)

Sophy. I wonder if he brought any money along with him to put in the bank.

Jenny. Let's see! (*She plunges her hand into the valise and draws forth a package.*) Why, here is something. Just look here, girls. (*They undo it and find it contains money.*) Ten thousand dollars, the label says, I can't undertake to count it. What a monstrous sum and how careless he is! Now girls, if you will only do as I say, we'll have lots of fun. Did he know who you were, Rose?

Rose. I don't think he did. I didn't tell him, though he might have guessed.

Jenny. Well, that's good. We'll put the things back just as we found them. Your train was late and the afternoon express is nearly due. He will be in on that if he discovers his loss in time.

Sophy. (*Sitting by the window.*) Why, here he comes now!

Jenny. Rose, run into the dressing-room and take the valise along too. Don't come out until we call you. (*Exit Rose—door-bell rings. Jenny hurries to open the door.*) Why, Cousin Horatio, how do you do?

H. H. Do! (*Excitedly.*) I don't do—I'm done! From this time forth I will never again occupy a seat in a car beside a feminine fraud. Women are shams and humbugs! The whole world is as selfish as a hog!

Jenny. Why, Cousin, you appear to be excited! What is the matter?

H. H. Matter? Matter enough I should say to excite any one! I've been swindled out of ten thousand dollars just by being foolish enough to sit beside a woman on the train. I've exchanged valises with somebody—that's what's the matter!

Jenny. Why, Horatio, how you talk! Is it possible? Pray sit down and collect your thoughts. (*Offers him a seat.*)

H. H. Can't stop a moment. I'm going to find the chief of police and see if I can get my money back.

Jenny. You'll, probably, be obliged to offer a reward for its recovery.

H. H. I'll give a hundred dollars to any one who will return it safe and sound.

Jenny. Witness that, Sophy, he'll give a hundred dollars. Come, sit down Horatio. We are good detectives and we'll see what we can do for you.

H. H. No fooling, girls! Every minute's an hour! I want to hunt up the culprit before she leaves the city and have her brought to justice.

Jenny. Sophy, just tell that person in the other room to step in here a moment, perhaps she can aid us in this matter. (*She leaves the room and returns with Rose.*)

Sophy. Miss Millington, our cousin, Mr. Holt.

H. H. Bless my stars! (*Greatly surprised.*)

Rose. Oh dear me! (*With well-feigned astonishment.*)

Sophy. Why, what is the matter?

H. H. This—this is the lady who, I supposed, took my valise!

Rose. And this is the gentleman whom I met on the train.

Jenny. (*Bringing in the valise.*) Here's your baggage, Horatio, see if the money is safe.

H. H. Of course it is!

Jenny. And what about the prize?

H. H. You and Sophy shall have your hundred dollars. I'll be as good as my word.

Jenny. No; give it to Rose. She's the one who brought your baggage safely through after you had been so careless as to make the exchange.

H. H. Well, she shall have it then, since I did her the injustice to suppose she intentionally captured my property. Will you please accept the promised reward as a slight atonement for accusing you so wrongfully? (*Offering her the money.*)

Rose. Put up your money, Mr. Holt, and learn to be more careful next time. It is no wonder, under the circumstances, you should suspect me. The mistake is quite natural, however, for the satchels are just alike.

H. H. Well, all's well that ends well and this seems to have turned out better than I expected. But you must excuse me for a short time, ladies. I promised to meet Chum Wilson down town. He accompanied me to the city to help ferret out the thief. Ha! ha! ha! It is a comical affair any how! (*Leaves the stage.*)

Sophy. How excited he was, poor fellow! I could hardly keep from laughing him in the face.

Rose. I nearly choked myself stuffing my handkerchief into my mouth to keep from giggling right out.

Jenny. What do you think of *me*, girls?

Rose. You acted your part well. I never could have kept a sober face as long as you did.

Jenny. Well, now's a good time to look at that embroidery. (*Runs and brings in the satchel. Rose opens it and displays her fancy work.*)

Sophy. Oh! that is elegant! I must make one just like it.

Jenny. It is lovely! I must make one too.

Rose. You can get your materials when we go down town and you can finish them up while I am here.

Jenny. Won't that be nice?

Sophy. Why girls, here's a carriage and cousin Horatio is getting out. I wonder who that stylish looking couple is in the carriage. (*Enter H. Holt.*)

H. H. You see I wasn't gone long. Met Chum Wilson and his wife who were so worried about my mishap that they had started out to look me up. Chum says that since the culprit has been found, he is not willing to let her escape so easily, and he has, accordingly, commissioned me to invite her to take a ride with them and see the city. Will Miss Millington please favor us with her company?

Rose. I shall be delighted to do so, Mr. Holt, and will hurry on my wraps so as not to keep you waiting. (*Leaves the room.*)

Jenny. So you have repented so soon of your rash determination and are actually going to occupy a seat in a carriage beside a "feminine fraud?" What do you suppose Miss Millington thinks of a gentleman who could make such a speech as that?

H. H. Say no more about my foolish threats. I came very near losing my wits—that's a fact. Well, it was a funny episode!

Sophy. A very romantic coincidence, I should say.

Jenny. She *is* nice,—don't you think so, 'Ratio?

H. H. A very pleasant young lady!

Jenny. I never shall tell what highly complimentary things she said about a certain cousin of mine;—I promised I wouldn't and I'm not going to betray her confidence.

H. H. There now, Cos, you are just aching to tell me—how hard it is for a woman to keep a secret!

Jenny. No harder than for an old bachelor to keep from falling in love when the right one comes along.

Sophy. And she *has* come, it seems, Horatio.

H. H. Pshaw! girls, stop joking. I'm young and bashful, you know. Where are Uncle and Aunt Stewart?

Sophy. They have gone down town to do some shopping—will be home by the time you return. (*Enter Rose.*)

Rose. I am ready, Mr. Holt, if you are.

H. H. By-by, girls! Don't look for us till we come. (*Rose and Mr. Holt leave the stage.*)

Sophy. What a splendid match they would make!

Jenny. How funny it would be if such a thing should happen! Wouldn't we have a good joke on him!

SCENE IV. *Mr. Stewart is holding his evening paper. Mrs. Stewart has her mending basket. The girls, Sophy and Jenny, are crocheting.*

Mrs. Stewart. What can detain them so long? It must be they are going to dine with the Wilsons.

Mr. Stewart. I wish I could have seen him when he came to-day. He likes money so well he must have been somewhat excited at the prospect of losing a cool ten thousand.

Jenny. Excited!—well, I should say so! It was just too funny for anything!

Sophy. You should have seen him when Rose made her appearance—he turned all sorts of colors. I do believe he is completely smitten. They occupied a seat together all the way, until he dropped off at Smithville; so they feel pretty well acquainted. He never once mistrusted who she was, but she knew him from the description we had given her.

Mrs. S. I hope the impression may be mutual; for Rose don't have things any too pleasant at home since her father's second marriage.

Jenny. Auntie Holt needs just such a daughter as Rose would make. It would be just too lovely for anything!

Mr. S. I don't believe Horatio Holt will ever marry any one, so don't go into ecstacies over your own imaginations. He is polite and attentive to all ladies, as any gentleman *should* be.

Sophy. We shall see what we *shall* see if we wait long enough.

Jenny. (*Looking out the window.*) Yes, and we shall see *them* in a moment, for here they come!

Sophy. (*Meets them at the door.*) Here come the truants! We thought you had surely eloped, you've been gone so long.

H. H. Not quite so bad as that! Mr. and Mrs. Wilson insisted on our dining with them and we could not well refuse.

Mrs. S. (*Shaking hands with Rose.*) I didn't know as we were ever going to see you, Horatio spirited you away so unceremoniously. (*Shaking hands with Horatio.*) How do you do, 'Ratio, I've a mind to be provoked at your staying so long.

H. H. You can't stay provoked, Auntie, if you try; so you'd better not make the attempt.

Mr. S. (*Shaking hands first with Rose and then Horatio.*) So you caught the culprit—did you?

H. H. Yes, and imprisoned her for life.

Mrs. S. What do you mean? You are not married?

H. H. No; but the next thing to it;—we are engaged.

Jenny. Engaged!

Sophy. Engaged!

H. H. Yes, engaged! Who has a better right?

Sophy. Horatio Holt, you are the queerest specimen of humanity I ever saw!

H. H. What is there queer about that? Didn't you and Jenny deliberately plan this very catastrophe?

Mrs. S. It is all right, Horatio. Nothing could have pleased us all better.

Sophy. Yes, but it is so sudden!

H. H. So are a great many things which turn out well. A long courtship is a big humbug. See! here is the promised reward for the return of my money! (*Taking Rose's hand and displaying a diamond engagement-ring.*)

Mr. S. Love, like the measles, comes but once in a life-time, and the older you get the harder you have it.

H. H. Ha! ha! ha! I guess you are right, Uncle.

Jenny. It is a sudden attack, 'Ratio, you never had the first symptoms of it before. (*Shaking Rose playfully.*) You feminine fraud! You confidence woman! What do you mean by stealing our staid old bachelor cousin? I'll set the police on your track—see if I don't!

Rose. Not quite so rash Jenny! Forgive me this time, I'll never do so again.

H. H. I'm a novice in such matters, but I believe congratulations are in order.

Mr. S. Certainly, my boy. (*Taking them both by the hand.*) In behalf of myself and the whole household we offer you our warmest congratulations and best wishes for your future happiness and prosperity.

Sophy. Since you believe in going with a rush I have a plan to expedite matters. Why can't we celebrate to-morrow's anniversary by a double wedding?

H. H. Good! What say, Rose?

Rose. I've no dress suitable for such an occasion.

Jenny. Yes you have, too, Rose. That new party dress will be just the thing!

Sophy. We can go out in the morning and purchase the veil, flowers, and other fixings, you know.

Mrs. S. Yes, Rose, that will be nice; and then, as our wedding day will be the same, we can celebrate it every year together.

H. H. This arrangement would please me exceedingly, but I must leave it to Rose to decide.

Jenny. You can get ready—can't you, Rose?

Rose. Yes, I guess so.

Mrs. S. It is late; and we must be up early to complete our arrangements for to-morrow.

H. H. (*Turning to the audience.*) Will see you later. Good night!

SCENE V. *Tableau—A Double Wedding.*

MUSIC.

COLLOQUY.

THE NEW GIRL.

DRAMATIZED BY MISS A. O. BRIGGS.

For two ladies and two gentlemen.

Characters.

Mr. Meredith, *Mr. Selwyn,*
Mrs. Meredith, *Pattie.*

SCENE I. *Mr. Meredith is dressed in business costume, ready for his morning walk down town to his office.*

Mrs. Meredith. Now, Charlie, you'll be sure to remember?

Mr. Meredith. To remember what? (*He looks bewildered as if trying to recall something which has escaped his memory. Mrs. Meredith drops her hands despairingly at her sides*).

Mrs. M. Charles! you don't mean to say that you have forgotten already?

Mr. M. My dear, (*Fumbling in his pocket for his gloves.*) I have not forgotten, but I don't exactly remember.

Mrs. M. The oysters.

Mr. M. Oh, yes; the oysters.

Mrs. M. And the two ounces of double zephyr.

Mr. M. Exactly.

Mrs. M. And the depot hack to be waiting at 2 o'clock for your cousin from Philadelphia.

Mr. M. (*Slapping his hands on the table in surprise.*) She *is* coming to-day, I declare to goodness!

Mrs. M. And a dozen Havana oranges for desert, and two pounds of white grapes, and some of those delicious little Naples biscuit—oh, and let them send up a girl from St. Clair's.

Mr. M. A—which?

Mrs. M. A girl, you goose, for general housework. Phebe went home this morning with the face ache, and I can't be left alone, with company coming and all. Mind, she's a good cook and understands waiting at table.

Mr. M. Yes, yes, my dear, just so, but I must be off, for I expect a client will be waiting for me. (*Hurries off the stage.*)

Mrs. M. (*Clasping both hands over her head in a sort of tragic despair.*) Dear me! I do hope he will remember, but he is *so* forgetful! I wonder if all men are as heedless about doing errands as he is. Well, I must go and see how brother Tom is getting along in the kitchen.

SCENE II.—*The Kitchen. Mr. Selwyn is on his hands and knees in front of a range, trying to coax a most unwilling fire to burn. He rises as his sister enters.*

Mr. Selwyn. Well, Kate, I guess that fire will go after a while, but it seems to have got a contrary streak this morning.

Mrs. M. Tom, (*Anxiously.*) Can you make a lobster salad?

Mr. S. Like a book.

Mrs. M. And coffee?

Mr. S. I learned in Paris.

Mrs. M. Good! And I can make buttermilk biscuit—and between us we can get up a decent lunch for a young lady from Philadelphia. As for dinner——

Mr. S. Well?

Mrs. M. Providence must provide.

Mr. S. There's an old chintz-colored rooster in the barn-yard. If I could catch him I'd have a chicken stew.

Mrs. M. Did you ever make a chicken stew, Tom?

Mr. S. No.

Mrs. M. Then you don't know what you are talking about.

Mr. S. Yes I do, too. Onions, potatoes, celery, pearl barley, with a pinch of salt——

Mrs. M. (*Impatiently.*) Nonsense? Go pick that lobster out of its shell and leave off romancing. You are a deal better at poetry and newspaper sketches than you are in the kitchen; though, to be sure, goodness knows what I should do without you just in this particular emergency, dear old book-worm! (*Door-bell rings.*) There goes the bell! How I do look! I hope it is no fastidious caller.

Mr. S. Perhaps it is the new girl, Kate, I wouldn't go into hysterics. Take things a little more coolly just as that fire is doing.

Mrs. M. Well, I must answer the bell, I suppose, I hope it *is* the girl. (*Leaves the room, opens the door and the following conversation goes on behind the screen.*)

Pattie. Does Mr. Meredith live here?

Mrs. M. He does. Come in! I am so glad you are punctual, my good girl! From St. Claire's Intelligence Bureau, I suppose. No, don't take off your things up here; the servant's room is down stairs; you may as well come down to the kitchen. (*Mrs. Meredith leads the way followed by a young woman neatly though plainly dressed, whose countenance bears a rather bewildered expression.*) What is your name? (*Patronizingly.*)

Pattie. My name! Oh, it is Martha. (*Somewhat confused.*)

Mrs. M. Martha? What an ugly name! I think I shall call you Pattie. Have you good references?

Pattie. I—I believe so, ma'am.

Mrs. M. I think, (*Surveying her from head to foot,*) you are a little overdressed for your

situation; but, of course, you have plainer clothes when your trunk comes?

Pattie. Oh, yes ma'am. These are my Sunday-go-to-meeting clothes; but I guess I shall not soil them.

Mrs. M. (*Handing her a domestic apron.*) Here, take this to keep your dress clean.

Pattie. Thanks, ma'am. Do you keep a man cook? (*Glancing at Mr. Selwyn who is busy wrestling with his lobster.*)

Mrs. M. (*Somewhat disdainfully.*) Certainly not! This is my brother, Mr. Selwyn, who is kindly assisting me to make a salad. I expect *you* to do the cooking. Do you understand getting up nice dishes?

Pattie. Yes, I can do everything in that line. But the gentleman isn't doing that right. He will never get the meat out of the shell in that way. Let me show you, Mr. Selwyn. (*She soon has it ready for the salad, while Mrs. M. and Mr. S. stand by watching the process.*)

Mr. S. Bravo! There is nothing like knowing how, after all!

Mrs. M. And now, Pattie, I will show you where things are, and leave you to get up as nice a lunch as you can; for at 2.30 o'clock we are expecting my husband's cousin from Philadelphia. I want everything in perfect order. (*Taking her into the pantry they talk loud enough to be heard outside.*) I keep the flour in this bin. Here is the sugar in these boxes labeled Confectionery A, Granulated, Cut Sugar and Light Brown. Here are raisins, citron, currants and other preserved fruits, and here are the spices and flavoring extracts. Butter you will find in the refrigerator, and eggs in this pail.

Pattie. Thanks, Mrs. Meredith, I guess I shall have no trouble in finding everything I need. (*They return to the kitchen.*)

Mrs. M. I will go into the dining-room and arrange the table, so as to be sure and have everything ready in time. And Tom, I guess you can be excused now from longer service in the kitchen.

Mr. S. I will finish this salad, now that I have commenced it. But you need not look perturbed, Pattie, if that is your name. I will be careful not to get in your way. And you ask my sister if I am not a handy sort of a fellow around the kitchen. (*Mrs. M. shakes her head and rolls up her eyes at him, but he affects not to perceive her warning gestures.*)

SCENE III. *The Dining-room.* (*Mrs. M. setting the table. Her brother enters.*)

Mr. S. Kate, that new girl is a jewel; a gem of the first water. Depend upon it, she has not always worked in a kitchen. I quoted Shakespeare, apropos of something or other, and she recognized the grand old words at once—her eyes brightened, and you should have seen the color come into her cheeks!

Mrs. M. Quoted Shakespeare to a common kitchen girl! (*In amazement.*)

Mr. S. But I told you she is not a common kitchen girl.

Mrs. M. (*Disdainfully.*) I don't believe in high life below stairs!

Mr. S. (*Consulting his watch.*) Why Kate, that train must have come in half an hour ago—it is 2:38 by my watch—time your Philadelphia friend was here if she is coming.

Mrs. M. How provoking! Miss Meredith must have missed some connecting train. How vexed Charlie will be! But I dont so much mind company coming at any time now! I have such an excellent girl.

Mr. M. Here comes Charlie now, puffing and blowing from his haste to get home in time for lunch.

Mrs. M. Sure enough!

Mr. M. (*Enters.*) Where is she?

Mrs. M. Where is who?

Mr. M. My cousin from Philadelphia?

Mrs. M. Not come.

Mr. M. No! (*Draws a sigh of mingled relief and regret.*) Then it is not so unlucky after all.

Mrs. M. What is not so very unlucky? My dear Charles, you are expressing yourself altogether in a riddle.

Mr. M. That I forgot the oysters, and the zephyr wool, and the servant girl.

Mrs. M. Forgot?

Mr. M. Yes—forgot! Isn't that plain English?

Mrs. M. But you did not forget. You sent her. She is here now in the kitchen.

Mr. M. (*Greatly surprised.*) I have sent no one. Never thought of the girl from that moment to this, I give you my word and honor.

Mrs. M. Then who *did* send her?

Mr. M. Ring the bell. Let us have her up here. Who knows but she is one of those confidence women, with an eye to the forks and spoons! (*He jerks the bell with energy. In a moment the new girl comes up courtesying.*)

Mr. M. (*In amazement.*) Why, it is Martha Meredith. It is my cousin from Philadelphia. (*Shakes hands with her warmly.*)

Mr. S. (*In a stage whisper.*) I wish she was my cousin from Philadelphia. Didn't I tell you, Kate, she was no common kitchen girl?

Mrs. M. Oh, good gracious! (*Clasping her hands nervously.*)—and I took her for a cook!

Pattie. And I *am* cook when occasion requires, Cousin Kate. Don't be vexed at me for humoring the joke; indeed I couldn't help it. I will show you how to make some nice new dishes to-morrow.

Mrs. M. Indeed, you shall do no such thing! We will ride down town this afternoon and get a girl. I'll never trust Charlie again to do any important errands—he is so forgetful!

Mr. M. I will own up this time—I don't see how I could have forgotten it.

Pattie. Don't, I pray you, my good cousin, worry over the matter; had you sent the girl, you would have spoiled our little joke, and I, for one, have enjoyed it exceedingly.

Mr. S. And I, too, for it proves to Kate my superior powers of discernment.

Mr. M. Well, it *is* a joke, that's a fact. And now, Cousin Martha, if you haven't prepared sufficient food to appease our hearty appetites I will leave it to brother Tom to kiss the cook. I believe that is always allowable when the lunch is scrimped.

A DRUNKARD.

A DRUNKARD is a moral light-house, serving as a warning to the young to avoid the wreck of all that can bless humanity, or endear one to those around him. He is a constant illustration of the tremendous power of the appetite, and of its degrading influence, when the intellectual nature and the moral sentiments are brought under the tyrannical control of the lower propensities. When the man, with a mind capable of unlimited development, and a soul of vast capabilities and noble aspirations—the noblest specimen of the handiwork of the Creator—is made an abject slave, thrust down from his high possibilities to a situation far below the brute—transformed from an immortal being in the image of his Maker, into a fallen spirit, a demon, a fit inhabitant of regions of darkness and despair—how utter is the ruin!—how great the condemnation!

A LEGEND.

THERE has come to my heart a legend,
A thing I had half forgot,
And whether I read it or dreamed it,
Ah, well, it matters not.

It is said that in heaven at twilight,
A great bell softly swings,
And man may listen and harken
To the wonderful music that rings.

If he puts from his heart's inner chamber
All the passion, pain, and strife,
Heartache and weary longing,
That throb in the pulses of life—

If he thrust from his soul all hatred,
All thoughts of wicked things,
He can hear, in the holy twilight,
How the bell of the angels rings.

And I think there is in this legend,
If we open our eyes to see,
Somewhat of an inner meaning,
My friend, to you and to me.

Let us look to our hearts and question;
Can pure thoughts enter in
To a soul if it be already
The dwelling of thoughts of sin?

So, then, let us ponder a little;
Let us look in our hearts and see
If the twilight-bell of the angels
Could ring for us,—you and me.

CHARLIE MACHREE.

BY WILLIAM HOPPIN.

COME over, come over the river to me,
If ye are my laddie, bold Charlie Machree!
Here's Mary McPherson and Susy O'Linn,
Who say ye're faint-hearted, and dare not plunge in.

But the dark rolling river, though deep as the sea,
I know cannot scare you, nor keep you from me;
For stout is your back and strong is your arm,
And the heart in your bosom is faithful and warm.

Come over, come over the river to me,
If ye my laddie, bold Charlie Machree.
I see him, I see him. He's plunged in the tide
His strong arms are dashing the big waves aside,—
Oh! the dark, rolling water shoots swift as the sea,
But blithe is the glance of his bonny blue e'e;
His cheeks are like roses, twa buds on a bough;—
Who says ye're faint-hearted, my brave laddie, now?

Ho, ho, foaming river, ye may roar as ye go,
But ye cannot bear Charlie to the dark lock below!
Come over, come over the river to me,
My true-hearted laddie, *my* Charlie Machree!
He's sinking, he's sinking!—Oh, what shall I do!
Strike out, Charlie, boldly, ten strokes and ye're thro,
He's sinking, O, Heavens!—Ne'er fear man, ne'er fear;
I've a kiss for ye, Charlie, as soon as ye're here!

He rises, I see him,—five strokes, Charlie, mair,
He's shaking the wet from his bonny brown hair:
He, conquers the current, he gains on the sea.—
Ho, where is the swimmer like Charlie Machree?
Come over, Come over the river to me,
And I'll love ye forever, dear Charlie Machree.
He's sinking, he's gone, O, God, it is I,
It is I who have killed him!—help! help!—he must die.

Help! help!—ah, he rises!—strike out and ye're free.
Ho, bravely done, Charlie, once more now, for me!
Now cling to the rock, now gieve us your hand,—
Ye're safe, dearest Charlie, safe on the land!
Come rest on my bosom, if there ye can sleep;
I canna speak to ye:—I only can weep.
Ye've crossed the wild river, ye've risked all for me.
And I'll part frae ye never, dear Charlie Machree!

THE CANAL-BOAT.

BY MRS. H. B. STOWE.

Of all the ways of traveling which obtain among our locomotive nation, this staid vehicle, the canal-boat, is the most absolutely prosaic and inglorious. One sees all there is in the case,—a horse, a rope, and a muddy strip of water,—and that is all.

Did you ever try it? If not, take an imaginary trip with us, just for experiment. "There's the boat," exclaims a passenger in the omnibus, as we are rolling down from the Pittsburg Mansion House to the canal.

"Where?" exclaim a dozen voices, and forthwith a dozen heads go out of the window.

"Why, down there, under that bridge; don't you see those lights?"

"What, that little thing!" exclaims an experienced traveler; "dear me! we can't half of us get into it!"

"We! indeed," says an old hand in the business, "I think you'll find it holds us and a dozen loads like us."

"Impossible!" say some.

"You'll see," say the initiated; and, as soon as you get out, you *do* see, and hear, too, what seems like a general breaking loose from the Tower of Babel, amid a perfect hailstorm of trunks, boxes, valises, carpet-bags, and every describable and indescribable form of what a Westerner calls "plunder."

"That's my trunk!" barks out a big, round man.

"That's my bandbox!" screams a heart-stricken old lady, in terror for her immaculate Sunday caps.

"Where's my little red box? I had two carpet-bags and a—" "My trunk had a scarle—" "Halloo! where are you going with my portmanteau?"—"Husband! husband! do see after the large basket and the little hair trunk—Oh, and the baby's little chair!"

"Go below, for mercy's sake, my dear! I'll see to the baggage."

"Mercy on us!" says one, after surveying the little room, about ten feet long and six high, "where are we all to sleep to-night?"

"Oh me! what a sight of children!" says a young lady in a despairing tone.

"Poh!" says an initiated traveler; "children! scarce any here. Let's see: one; the woman in the corner, two; that child with the bread and butter, three; and there's that other woman with two. Really, it's quite moderate for a canal-boat. We can't tell, however, till they have all come."

"All! for mercy's sake, you don't say there

are any more coming!" exclaim two or three in a breath; "they *can't* come, *there is not room!*"

Notwithstanding the impressive utterance of this sentence, the contrary is immediately demonstrated by the appearance of a very corpulent, elderly lady, with three well-grown daughters, who come down, looking about them most complacently, entirely regardless of the unchristian looks of the company. What a mercy it is that fat people are always good-natured!

After this follows an indiscriminate raining down of all shapes, sizes, sexes, and ages,—men, women, children, babies, and nurses. The state of feeling becomes perfectly desperate. Darkness gathers on all faces.

"We shall be smothered! we shall be crowded to death! we *can't stay* here!" are faintly heard from one and another; and yet, though the boat grows no wider, the walls no higher, they *do* live, and *do* stay there, in spite of repeated protestations to the contrary. Truly, as Sam Slick says, "there's a *sight of wear* in human natur."

But, meanwhile, the children grow sleepy, and divers interesting little duets and trios arise from one part or another of the cabin.

"Hush, Johnny! be a good boy," says a pale, slender mamma to a great bustling, white-headed phenomenon, who is kicking very much at large in her lap.

"I won't be a good boy, neither," responds Johnny, with interesting explicitness; "I want to go to bed, and so-o-o-o!" and Johnny makes up a mouth as big as a teacup, and roars with good courage, and his mamma asks him if "he ever saw his pa do so?" and tells him that "he is mamma's dear, good, little boy, and must not make a noise," with various other observations of the kind, which are so strikingly efficacious in such cases. Meanwhile, the domestic concert, in other quarters, proceeds with vigor.

"Mamma, I'm tired!" bawls a child.

"Where's the baby's nightgown?" calls a nurse.

"Do take Peter up in your lap and keep him still."

"Pray get some biscuits and stop their mouths."

Sundry babies strike in "con spirito" as the music-books have it, and execute various flourishes; the disconsolate mothers sigh, and look as if all was over with them; and the young ladies appear extremely disgusted, and wonder "what business women have to be traveling 'round with babies."

"What, sleep up there! *I* won't sleep on one of those top shelves, *I* know. The cords will certainly break."

The chambermaid here takes up the conversation, and solemnly assures them that such an accident is not to be thought of at all, that it is a natural impossibility,—a thing that could not happen without an actual miracle; and since it becomes increasingly evident that thirty ladies cannot all sleep on the lowest shelf, there is some effort made to exercise faith in the doctrine; nevertheless, all look on their neighbors with fear and trembling; and when the stout lady talks of taking a shelf, she is most solemnly pressed to change places with her alarmed neighbor below. Points of location being after a while adjusted, then comes the last struggle. Everybody wants to take off a bonnet, or look for a shawl, to find a cloak or get a carpet-bag, and all set about it with such zeal that nothing can be done.

"Ma'am, you're on my foot!" says one.

"Will you please to move, ma'am?" says somebody who is gasping and struggling behind you.

"Move!" you echo. "Indeed, I should be very glad to, but I don't see much prospect of it."

"Chambermaid!" calls a lady who is struggling among a heap of carpet-bags and children at one end of the cabin.

"Ma'am!" echoes the poor chambermaid, who is wedged fast, in a similar situation, at the other.

"Where's my cloak, chambermaid?"

"I'd find it, ma'am, if I could move."

"Chambermaid, my basket!"

"Chambermaid, my parasol!"

"Chambermaid, my carpet-bag!"

"Mamma, they push me so!"

"Hush, child; crawl under there and lie still till I can undress you."

At last, however, the various distresses are over, the babies sink to sleep, and even that much-enduring being, the chambermaid, seeks out some corner for repose. Tired and drowsy, you are just sinking into a doze, when bang! goes the boat against the sides of a lock; ropes

scrape, men run and shout, and up fly the heads of the top shelfties, who are generally, the more juvenile and airy part of the company.

"What's that! What's that?" flies from mouth to mouth, and forthwith they proceed to awaken their respective relations. "Mother! Aunt Hannah! do wake up; what is this awful noise?"

"O, only a lock! Pray be still!" groan out the sleepy members from below.

"A lock!" exclaim the vivacious creatures, ever on the alert for information; "and what *is* a lock, pray?"

"Don't you know what a lock is, you silly creatures? Do lie down and go to sleep."

"But say, there ain't any *danger* in a lock, is there?" respond the querists.

"Danger!" exclaims a deaf old lady, poking up her head. "What's the matter? There hain't nothin' burst, has there?"

"No, no, no!" exclaim the provoked and despairing opposition party, who find that there is no such thing as going to sleep till they have made the old lady below and the young ladies above understand exactly the philosophy of the lock. After awhile the conversation again subsides; again all is still; you hear only the trampling of horses and the rippling of the rope in the water, and sleep again is stealing over you. You doze, you dream, and all of a sudden you are startled by a cry,——

"Chambermaid! wake up the lady that wants to be set ashore."

Up jumps the chambermaid, and up jumps the lady and two children, and forthwith form a committee of inquiry as to ways and means.

"Where's my bonnet?" says the lady, half awake, and fumbling among the various articles of that name.

"I thought I hung it up behind the door."

"Can't you find it?" says the poor chambermaid, yawning and rubbing her eyes.

"O, yes, here it is," says the lady; and then the cloak, the shawl, the gloves, the shoes, receive each a separate discussion. At last all seems ready, and they begin to move off, when lo! Peter's cap is missing. "Now where can it be?" soliloquizes the lady. "I put it right here by the table leg; may be it got into some of the berths."

At this suggestion, the chambermaid takes the candle and goes 'round deliberately to every berth, poking the light directly in the face of every sleeper.

"Here it is," she exclaims, pulling at something black under one pillow.

"No, indeed, those are my shoes," says the vexed sleeper.

"Maybe it's here," she resumes, darting at something dark in another berth.

"No, that's my bag," responds the occupant.

The chambermaid then proceeds to turn over all the children on the floor to see if it is not under them. In the course of which process they are most agreeably waked up and enlivened; and when everybody is broad awake, and most uncharitably wishing the cap, and Peter, too, at the bottom of the canal, the good lady exclaims, "Well, if this isn't lucky!—here I had it safe in my basket all the time!"

And she departs amid the—what shall I say?—execrations?—of the whole company, ladies though they be.

At last, however, voice after voice drops off; you fall into a most refreshing slumber, it seems to you that you sleep about a quarter of an hour, when the chambermaid pulls you by the sleeve:—"Will you please to get up, ma'am? We want to make up the beds."

You start and stare. Sure enough, the night is gone. So much for *sleeping* on board canal-boats.

Let us not enumerate the manifold perplexities of the morning toilet in a place where every lady realizes most forcibly the condition of the old lady who lived under a broom: "All she wanted was elbow room." Let us not tell how one glass is made to answer for thirty fair faces, one ewer and vase, for thirty lavations, and—tell it not in Gath!—one towel for a company, nor recite the exclamations after runaway property that are heard.

"I can't find nothin' of Johnny's shoe!"

"Here's a shoe in the water-pitcher,—is this it?"

"My side-combs are gone!" exclaims a nymph with disheveled curls.

"Massy! do look at my bonnet! exclaims an old lady, elevating an article crushed into as many angles as there are pieces in a mince-pie.

"I never did sleep so much together in my life," echoes a poor little French lady, whom pair has driven into talking English. But

we must not prolong our catalogue of distresses beyond reasonable bounds, and therefore we will close with advising all our friends, who intend to try this way of traveling for *pleasure*, to take a good stock of patience and clean towels with them, for we think they will find abundant need for both.

THE RIVER STYX.

"WE'RE all born free an' equal," is a pretty little speech,
An' quite a warmin' sentiment for socialists to preach;
But be it false or be it true—however it may be—
It don't take long afore we lose that born equality,
For some 'er rich and some 'er poor, some coarse an' some ar' fine
An' custom forces us, you know, to draw the social line;
But there's a time when poverty an' wealth 'll hev' to mix—
There ain't no graded ferry-boats upon the River Styx.

The Emperor of Russia with an iron rod controls
The earthly destiny of full a hundred million souls;
For many thousan' miles aroun' his power is complete
An' rich an' poor, at his command, must worship at his feet.
An' when his majesty desires to see a foreign land
A special train, or man of war, is ever at his hand;
But all his wealth an' influence an' diplomatic tricks
Won't put a special ferry-boat upon the River Styx.

Most anyone that's ever been away upon a trip
Will know how quick a porter moves if he can get a "tip."
He'll scrape aroun' an' bow an' smile, an' somehow when he's done,
Your sleepin' berth is some'at better than is the av'rage run.
But there's this consolation to the countless millions who
Can never feel but only see the wonders wealth'll do;
Ther' ain't no weak officials that a piece of gold'll fix,
A-workin' on the ferryboat that runs across the Styx.

Most ev'ry one has got a greed for money more er less—
A dollar allus had its weight—an' allus will, I guess;
It's pretty late to try to change the character of men—
So things must be unequal here as they hev' allus been,
But there's a power that is bound to level everything
An' place a ragged beggar on an equal with a king,
An' there's a time when poverty an' wealth'll hev' to mix
An' that's upon the ferryboat that runs across the Styx.

THE SOLDIER'S PARDON.

BY JAMES SMITH.

WILD blew the gale in Gibralter one night,
As a soldier lay stretched in his cell;
And anon, 'mid the darkness, the moon's silver light
On his countenance dreamily fell.
Naught could she reveal, but a man true as steel
That oft for his country had bled;
And the glance of his eye might the grim king defy
For despair, fear, and trembling had fled.

But in rage he had struck a well-merited blow,
At a tyrant who held him in scorn;
And his fate soon was sealed, for alas! honest Joe
Was to die on the following morn.
Oh! sad was the thought to a man that had fought
'Mid the ranks of the gallant and brave,
To be shot through the breast at a coward's behest,
And laid low in a criminal's grave!

The night call had sounded, when Joe was aroused
By a step at the door of his cell;
'Twas a comrade with whom he had often caroused,
That now entered to bid him farewell.

"Ah! Tom, is it you come to bid me adieu?
'Tis kind, my lad; give me your hand!
Nay,—nay,—don't get wild, man, and make me a child!—
I'll be soon in a happier land."

With hands clasped in silence, Tom mournfully said,
"Have you any request, Joe, to make?—
Remember by me 'twill be fully obeyed:
Can I anything do for your sake?"
"When it's over to-morrow," he said, filled with sorrow,
"Send this token to her whom I've sworn
All my fond love to share!"—'Twas a lock of his hair,
And a prayer-book, all faded and worn.

"Here's this watch for my mother; and when you write home,"—
And he dashed a bright tear from his eye—
"Say I died with my heart in old Devonshire, Tom,
Like a man and a soldier!—Good-by!"
Then the sergeant on guard at the grating appeared,
And poor Tom had to leave the cold cell,
By the moon's glim'ring light, with a husky "Good-night!
God be with you, dear comrade,—farewell!"

Gray dawned the morn in a dull, cloudy sky
When the blast of a bugle resounded,
And Joe, ever fearless, went forward to die,
By the hearts of true heroes surrounded.
"Shoulder arms!" was the cry as the prisoner passed by;
"To the right about—march!" was the word;
And their pale faces proved how their comrade was loved,
And by all his brave regiment adored.

Right onward they marched to the dread field of doom;
Sternly silent they covered the ground;
Then they formed into line amid sadness and gloom,
While the prisoner looked calmly around.
Then soft on the air rose the accents of prayer
And faint tolled the solemn death-bell,
As he knelt on the sand, and with uplifted hand,
Waved the long and the lasting farewell.

"Make ready!" exclaimed an imperious voice;
"Present!"—struck a chill on each mind;
Ere the last word was spoke, Joe had cause to rejoice,
For "Hold!—Hold!" cried a voice from behind.
Then wild was the joy of them all, man and boy,
As a horseman cried, "Mercy!—Forbear!"
With a thrilling "Hurrah!—a free pardon!—'Huzzah!"
And the muskets rang loud in the air.

Soon the comrades were locked in each other's embrace;
No more stood the brave soldiers dumb:
With a loud cheer, they wheeled to the right-about-face,
Then away at the sound of the drum!
And a brighter day dawned in sweet Devon's fair land,
Where the lovers met never to part;
And he gave her a token—true, warm, and unbroken—
The gift of his own gallant heart.

THAT SEWING MACHINE.

"WHAT is the day of a woman worth,
And what its pleasures on this dull earth?
'Tis work in the morning, work at noon,
No song has life, and never a tune.
I don't complain of my daily task;
It's light as ever a one could ask.
To cook the food that my loved ones eat;
To keep my household appearing neat;
To wash my husband's hickory shirt;
To keep the warfare up on dirt;
To scold my daughters and cuff my boys;—
These are the model housewife's joys.
But there is one thing that I can't go,
That's making God's footstool a vale of woe;
And that's the eternal needle and thread—
Ever a working and never ahead;
While Mrs. Green, just over the way,
Plays the piano a half of the day.
How does she do it? I needn't tell,
All of the neighbors know it well.
When I am stitching away, most dead,
Beeswax and thimble, needle and thread,
Doing the fastest that's in my power,
But not progressing a yard an hour,
She'll make a dress up for a queen,
In half the time, on her sewing-machine;

Then ding the piano the rest of the day
Or out in the dooryard play croquet.
I sometimes wish I had married Green,
Just for the privilege of that machine."
So sang the wife of Farmer Jones,
In mournful cadence and dolorous tones,
As she bent o'er her sewing one afternoon
While the birds were trilling the songs of June.
The farmer, unseen, was standing near
And the woman's plaint fell on his ear.
He turned away at the closing word
And she never knew that her song was heard.
But Farmer Jones heard an inward voice;—
"Jones, does your wife regret her choice?"
For Josiah Green had been her beau
In the days of their courting long ago.
The granger felt a secret pain,
As he seemed to be living those days again.
Then a happy notion his thought beguiled,
Which the more he pondered the more he smiled.
Next time the sewing circle met,
Jones left his wife at the parson's gate,
Then hurried away toward the town,
At a speed that startled the looker-on.
But when the afternoon was o'er
His team stood there by the parson's door.
As he handed his wife up to her seat,
He thought she had never looked so sweet
And somehow or other she saw in him,
Riding along in the twilight dim,
The gallant young man, half bold, half shy,
Who won her heart in the days gone by.
When the morning meal was done next day,
And Jones, the farmer, had gone away
To his work in the meadow making hay,
His wife with dusting pan and broom
Went to battle with dirt in the sitting-room.
But scarce had the good wife passed the door,
And begun operations on the floor,
When standing next to the further wall,
Mahogany cabinet, cover and all;—
The morning light brought to her eyes
The outlines of her longed-for prize.
She stood for a moment with hands upraised,
Then softly whispered, "God be praised!"
Then close to the magical thing she crept,
And bowed her head on its top and wept.
She wept and lamented in bitter tones
That she ever regretted wedding Jones.
She loves her husband more and more,
Is happier than ever she was before,
And vows on the lid of her new machine
That she would'nt give Jones for ten like Green.

George E. Macdonald.

GREENBACKS.

The following was written across the back of one of those bills:

GREEN be thy back upon thee,
Thou pledge of happier days,
When bloody-handed treason
No more its head shall raise;
But still from Maine to Texas
The stars and stripes shall wave
O'er the hearts and homes of freemen,
Nor mock one fettered slave.

Pledge—of the people's credit
To carry on the war
By furnishing the sinews
In a currency at par;
With cash enough left over
When they've cancelled every note
To buy half the thrones of Europe
With the crowns tossed in to boot.

Pledge—to our buried fathers
That sons of patriot sires
On Freedom's sacred altars
Relight their glorious fires—
That fortune, life, and honor
To our country's cause we give;
Fortune and life may perish,
But the government shall live.

Pledge—to our unborn children
That, free from blot or stain,
The flag, hauled down at Sumter,
Shall yet float free again;
And, cleansed from foul dishonor,
And re-baptized in blood,
Wave o'er the land forever,
To Freedom and to God!

THE DYING SOLDIER.

IT was the evening after a great battle. All day long the din of strife had echoed far, and thickly strewn lay the shattered forms of those so lately erect and exultant in the flush and strength of manhood.

Among the many who bowed to the conqueror, Death, that night was a noble youth in the freshness of his early life. The strong limbs lay listless and the dark hair was matted with gore on the pale, broad forehead. His eyes were closed. As one who ministered to the sufferer bent over him, he, at first, thought him dead; but the white lips moved, and slowly, in weak tones, he repeated:

"Now I lay me down to sleep;
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take;
And this I ask for Jesus' sake."

As he finished, he opened his eyes, and meeting the pitying gaze of a brother soldier, he exclaimed, "My mother taught me that when I was a little boy, and I have said it every night since I can remember. Before the morning dawns I believe God will take my soul for Jesus' sake; but before I die I want to send a message to my mother."

He was carried to a temporary hospital and a letter was written to his mother which he dictated. It was full of Christian faith and filial love. His end was calm and peaceful. Just as the sun arose his spirit went home, his last articulate words being:

"I pray the Lord my soul to take;
And this I ask for Jesus' sake."

So died the noble volunteer. The prayer of childhood was the prayer of manhood. He learned it at his mother's knee in his far distant Northern home, and he whispered it, in dying, when his young life ebbed away on a Southern battle-field. It was his nightly petition in life, and the angel who bore his spirit home to heaven, bore the sweet prayer his soul loved so well.

God bless the saintly words, alike loved and repeated by high and low, rich and poor, wise and ignorant, old and young, only second to our Lord's Prayer in beauty and simplicity, Happy the soul that can repeat it with the holy fervor of our dying soldier.

COUNTRY COUSINS.

How dear to my heart are the sweet country cousins
When dog days of summer begin to draw near.
When bricks have grown hot and when sunstrokes by dozens
Fill body with anguish and bosom with fear!
The green waving fields and the sweet-smelling breezes
The 'scaping from turmoil to quiet and calm.
The rich creamy milk which the ready hand seizes,
And e'en the brown cousins who live on the farm.
The plain country cousins, the uncultured cousins,
The sweet country cousins who live on the farm.

The sweet country cousins! oh, aren't they a treasure!
How handy to have at the vacation time!
And paying one's board is a too costly pleasure,
When all can be had without spending a dime.
How pleasant to live on rich cream and ripe berries,
Fresh golden-hued butter and cakes light and warm,
Free use of the horses, the carts and the wherries
Of sweet country cousins, who live on the farm!
The plain country cousins, the uncultured cousins,
The sweet country cousins who live on the farm!

How dear are the sweet country cousins in summer,
How fragrant the meadows, romantic the dawn!
But straightway your faces begin to grow glummer
At thought of their visit next winter to town,
The theater, the concert, the lecture, the money
Expended in tickets! The thought gives a qualm,
The sequel of summer is not quite so funny—
Why don't the sweet cousins remain on the farm?
The brown-visaged cousins, the great awkward cousins,
The bothersome cousins should stay on the farm.

Rural New Yorker.

HIS NOBLE WIFE.

YES, as you say, I've had two wives—I married very young—
And many years have passed since first my wedding bells were rung.
My first wife was a slender girl, with braids of silken hair;
No creature ever walked the earth more beautifully fair.

Her voice was like the murmur of a softly flowing rill,
Her cheeks were like the snowy flowers that grow upon the hill.
Too fair was she for this cold world, and so one summer day
She smiled at me a smile of love and gently passed away.

My second wife—you've heard of her? She's famous now, you know,
And if God spares her to her work her fame will brighter grow;
A stately woman, filled with thoughts too grand for her to stay
At home with me and wear her life, her noble life away.
Oh, I am proud of her! She is the grandest of all wives,
A martyr who devotes her life to rescue other lives
From all the bondage women know, to show them their true sphere,
Emancipate them from their bonds, and give them freedom dear.
Her picture's printed every day in north and east and west;
Her speeches printed are at length, and they are of the best.

But sometimes in the twilight hour when I sit here alone,
I dream of one who's sleeping now beneath the sculptured stone;
I seem to hear again the voice I loved long years ago,
To clasp again the little hand as softly white as snow;
To see the gentle eyes again, to stroke the silken hair,
To hear the tripping of her feet adown the cottage stair.
And then old songs she used to sing come trooping through the years,
And I repeat them o'er again, half-blinded by my tears;
And then I take and kiss and kiss the gloves she used to wear,
The ring that once her finger held, the lock of golden hair;
And thus I sit through silent hours which have like minutes sped,
Forgetting all the ones who live in dreaming of the dead.

Ah, yes, my wife returns next week; she's had a lengthy tour,
She's made some speeches that I know will thro' the years endure.
It is a pleasant thing to me to see her sitting here,
And telling me of triumphs that she's witnessed far and near:
To hear her speak in golden words about the glorious day
When all the bonds of womankind will severed be away.
To see how people honor her as one above the rest—
I tell you that it makes me glad, and fills with pride my breast.
I hope to see her here at home—to have her by my side,
A woman so renowned her name is known the country wide.

But sometimes when the darkness falls and drives away the day,
To one lone grave out on the hill I take my silent way;
And there I kneel and think of days, of happy days of yore,
And hear old songs that once were sung by lips that are no more;
And see sweet eyes that used to look in mine with trust and love,
That still look at me here below from splendor up above;
And hear a voice sound in my ears, and hear the little feet,
That now on paves of glowing gold in rhythmic gladness beat.

But how I'm talking! I've near made a burden of your life—
Come 'round next week. I'll introduce you to my noble wife.

DIFFICULTY is the nurse of greatness, a harsh nurse, who roughly rocks her foster children into strength and athletic proportions. The mind, grappling with great aims and wrestling with mighty impediments, grows, by a certain necessity, to their stature. Scarce anything so convinces me of the capacity of the human intellect for indefinite expansion in the different stages of its being, as this power of enlarging itself to the height and compass of surrounding emergencies.—*Bryant.*

Complete Program No. 5.

—FOR—

SCHOOL AND EVENING

ENTERTAINMENTS.

ARRANGED BY

MISS A. O. BRIGGS.

MUSIC.

READINGS.

MR. BOWSER BOUND TO HAVE A CANINE PROTECTOR.

EVER since our marriage Mr. Bowser has been looking after a house-dog, and a good share of our troubles have arisen over this fact. On a hundred different occasions I have asked him what he wanted of a dog, and on a hundred different occasions he has raised his voice and replied:

"What do we want of a dog? Did you ever see a family which amounted to shucks which didn't keep a dog? Nature gave us the dog to protect us—to be a sort of companion. There are people who can strike terror to a dog's heart by one look, but I am not one of those, Mrs. Bowser—no, thank Heaven!"

"Can't you protect us, Mr. Bowser?"

"Certainly I can, and do; but suppose I am off my guard some night, and a burglar enters our house?"

"And burglars the dog?"

"That's it! Sneer at the poor dumb brute, because nature made him a dog! Under the circumstances I have stated, we should probably owe our lives to the faithful guardian."

HE BROUGHT HOME A DOG.

It was a dog with a certificate of character from his last owner. He was guaranteed to be a vigilant, trusty, tidy, kind, and to have a special hankering after the life-blood of house-breakers. He carried his head to the left, as if trying to see his left hind foot, and there was a suspicious squint in his eyes. He had been badly knocked about, from all appearances, but the boys who brought him explained that this was the result of tackling an elephant and coming off second best. The beast growled at me and snapped at the baby as Mr. Bowser brought him in, and when I protested against the invasion, I was answered with:

"No wonder he growls! A dog knows an enemy on sight. He feels that you'd like to murder him, and he properly resents it. Come here, Rambo."

That night the dog had the run of the lower part of the house. We had no sooner got to bed than he began to howl. Mr. Bowser threatened him from the head of the stairs, and then he barked at intervals of five minutes for an hour. Mr. Bowser silenced him after awhile, and I was just getting to sleep, when I heard the beast gurgling and growling and worrying something. I wanted Mr. Bowser to go down stairs, but he utterly refused, saying: "He has probably

GOT HOLD OF A BURGLAR,

and I don't want to be appealed to to call him off.

just go to sleep and let Rambo alone. We haven't been as safe for years."

Next morning the beast bit the cook in the leg as she went down, and the minute the door was opened he lit out for parts unknown. We soon discovered what he had been worrying. It was Mr. Bowser's new winter overcoat, and it was reduced to a roll of strings and tatters.

"You brought him home!" I exclaimed, as I pointed to the ruins.

"I did, eh?" replied Mr. Bowser, as he surveyed the heap. "And you lay right there, and knew what he was at, and never said a word!"

"You said he was chewing up a burglar."

"Then I was talking in my sleep, and you knew it! Mrs. Bowser, you don't get a new dud for a year!"

The next dog was a hound. The owner told Mr. Bowser that he was a good deer dog, and $10 changed hands on that account.

"But what good is a deer dog?" I asked, when Mr. Bowser explained this fact.

"To run deer, of course."

"But where are the deer?"

"That's just like you! You expect to look out of the back door and see a dozen! I propose to go where the deer are. Did you ever see a kinder face on a dog?"

"He looks very simple-minded."

"Does he? Well, don't you fool yourself. You may owe your life to him yet. He's

BETTER THAN FORTY BURGLAR-ALARMS."

The canine deserved credit for one thing. He slept soundly on the parlor sofa all night. On the second afternoon he got out, and a little terrier weighing 11 ounces ran him three times around the house, and finally drove him into a barrel partly filled with plaster.

"Did I buy him for a fighter?" shouted Mr. Bowser, as I related the occurrence. "He ran, of course. I bought him for a runner."

He whistled for Archimedes, as he had named him, and the animal came creeping in and hid under the lounge. When routed out of that, he made a dive for Mr. Bowser's feet, just in time to trip him up and let him down with a jar that made the roof shake. The scared brute then jumped into the crib and lay down on baby's head, from which position he was lifted to be flung over the alley fence.

"Is that the way they run deer?" I asked Mr. Bowser.

"WHOSE FAULT IS IT?"

he demanded. "You had that dog terrified as soon as he struck the house. It was his mortal fear of you that made him act so. If you don't have something awful happen to you, I'll miss my guess."

It wasn't a week before he came home with another canine. The beast was undersized, out at the elbows and down-hearted. When I asked what he was good for, Mr. Bowser replied:

"If you knew anything about dogs, you could see at a glance. He's a rat-terrier."

"Does he terrify rats?"

"Does he? In one week there won't be a rat on this whole square!"

"Wouldn't it be as well to stand the rats as the dog?"

"That's you, exactly! That's a specimen of your mercy! It's a wonder to me that such murderous feelings as you carry in your heart don't meet with fitting punishment."

The terrier didn't do anything remarkable for the first three days, except to fill up and sleep. On the fourth day, as we were eating dinner, we heard a row in the back yard, and as we got to the door we saw the terrier penned up in a corner of the yard, tail down and eyes rolling, and a small rat was keeping him there and having lots of fun. The rodent skipped at sight of us, and the dog crawled under the barn. I laughed till I fell down, but Mr. Bowser was very stern and dignified. After he had pulled the terrier out and flung him over the fence, he came back to me and said:

"Are you satisfied now?"

"That the dog is a ratter?"

"No, ma'am! Satisfied that you have once more, out of pure malice towards a helpless animal, driven him from home to a life of misery! It's a wonder to me that you don't murder our child!"

BRAVE KATE SHELLEY.

BY MRS. M. L. RAYNE.

"How far that little candle throws its beams,
So shines a good deed in a naughty world."

THROUGH the whirl of wind and water,
Parted by the rushing steel,
Flashed the white glare of the headlight,
Flew the swift revolving wheel,

As the midnight train swept onward,
Bearing on its iron wings,
Through the gloom of night and tempest
Freightage of most precious things.

Little children by their mothers
Nestle in unbroken rest,
Stalwart men are dreaming softly
Of their journey's finished quest,
While the men who watch and guard them,
Sleepless stand at post and brake;
Close the throttle! draw the lever!
Safe for wife and sweetheart's sake.

Sleep and dream, unheeding danger;
In the valley yonder lies
Death's debris in weird confusion,
Altar fit for sacrifice!
Dark and grim the shadows settle
Where the hidden perils wait;
Swift the train, with dear lives laden,
Rushes to its deadly fate.

Still they sleep and dream unheeding.
Oh, Thou watchful One above,
Save Thy people in this hour!
Save the ransomed of Thy love!
Send an angel from Thy heaven
Who shall calm the troubled air,
And reveal the powers of evil
Hidden in the darkness there.

Saved! ere yet they know their peril,
Comes a warning to alarm;
Saved! the precious train is resting
On the brink of deadly harm.
God has sent His angel to them,
Brave Kate Shelley, hero-child!
Struggling on, alone, unaided,
Through that night of tempest wild.

Brave Kate Shelley! tender maiden,
Baby hands with splinters torn,
Saved the lives of sleeping travellers
Swiftly to death's journey borne.
Mothers wept and clasped their darlings,
Breathing words of grateful prayer;
Men, with faces blanched and tearful,
Thanked God for Kate Shelley there.

Greater love than this hath no man,
When the heavens shall unfold,
And the judgment books are opened,
There, in characters of gold,
Brave Kate Shelley's name shall center,
'Mid the pure, the brave, the good,
That of one who crowned with glory,
Her heroic womanhood.

HE CAN'T HELP IT.

"Dot vhas der troubles mit me—I vhas too tender-hearted," replied Carl Dunder, as a policeman warned him that he would have a case against him for keeping his saloon open after hours.

"You see," he continued, as he wiped off the bar, "if I vhas all closed oop, mit my boots off und ready for bedt, somepody goes rap! rap! on der door. I think it vhas against der law, but like enough it vhas my brudder Henry, who lifs in Puffalo, und so I opens der door. Who you think it vhas?"

"I can't guess."

"It vhas a boleecemans! He looks all aroundt, vhalks in softly like cats, und says dot he vhas in such awful pains dot he must have some whisky or die. I can't help dot I vhas porn mit a heart like a paby. I doan' like to see dot man die, und I gif him some whisky, und he tells me he vhill pay oop vhen he cuts der coupons off his bonds. You see how it vhas?"

"Yes."

"Vhell, der next dime I vhas all closed oop, somepody goes rap! rap! on der door. I tinks it vhas my wife's sister, who lifs in Mt. Glemens, und I vhas a brute if I doan' let her come in. Vhen I opens der door, who vhas it?"

"I don't know."

"It vhas an aldermans! He slips softly in und drops on a shair, und says to me: 'Carl, I vhas played oudt. I make more ash ten speeches in der Council to-night, und I vhas all exausted till I can't shtand oop. For der sake of my innocent children gif me some peer!' Vhell, dot vhas me mit my tender heart again, und I draw him a quart of peer, und he drink him oop, und tells me to put it in der annual estimate next spring. Could you plame me for dot?"

"No, but you must obey the law."

"Oxactly; but some odder times I hear a rap! rap! on der door, und I tinks it vhas my poy Shon, who vhas oudt on a farm mit his uncle. Shon vhas a good poy, und I like to see him, und I opens der door. Who you tinks dot vhas?"

"John!"

"Not some previous. It vhas a barty mit a white blug hat on, und he carries a big cane, und he looks solemn. He vhants whisky straight, und vhen I tells him dot der law catch me oop, he pounds on der table mit his cane und calls out: 'Hang der law! Vhy, I vhas der man who makes all der law in Detroit!' Vhell, dot makes my heart tender again, und he drinks his whisky oop, und tells me dot I shall send my pill to der Transportation Company. Can I help dot?"

"You'll have to help it."

"Vhell, one more time I turn eaferypody oudt und lock oop der doors, und shlip into bedt. I vhas dreaming like thunder, vhen somepody rattles on my door und calls me to get oop. Maype it vhas my frend, Capt. Gross, who runs avhay from his vife in Puffalo. If so, I likes to see him. I open der door, und who you tink it vhas?"

"Your grandfather."

"Not quide, my frendt. It vhas a man mit a silk hat, und a gold-headed cane, und a pig stomach, und he says he vhas a doctor, who mus' have some whisky to keep off der shmallpox. Dot appeals to my heart, und vhat can I do? I tell you I like to obey der law, und shut oop my place, but if you come somedimes und find der back door open, und some men at der tables, you shust remembers dot it vhos our glub-night, und dot we drink some butter-milk, und discuss old dimes in Shermany."—*Detroit Free Press.*

RECITATION.

THE LIGHTNING-ROD DISPENSER.

If the company is willing, I've a word or two to say,
Of a lightning-rod dispenser that came down on me one day;
Oiled to order in his motions—sanctimonious in his mien—
Hands as white as any baby's, an' a face unnat'ral clean;
Not a wrinkle had his raiment, teeth and linen glittered white,
And his new-constructed neck-tie was an interestin' sight!

Which I almost wish a razor had made red that white-skinned throat,
And that new-constructed neck-tie had composed a hangman's knot,
Ere he brought his sleek-trimmed carcass for my woman-folks to see,
And his buzz-saw tongue a-runnin' for to gouge a gash in me!

Still I couldn't help but like him—as I fear I al'ays must,
The gold o' my own doctrines in a fellow-heap o' dust;
For I saw that my opinions, when I fired 'em round by round,
Brought back an answerin' volley of a mighty similar sound.
I touched him on religion, and the joys my heart had known:
And I found that he had very similar notions of his own!
I told him of the doubtings that made sad my boyhood years:
Why, he'd laid awake till morning with that same old breed of fears!
I pointed up the pathway that I hoped to Heaven to go:
He was on that very ladder, only just a round below!
Our politics was different, and at first he galled and winced;
But I arg'ed him so able, he was very soon convinced.

And 'twas gettin' tow'rd the middle of a hungry summer day—
There was dinner on the table, and I asked him would he stay?
And he sat him down among us—everlastin' trim and neat—
And he asked a short crisp blessin' almost good enough to eat!
Then he fired up on the mercies of our Everlastin' Friend,
Till he gi'n The Lord Almighty a good first-class recommend;
And for full an hour we listened to that sugar-coated scamp—
Talkin' like a blessed angel—eatin' like a blasted tramp!

My wife—she liked the stranger, smiling on him, warm and sweet;
(It al'ays flatters women when their guests are on the eat!)

And he hinted that some ladies never lose their youthful charms,
And caressed her yearlin' baby, an' received it in his arms.
My sons and daughters liked him—for he had progressive views,
And he chewed the cud o' fancy, and gi'n down the latest news;
And *I* couldn't help but like him—as I fear I al'ays must,
The gold of my own doctrines in a fellow-heap o' dust.

He was chiselin' desolation through a piece of apple-pie,
When he paused an' gazed upon us, with a tear in his off-eye,
And said, "Oh happy family!—your joys they make me sad!
They all the time remind me of the dear ones once *I* had!
A babe as sweet as this one; a wife *almost* as fair;
A little girl with ringlets—like that one over there.
But had I not neglected the means within my way,
Then they might still be living, and loving me to-day.

"One night there came a tempest; the thunder-peals were dire:
The clouds that marched above us were shooting bolts of fire;
In my own house I, lying, was thinking, to my blame,
How little I had guarded against those bolts of flame,
When crash—through roof and ceiling the deadly lightning cleft,
And killed my wife and children, and only I was left!

"Since then afar I've wandered, and naught for life have cared,
Save to save others' loved ones whose lives have yet been spared;
Since then, it is my mission, where'er by sorrow tossed,
To sell to worthy people good lightning-rods at cost.
With sure and strong protection I'll clothe your buildings o'er;
'Twill cost you—twenty dollars (*perhaps* a *trifle* more;
Whatever else it comes to, at lowest price I'll put;
You simply *sign a contract* to pay so much per foot)."

I—signed it! while my family, all approvin', stood about;
The villain dropped a tear on't—but he didn't blot it out!
That self-same day, with wagons came some rascals great and small;
They hopped up on my buildin's just as if they owned 'em all;
They hewed 'em and they hacked em—ag'in my loud desires—
They trimmed 'em off with gewgaws, and they bound 'em down with wires;
They hacked 'em and they hewed 'em, and they hewed and hacked 'em still,
And every precious minute kep' a runnin' up the bill.

To find my soft-spoke neighbor, did I rave and rush an' run:
He was suppin' with a neighbor, just a few miles further on.
"Do you think," I loudly shouted, "that I need a mile o' wire,
For to save each separate hay-cock out o' heaven's consumin' fire?
Did you think, to keep my buildin's out o' some uncertain harm,
I was goin' to deed you over all the balance of my farm?"

He silenced me with silence in a very little while,
And then trotted out the contract with a re-assuring smile;
And for half an hour explained it with exasperatin' skill,
While his myrmurdums kep' probably a-runnin' up my bill.
He held me to that contract with a firmness queer to see—
'Twas the very first occasion he had disagreed with me!
And for that 'ere thunder story, ere the rascal finally went,
I paid two hundred dollars, if I paid a single cent.

And if any lightnin'-rodist wants a dinner-dialogue
With the restaurant department of an enterprisin' dog,

Let him set his mouth a-runnin', just inside my
outside gate;
And I'll bet two hundred dollars that he don't
have long to wait.

—*From "Farm Festivals."*

READING.

A LIFE SAVED.

He wanted legal advice, and when the lawyer told him to state his case, he began:

"About two years ago I was fool enough to fall in love."

"Certainly—I understand."

"And for a year past I have been engaged to her."

"Of course."

"A few months ago I found, upon analyzing my heart, that I did not love her as I should. My affections had grown cold."

"Certainly they had—go on."

"I saw her pug nose in its true shape, and I realized that her shoes were No. 6."

"Exactly, and, you made your mind to break off the match? That was perfectly proper."

"Yes, that was my object; but she threatens to sue me for a breach of promise."

"Certainly she does, and she'll do it, too. Has she any love-letters from you?"

"That's the hang of it. She tallies up 326."

"And do they breathe your life?"

"I should say they did; but I think I've got her tight. All them letters are written on wrapping paper, and with pencil, and I've come to ask you if such writing as that will stand law?"

"Of course it will. If you had written it with a slate and pencil she could hold you."

"Great hokey! but is that so?"

"It is."

"And she's got me fast?"

"She has."

"Well, that settles that matter, and I suppose I'll have to give in and marry her?"

"Unless—"

"Unless what?"

"You can buy her off."

"Egad! that's it—that's the idea, and you have saved my life! Buy her off—why didn't I think of it before? Say, where's the dollar store? I'll walk in on her with a set of jewelry, a flirtation fan, a card case and two bracelets, and she'll give me a quit-claim deed and throw in all the poetry I ever sent her to boot?"—*Detroit Free Press.*

A HAPPY MAN.

When I met Brown this morning he was a total
wreck,
And looked as though a hurricane had struck
him on the neck,
A multitude of scratches his features were adorning,
And his two eyes from sympathy had both gone
into mourning.

One hand he carried in a sling, the other held a
crutch,
But still these woeful injuries did not affect him
much;
For his face was bright and happy, and he wore
a look of cheer,
And he smiled a smile of welcome as he came
hobbling near.

"See here, young man," I said to him, "now tell
me what's the matter;
You'd better put your necktie straight and inter
view your hatter.
Oh, tell me now what fearful chance has torn
away your clothes,
And stole the ruby from your cheeks to put it on
your nose."

"Well, (hic)" said Brown, in answer, as he leaned against a post,
"Of all the reasons to be glad I think I have the
most.
I scarce can speak for joyfulness, the news is so
elating;
My mother-in-law was killed last night, and I've
been celebrating."

—*H. D. Muir in Chicago Journal*

MUSIC.

WHY HE WAS BOUNCED.

"Do you think you can sell dress goods and ribbons?" inquired Mr. Nathan Waltrous,

senior member of the retail firm of Waltrous and McGill, of Houston, Texas. The party addressed was a florid young man with a florid nose, florid moustache and florid hair. He was, in short, quite a Florida youth, and his name was Theopolis Duggan.

"I reckon so," he replied.

"Can you be suave?"

"Which?"

"Can you support a becoming address in the presence of ladies—politeness, suavity, you know?"

"Oh, yes," answered Duggan, "in the last place I worked the boys all said I was the suaviest man in the troupe, and a rustler among customers."

"What business was it?"

"Pumps—wooden and iron pumps and hydraulic rams."

"Quite a different line from dress goods and ribbons."

"Well, yes, but I ain't afeard to tackle 'em."

Mr. Waltrous gave him a trial. The boys in the store labelled him "Pumps" from the first moment of his initiation into the dress goods and ribbon department. The second day a petite brunette inquired for some "chicken down" nun's veiling. Pumps commenced to sweat.

"What color is it?" he blurted out.

The girl only rewarded him with a stony stare. Pumps rushed off after a new stock of information and inquired:

"Is this a provision store or a butcher shop?"

"Why?" asked a one hundred and fifteen pound salesman.

"Because there's a gal there by the show case who wants some chicken down."

The one hundred and fifteen pounds of pure and unadulterated suavity waited on her.

"Show me some elephant's breath cashmere," said an elderly lady in gold bowed spectacles. Pumps dropped a roll of paper cambric, and again started down the road after some more information.

"What's elephant's breath?" he gasped. "Hanged if I ain't thinkin' I've struck a menagerie."

"It is a shade of woolen goods," murmured another salesman, moving up towards the elderly lady and selling her a large bill.

"Bet your boots I'll catch on," said Pumps, swaggering before the glass where ladies try on bonnets and hats.

Another young lady interviewed Pumps in the afternoon and said:

"You know soutache on grey velvet is considered very chic."

"It is just the chickiest thing agoin," observed Pumps.

The young lady looked grieved.

"Show me some giraffe colored cashmere," she said quietly.

"Another animal wanted," muttered Pumps breathlessly, as he reached the other end of the store. He, of course lost the sale.

"Show me some crinolettes," demanded a spare woman with a cast in her eye. Pumps was nonplussed.

"If I was you I woldn't get a crinolette," he ventured.

"You wouldn't!" sneered the lady.

"No, not at this season of the year. I'd get a pair of striped stockings and a poke bonnet."

The lady walked out.

"What did she want?" inquired Mr. Waltrous, who had kept his eagle eye on the proceedings,

"She was hankerin' after a crinolette," said Pumps, "and I don't think we have them in stock."

"These are crinolettes," said Mr. Waltrous sternly, and pointing to a pile of garments.

"Them! Why I took them for base ball masks," said Pumps.

"You will have to do better than this," remarked Mr. Waltrous, impressively.

"There is a woman up at the front end who wants some Apollonaris. Hadn't I better go out and get her a glass of seltzer?"

Some more condensed suavity waited on the lady and sold her a polonaise, a moliere waistcoat, an ostrich feather fan and ten yards of plum-colored velveteen. Pumps was paralyzed.

"You fellows have got the thing down midlin' fine," he said, pulling his vermillion moustache before the mirror.

"Evidently you have considerable to learn in this business," said the head salesman to Pumps.

"All I ask is a fair show for my money," returned Pumps, dejectedly.

"What would you do if a lady were to inquire for an imported jersey?"

"What are you giving us?" whined Pumps. "This is no stock yard or dairy farm."

"That, my dear friend," said the head salesman, "is a short jacket introduced into this country by Mrs. Langtry. What if she should inquire for a tournure?"

"Me—oh—I'd——"

"That will do," shouted Mr. Waltrous, bobbing up from behind a bale of sheeting; "you can just tournure back on this establishment, and hunt work in a lumber yard."—*Texas Siftings.*

SAIRY JACKSON'S BABY.

UNCLE JACK KNEW THE LORD WOULD PROVIDE.

A BIT of crape, hanging side by side with a strip of satin ribbon which had once been white, but was now discolored by constant use, swung idly from the tack which held it in place at the entrance to one of the tall tenements on the west side. It is in the district known as Blackchapel, and all the houses thereabout are occupied by colored folks.

There is always a pathos about a scrap of crape at the door, especially if the grim announcement is hung out for a child. But the lean legged and woolly headed black children who were playing shinny in the street were too young to allow their sport to be interrupted by the presence of death.

"ONLY SARAH'S LITTLE BOY."

If any one had asked the stout negress who lolled at the door, they would have been answered with: "Oneley Mis' Sarah Jackson's little boy. An' it's de Lawd's bressin' he gone, kase he's bin ailin' ebber sence he was bawn. Whar does she lib? Up on de top flo', in de reah. Yo' cawn't miss it. Jess knock hard on de do', kase Miss Jackson may be sorrowin' like, on 'count ov it bein' her Johnnie."

And then, if one had followed her direction, he would have wondered if there never would be any end to the bare, steep flights of dirty stairs, with the too brief landings, and the musty, dark halls, and the black, woolly heads thrust out of half open doors in a spirit of youthful inquiry.

But there is an end to all things, and at last the top is reached. It is lighter here, and the air seems a little more wholesome, although the same musty smell of crowded quarters is to be noticed. A ladder leads up to a hole in the roof, and the sun sends a slanting ray down through the aperture. The block of sunlight strikes the entrance to one of the three doors on the landing, and has only the effect of bringing out in greater relief the worn pine boards half hidden by an accumulation of dirt.

It is very quiet on this floor, so quiet that when the visitor listened he could hear a sound of sobbing, and then a low voice crooning words of comfort. A knock at the door brings the answer: "Come in." The room is not more than twelve feet square, and is considered a large room for a tenement. But the question of accommodations is not taken into consideration now.

There are two persons in the room. An old woman, whose tears made shining tracks upon her black skin, was bending over a young woman who rocked to and fro in an old chair, sobbing and moaning for her baby. The room was uncarpeted and miserable. Bags and wads of paper stuck loosely in the holes in the broken window panes helped to give an indescribable aspect of desolation to the room.

Upon the only table in the room, its attenuated form wrapped in an red shawl, ragged and threadbare, was the dead baby. Its little black face, tinged with a grayish hue, was turned up toward the cracked ceiling, and the lids hardly concealed the dull white of the eyes.

The babe had been dead since the day before, and the mother was too poor to bury it, Her husband was away somewhere. He had deserted her months before, so she need not expect him in her hour of trouble.

"THE LAWD WILL PERVIDE."

As she rocked the door creaked on its hinge and an old negro entered. He was lame, and made his way carefully along with a cane. A high hat that had seen years of hard service rested on a fringe of grayish wool which covered the back of his head, and a bandanna handkerchief made a picturespue substitute for both collar and cravat.

"Hullo, Jack, yo' back agen?" said the old woman. "Sairy's bin taken on powerf'l sence

yo's bin gone, an' she mos' cried her eyes out. Did yo, git enny money?"

"No, an' I'se done clean pestered out, a-trampin' and a-trampin'. What wid de rheumatics and de sorror 'bout Jacky, I ain't mahself."

"Uncle Jack," said the young woman, jumping up, "I'll jes' ask yer ter go to one moah place fur de money. Jes' one moah. I'se done washin' fur dis lady, and mebbe she help me."

"Come, come, gal," said the old man; "I'se doin' all I can fer yer, but the good Lawd will pervide. Jes put yo' trus' on him."

"I know, Uncle Jack, I know dat; but we mus' do somethin'," she said.

With unsteady hand she wrote a note in a cramped hand on the back of a grocery bill, the only piece of paper there was in the house. The paper was blistered with her tears.

MRS. REED—Would you please to help me a little, I am sorry to ask you, but my Baby died yesterday at noon, with the Brown-keeters and the guatar in the throat. We have done what we could. I have been sick myself and the little earning i had saved i had to pay out for medcin. I am not feeling well.

From SARAH JACKSON.

Uncle Jack hobbled out of the door and down the stairs. He had to go a long distance, and when he came back a gentleman came with him. He had come in answer to the letter and to see the dead baby was buried decently. Not long ago his own baby had died, and when he stood by the table and saw by the light of the one lamp in the room the face of the little dead baby he broke down and wept. His tears mingled with those of the poor black folks about. A common grief had torn away the barrier of race, color and station, and he was as sincere a mourner as old Uncle Jack, who stood with bowed head near him. And as the old bandanna neckerchief seemed to grow tighter and tighter around his throat he said:

"I knew de Lawd would pervide, Sairy, I knew it, chile, kase he allers does."—*New York Sun.*

LEFT ALONE AT EIGHTY.

WHAT did you say, dear—breakfast?
Somehow I've slept too late;
You are very kind, dear Effie;
Go, tell them not to wait.

I'll dress as quick as ever I can,
My old hands tremble sore,
And Polly, who used to help, dear heart!
Lies t'other side o' the door.

Put up the old pipe, deary,
I couldn't smoke to-day;
I'm sort o' dazed and frightened,
And don't know what to say.
It's lonesome in the house, here,
And lonesome out o' door—
I never knew what lonesome meant,
In all my life before.

The bees go humming, the whole day long,
And the first June rose has blown,
And I am eighty, dear Lord, to-day.
Too old to be left alone!
O heart of love! so still and cold,
O precious lips so white—
For the first sad hours in sixty years,
You were out of my reach last night.

You've cut the flower? You're very kind.
She rooted it last May;
It was only a slip; I pulled the rose
And threw the stem away;
But she, sweet thrifty soul, bent down,
And planted it where she stood;
"Dear, maybe the flowers are living," she said
"Asleep in this bit of wood."

I can't rest, deary—I cannot rest;
Let the old man have his will,
And wander from porch to garden post—
The house is so deathly still;
Wander and long for a sight of the gate
She has left ajar for me—
We got so used to each other, dear,
So used to each other, you see.

Sixty years, and so wise and good,
She made me a better man,
From the moment I kissed her fair young face
And our lover's life began.
And seven fine boys she has given me,
And out of the seven, not one,
But the noblest father in all the land
Would be proud to call his son.

Oh well, dear Lord, I'll be patient,
But I feel so broken up;
At eighty years it's an awsome thing
To drain such a bitter cup.
I know, there's Joseph and John and Hal,
And four good men beside,
But a hundred sons couldn't be to me
Like the woman I made my bride.

My little Polly, so bright and fair!
So winsome and good and sweet!
She had roses twined in her sunny hair,
White shoes on her dainty feet:
And I held her hand—was it yesterday
That we stood up to be wed?
And—no, I remember, I am eighty to-day,
And my dear wife, Polly, is dead.

THE SLEEPING SENTINEL

A TRUE STORY OF THE REBELLION.

BY FRANCIS DE HAES JANVIER.

'TWAS in the sultry summer-time, as war's red records show,
When patriot armies rose to meet a fratricidal foe;
When from the North, the East, and West, like an upheaving sea
Swept forth Columbia's sons, to make our country truly free.

Within a prison's dismal walls, where shadows veiled decay,
In fetters, on a heap of straw, a youthful soldier lay;
Heart-broken, hopeless, and forlorn, with short and feverish breath,
He waited but th' appointed hour to die a culprit's death.

Yet but a few brief weeks before, untroubled with a care,
He roamed at will and freely drew his native mountain air,
Where sparkling streams leap mossy rocks from many a woodland font
And waving elms and grassy slopes give beauty to Vermont;

Where, dwelling in a humble cot, a tiller of the soil,
Encircled by a mother's love, he shared a father's toil.
Till, borne upon the wailing winds, his suffering country's cry
Fired his young heart with fervent zeal, for her to live or die.

Then left he all:—a few fond tears, by firmness half concealed,
A blessing and a parting prayer, and he was on the field—
The field of strife whose dews are blood, whose breezes, war's hot breath,
Whose fruits are garnered in the grave, whose husbandman is death.

Without a murmur he endured a service, new and hard;
But, wearied with a toilsome march, it chanced one night on guard,
He sank, exhausted, at his post, and the gray morning found
His prostrate form—a sentinel asleep upon the ground!

So, in the silence of the night, aweary on the sod,
Sank the disciples, watching near the suffering Son of God;
Yet Jesus, with compassion moved beheld their heavy eyes,
And, though betrayed to ruthless foes, forgiving, bade them rise:

But God is love—and finite minds can faintly comprehend
How gentle Mercy, in this rule, may with stern Justice blend;
And this poor soldier, seized and bound, found none to justify,
While war's inexorable law decreed that he must die.

Twas night.—In a secluded room, with measured tread and slow,
A statesman of commanding mien paced gravely to and fro.
Oppressed, he pondered on a land by civil discord rent;
On brothers armed in deadly strife:—it was the President!

The woes of thirty millions filled his burdened heart with grief;
Embattled hosts, on land and sea, acknowledged him their chief;
And yet, amid the din of war, he heard the plaintive cry
Of that poor soldier as he lay in prison, doomed to die!

'Twas morning:—On the tented field and through the heated haze,
Flashed back, from lines of burnished arms, the sun's effulgent blaze.
While, from a sombre prison-house, seen slowly to emerge,
A sad procession, o'er the sward, moved to a muffled dirge.

And in the midst, with faltering step, and pale and anxious face,
In manacles, between two guards, a soldier had his place.
A youth, led out to die;—and yet it was not death, but shame,
That smote his gallant heart with dread, and shook his manly frame.
Still on, before the marshalled ranks, the train pursued its way
Up to the designated spot whereon a coffin lay—
His coffin! And, with reeling brain, despairing, desolate—
He took his station by its side, abandoned to his fate!
Then came across his wavering sight strange pictures in the air;
He saw his distant mountain home, he saw his parents there.
He saw them bowed with hopeless grief, through fast declining years;
He saw a nameless grave; and then the vision closed—in tears!
Yet once again. In double file, advancing then he saw
Twelve comrades, sternly set apart to execute the law—
But saw no more:—his senses swam—deep darkness settled 'round—
And, shuddering, he awaited now the fatal volley's sound!
Then suddenly he heard the noise of steeds and wheels approach,
And rolling through a cloud of dust appeared a stately coach;
On; past the guards, and through the fields its rapid course was bent,
Till halting mid the lines, was seen the nation's President!
He came to save that stricken soul, now waking from despair;
And from a thousand voices, rose a shout which rent the air!
The pardoned soldier understood the tones of jubilee,
And bounding from his fetters, blessed the hand that made him free!

WORDS OF WISDOM FROM BRUDDER GARDNER.

THE honored and honorable president of the "Lime Kiln Club" gives frequently, in the privacy of the club meetings, bits of wisdom which it would be worth our whiles to read, ponder and inwardly digest.

"At midnight last night," said the old man in a solemn voice, as he looked up and down the aisles—"at midnight last night de spirit of Brudder Charles Climox Gosport, a local member of dis club, passed from y'arth to de unknown. Only a week ago he sat in dis hall; to-night he am dressed for de grave. What ackshun will de club take?"

"I 'spose, sah, "said Rev. Penstock, as he 'rose up, "dat it am in order to present resolushuns to de effect dat he was a man ob de highest integrity, liberal-hearted, high-minded, and dat his loss am a sad blow to de hull city."

"Yes, such a resolushun am in order, Brudder Penstock. Can you remember dat you ever took Brudder Gosport by de hand an' gin him one word of praise for his hard work an' honest ways!"

"I—I—doan' remember dat I ever did, sah."

"Am dar a pusson in dis hall who can remember dat he ever put himself out ter favor Brudder Gosport?"

Not a man answered.

"Kin any one ob you remember dat you took any pertickeler interes' in how he got along?"

Not a word was heard in reply.

"To be a little plainer," continued the president, "am dar one single pusson in dis hall who eber felt five cents worth of anxiety for Brudder Gosport's worldly or spiritual welfare?"

The hall was so quiet that the sound of Elder Toots scratching his back on the sharp edge of the window-casing gave everybody a start.

"Not a man in dis hull city, so fur as we know, eber put hisself out to favo' or to speak a word in praise of our lamented brudder, an' yet we have the cheek to talk of a resolushun settin' forth his many virtues an' our heartfelt sorrow. No, sir! We doan pass no sich bizness heah! I should be ashamed to look his widder in de face if we did. It am de way ob de world to let men alone when a little help would give 'em a broad an' easy road. We h'ar of dis man or dat man havin' won de gratitude of de people, but we doan hear of it until he am dead. When a man has gone from y'arth, de papers an' de public suddenly diskiver how honest he was, what a big heart he had, how much he was allers doin' an' what a loss to de

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world his death will prove. De time to praise a man is when he am livin' beside us. Praise hurts nobody, but many a good man has grown weary fur want of appreciashun. There am seventy-two of us in dis hall to-night, an' we have to own up dat not one of us eber went outer our way to prove to our brudder dat his upright life war any mor' 'preciated by us dan as if he had been a hoss-thief! And to pass a resolushun, now, would be to brand ourselves hypocrites. Let no one dare to offer one."

NOT A DROP MORE.

A PENNILESS rum-drinker was pleading for brandy on trust. The argry reply of the rum-seller, "Not a drop more!" was the means of his signing the pledge and becoming a temperate and wealthy man.

"Not a drop more!"
Did he say that to me?
When money is gone
There's no trusting I see!
"Not a drop more!"
When I paid him in gold
For the richest of wines,
Now my hand he would hold!

"Not a drop more!"
That was never the word
While the clink of my silver
For brandy was heard;
And even while copper
I brought to his door
He never once thundered,
"Not a drop more!"

"Not a drop more!"
Then, so let it be!
Gold, silver, and copper
May yet be for me.
Then, when he shall watch
For a bit of my pelf
Not a cent more, I'll give,—
I prefer it myself.

SOME ONE'S SERVANT GIRL.

SHE stood there leaning wearily
Against the window frame,
Her face was patient, sad, and sweet,
Her garments coarse and plain.

"Who is she, pray?" I asked a friend;
The red lips gave a curl—
"Really, I don't know her name,
She's some one's servant girl."

Again I saw her in the street,
With burden trudge along,
Her face was sweet and patient still
Amid the jostling throng.
Slowly but cheerfully she moved,
Guarding with watchful care
A market-basket, much too large
For her slight hand to bear.

A man I'd thought a gentleman,
Went pushing rudely by,
Sweeping the basket from her hand
But turning not his eye:
For there was no necessity,
Amid that busy whirl,
For him to be a gentleman
To "some one's servant girl."

Ah, well it is that God above,
Looks in upon the heart,
And never judges any one
By just the outer part!
For if the soul be pure and good,
Who will not mind the rest,
Nor question what the garments were
In which the form was dressed.

And many a man and woman fair,
By fortune reared and fed,
Who will not mingle here below
With those who earn their bread,
When they have passed away from life,
Beyond the gates of pearl,
Will meet before their Father's throne
With many a servant girl.

MUSIC.

RECITATIONS.

THE CAPTAIN'S WIFE.

BY THEODORE TILTON.

WE gathered roses, Blanche and I, for little Madge one morning.—
"I am a soldier's wife," said Blanche, "and dread a soldier's fate!"—
Her voice a little trembled then as under some forewarning,—
A soldier galloped up the lane and halted at the gate.

"Which house is Malcolm Blake's?" he cried,—
"a letter for his sister!"
And when I thanked him, Blanche inquired,
"But none for me, his wife?"
The soldier played with Madge's curls, and stooping over, kissed her:
"Your father was my captain, child;—I loved him as my life!"

Then suddenly he galloped off, and left the rest unspoken.
I burst the seal, and Blanche exclaimed—
"What makes you tremble so?"
What answer did I dare to speak?—how should the news be broken?
I could not shield her from the stroke, yet tried to ease the blow.

"A battle in the swamps," I said,—"our men were brave but lost it;"
And pausing there,—"the note," I said, "is not in Malcolm's hand."
And first a flush went through her face, and then a shadow crossed it,
"Read quick, dear May,—read all I pray, and let me understand."

I did not read it as it stood, but tempered so the phrases
As not at first to hint the worst,—held back the fatal word,
And half re-told his gallant charge, his shouts. his comrade's praises,—
When, like a statue carved in stone, she neither spoke nor stirred!

Oh! never yet a woman's heart was frozen so completely!—
So unbaptized with helping tears!—so passionless and dumb!
Spell-bound she stood and motionless—till little Madge spoke sweetly:
"Dear mother, is the battle done?—and will my father come?"

I laid my finger on her lips, and set the child to playing;—
Poor Blanche! The winter on her cheek was snowy, like her name!
What could she do but kneel and pray?—and linger at her praying?
O, Christ, when other heroes die, moan other wives the same?
Must other women's hearts yet break, to keep the cause from failing?
God pity our poor lovers then, who face the battle's blaze?
And pity wives in widowhood!—But is it unavailing?
O, Lord, give Freedom first, then Peace,—and unto Thee be praise!

WHO LIVES?

BY MISS A. O. BRIGGS.

In the way of righteousness is life; and in the path way thereof there is no death.—Prov. 12-28.

EARTH is opaque,
And when it comes between the soul and heaven
It hides from us the presence of our God.
Then, blindly groping o'er a dreary waste,
We seek for roses and are pierced with thorns.
With hunger faint, we plucked the tempting fruit,
Mellow to touch but bitter to the taste;
Thirsting, we drink from bubbling way-side springs,
Whose rapid waters but increase our thirst;
Wearied, we seek refreshment in repose,
But vexing cares and wearing discontent
Disturb our slumbers and it brings no rest.
And is this life? Ah, no; 'tis living death!
Those only live, to whom this mundane sphere
Seems but an atom in God's boundless plan—
A stepping-stone to brighter worlds beyond:
Whose feet press earth, but whose undying souls
Their heavenward course so eagerly pursue,
That nought to them obscures the cheering light
Which beameth from the throne of Deity.
They hunger not for tempting fruits of earth
Nor thirst for failing waters; but sustained
By heavenly manna, go from strength to strength,
Dispensing love and light and joy to all
With whom they journey toward the Promised Land.
To them there is no death. Earth's mission o'er
They cross the tide to that celestial clime.
Where life immortal crowns the welcome guest
And bliss eternal cures the ills of time.

NIAGARA.

MONARCH of floods! How shall I approach thee?—how speak of thy glory?—how extol thy beauty and grandeur? Ages have seen thy

awful majesty; earth has paid tribute to thy greatness; the best and wisest among men have bent the knee at thy footstool! But none have described—none can describe thee! Alone thou standest among the wonders of Nature, unshaken by the shock of contending elements, flinging back the flash of the lightning, and outroaring the thunder of the tempest! Allied to the everlasting hills,—claiming kindred with the eternal flood, thou art pillared upon the one, the other supplies thy surge. Primeval rocks environ, clouds cover, and the rainbow crowns thee. A divine sublimity rests on thy fearful brow, an awful beauty is revealed in thy terrific countenance, the earth is shaken by thy tremendous voice. Born in the dark past and alive to the distant future, what to thee are the paltry concerns of man's ambitions?—the rise and fall of empires and dynasties, the contests of kings or the crash of thrones? Thou art unmoved by the fate of nations, and the revolutions of the earth are to thee but the pulses of time. Kings before thee are but men, and man, a type of insignificance.

"Thou dost make the soul
A wondering witness of thy majesty;
And while it rushes with delirious joy
To tread thy vestibule, dost chain its steps
And check its rapture, with the humbling view
Of its own nothingness."

FLEEING FROM FATE.

DRAMATIZED BY MISS A. O. BRIGGS.

Characters.

Mr. John Briggs, *A Wealthy Old Gentleman.*
Philip Briggs, *His Son.*
Seth Cooper, *An Old-fashioned Farmer.*
Ruth Cooper, *His Wife.*
Miss Gwenny, *A Friend from the City.*

SCENE. I. *Mr. John Briggs and his son Philip in the library.*

John Briggs. Philip, you are twenty-eight years old to-day.

Philip B. So the family record says, father, and I am disposed to place implicit reliance upon it and upon you in the matter of dates and such things.

J. B. You have done nothing since you left college but kill time.

P. B. Well, what of it? It is only retaliation in advance, sir. Some day or other, the old chap with the scalp-lock and scythe, will kill me, and I am only paying him off in his own coin, don't you see?

J. B. You are quite too flippant and trifling for a young man of your age. Since your Aunt Priscilla left you five thousand a year, you have felt obliged to do nothing but spend the money. That very liberal income ought, certainly, to be enough for a single man, but you draw on me, too.

P. B. (*Indignantly.*) I'll endeavor to draw on you less, sir, if you are so miserly as to begrudge me a trifling sum, once in a while.

J. B. It is not that, Philip. You are quite welcome to a check, now and then, for I know that you neither drink, nor gamble, and I don't mind your horses, your club, your natural history craze, nor your luxurious tastes; but still you spend more money and get less for it than most young men of your age. You use too much money—decidedly too much!

P. B. I don't find it too much, sir. In fact, I was thinking what a graceful thing it would be if you were to double it—a mere trifle to a gentleman of your means. I have to use most pitiful economy, I assure you.

J. B. Oh, that's it, eh? Well, I've no notion to become a bankrupt through your extravagance, but there is a way to double your resources if you will only follow out a long-cherished plan of mine. You have heard me speak of Philander Spriggs of New York?

P. B. Money-lender and Skinflint? I have heard of him.

J. B. Nonsense, Philip. He is a most worthy, as well as a very wealthy man. and if he prefers to invest ready money in short loans what of that? I lend my money, or some of it, sometimes.

P. B. Not at such usurious rates, I hope.

J. B. No matter. I don't propose that you borrow of him. He has an only child, a daughter, who will inherit all his vast property, just as you will mine.

P. B. Does she shave notes, father?

J. B. Phil, be kind enough not to indulge in chaff when I am talking seriously. I have seen her and talked with her. She is young,

handsome, well educated,—a society gentlewoman with domestic tastes.

P. B. Well, father, you are not so old, and since you admire her so much, I see no reason why—

J. B. Stop your nonsense and listen. Spriggs and I have talked it over and we have concluded, if you two come together, to chip in equally and settle a half-million on you on your wedding day. This, with what you have, will do well enough for a while.

P. B. I'd like to oblige you, father. I suppose I must marry, some day; but it will be some one I *love*, and I trust she will be a woman of *good family*—of as good pedigree, at least, as *ours*.

J. B. Some one you love! How the deuce do you know you will not *love her* till you see her? Good family! Of course you are entitled to that. The peerage of England is full of Briggses. Your grandfather made three hundred thousand dollars in hides and tallow, and if he had not invested it in real estate that multiplied itself ten-fold before he died, I should have been in the same business to-day, and you, in my counting-room or warehouse. Family, indeed! You're a foolish boy, Philip, and your aunt's legacy has ruined you.

P. B. I wish, sir, there were a half-dozen more old aunts to continue my ruin in the same way. It is of no use getting angry, father. You can't keep it up! I'll take to anything you say—law, physic, divinity, sell my horses, drop my club, read by the cubic foot, but to marry —excuse me!

J. B. See here, Phil, you can marry to please *me*, and I will not only start you fairly in life now, but leave you all I have when I am gone. (*Impatiently.*) Marry to suit some foolish fancy of *your own*, and I'll—yes, I'll found an asylum for idiots. Now, do you understand me? (*Leaves the stage.*)

P. B. The old gentleman means business, there's no dodging that—So they have arranged the property matter all satisfactory, it seems. The idea! We shall have a quarrel if I stay here;—better give the dear old fellow a chance to cool off. I'll pack my hunting and fishing tackle and be off. It will be pleasanter for me to ruralize a while.

SCENE II. *In the sitting-room of an old-fashioned farm-house. Philip sits by the window soliloquizing.*

P. B. Here I have been a whole week, living in clover, the best that the farm can afford at my command! These mountain brooks are full of trout, and good Dame Cooper knows how to cook them, too. Her chicken pot-pies and apple dumplings are delicious. If I stay here much longer, I shall increase my avoirdupois to aldermanic proportions. I've struck luck in a boarding place. A quiet family, no mistake. A staid old couple, kind and clever as the day is long, but it is almost too monotonous. If they only had a pretty daughter—a simple rustic maid to chat with me, or a green, good-natured son to accompany me in my rambles I'd like it better. Ah! here comes a carriage—a railway hack. It's stopping at the door. I I guess Dame Cooper is going to have another boarder. Oh, the Dickens! what a pretty girl! Dressed in good taste, and in the latest style. I wonder who she is. A worn out teacher? No, there is no look of the schoolma'am about her. A governess in a rich family, perhaps,—a lady anyway! I'll go to my room before she enters. (*Leaves the stage. Door bell rings. Dame Cooper rushes in and opens the door.*)

Mrs. Cooper. Why, it's Gwenny, I declare! (*They kiss affectionately.*)

Miss Gwenny. You dear old Aunty Ruth, I've come to have a good time with you.

Mrs. C. And so you shall, my dear. How did you leave the good folks at home.

Miss G. (*Taking off her wraps.*) All well and sent you lots of love.

Mrs. C. I should think they might come and bring it themselves sometimes.

Miss G. Well, Aunty, you know papa can't very well leave his business, and mamma thinks it her duty to stay at home if he can't go with her.

Mrs. C. Nonsense! It would do them both good to get out into the country for a spell; and they could come as well as not.

Miss G. You couldn't make him think so.

Mrs. C. Well, I'm glad *you've* come, anyhow.

Miss G. Who was that young gentleman, Aunty, that sat by the window when I came?

Mrs. C. A Mr. Bee who is boarding with us. It don't look as if he had any call to work

for a living, judging by his white hands and fix-ups, and he's plenty of money.

Miss G. Bee! Then he isn't a *busy* bee? But he is really good-looking; and if he be agreeable, he'll do for a walking stick.

Mrs. C. Oh, he's ever so nice. Me and my old man, we've taken a great liking to him. He never finds fault with anything and don't make a mite of trouble. Here Gwenny, you sit down in this easy-chair and rest yourself while I set the supper-table. You must be tired traveling so far.

Miss G. No, I'm not at all tired. I bought a new piece of music just before I started, and I guess I'll sit down and practice *it over.* (*Goes to the piano and opens it.*)

Mrs. C. Yes, do, if you feel like it. That piano has hardly been opened since you were here last summer. It will seem really good to hear it again. Mr. Bee played a few tunes last night, but he said he hadn't his notes and couldn't play without them.

Miss G. Then he is a musician? So far, so good. I've brought a whole stack of music with me, because I knew you and Uncle Seth like to hear me play.

Mrs. C. (*Setting the table.*) That's so, we do. (*Gwenny plays until the tea bell rings. Enter Mr. Cooper.*)

Mr. Coooper. Wall! Wall! Ruth she told me somebody was in here I'd be glad to see. How de do Guinney? How do you stand it? (*Shaking hands.*)

Miss G. O, I pretty well, Uncle Seth, how are you?

Mr. C. Pretty middlin' smart for me this summer. How's your par and mar?

Miss G. Quite well, thanks. (*Enter Mr. Bee.*)

Mrs. C. Miss Guinney, Mr. Bee. (*They shake hands.*) And now I guess we'll take seats around the table. (*They are seated.*)

Mr. C. This jest balances the table. It seems kinder sociable to see you here again. We always have lively times when you come. I guess Mr. Bee won't get homesick while you are here.

Mr. B. I'm not one of the homesick kind, but I like a good, jolly time, however.

M. C. Where have you been to-day, Mr. Bee?

Mr. B. Up on the mountain gathering flowers and geological specimens. The plants, I've taken to my room and put them in the press; but there are a few of my more substantial treasures.

Mr. C. What, them stuns there on the table? If I'd a known you thought so much of them I'd sent you up in the sheep pasture. There's a hull lot of the pesky things up there. As for bugs—you can find all you want on my potater vines.

Mr. B. They're too *common.* I'm searching for *rarer* species to preserve in my cabinet.

Miss G. I see you are a lover of natural history, Mr. Bee. It is one of my follies, too, as Uncle Seth calls it.

Mr. C. It's all owen to your bringing up, I s'pose. If you'd lived on a farm all your days, you'd have got sick of weeds, stuns, and bugs long afore now. It's what I've been a fightin' against ever sense I was knee high to a toad; but with city folks it's different.

Mr. B. Yes; bug hunting is a treat to us.

Miss G. Do you find any rare varieties for your herbarium, Mr. Bee?

Mr. B. There is such a diversity of surface and soil in these hilly countries—valleys and uplands, woods, ponds, and running brooks,—that Nature finds a genial home for all her nurselings. I have never seen a more delightful field for botanical research. If you enjoy such rambles, I would like to introduce you to some of my favorite haunts to-morrow.

Miss G. Thanks, Mr. Bee, nothing could please me better.

Mr. C. I must say, you are two simpletons well met.

Mrs. C. You mustn't notice what he says, Mr. Bee, he's always joking—Guinney knows him so well she don't mind—do you Guinney?

Miss G. No; Uncle Seth will always say just what he has a mind to. I suppose our rambles will seem foolish to him. He has lived with nature all his life, and we are only occasional visitors. O, Aunty, your good, fresh milk and butter is such a treat!

Mr. B. They are the genuine article—no gain—saying that.

Mr. C. You city folks make such a fuss, abody 'd think you had been fed on milk and water all your lives.

Miss G. It is about so, Uncle Seth. No wonder we are such namby pamby, weak and

silly things. It takes country air and country fare to make good blood and muscle.

Mr. B. As thrives the body so thrives the brain, I suppose. We may, therefore, hope to outgrow our follies. That's a nice colt of yours, Mr. Cooper.

Mr. C. Yes, he's handsome and full of life, yet gentle as a lamb. I've broke him to saddle so Gwenney, here, can ride him, and I've another saddle horse besides the farm team—that big black feller out in the pastur—so you and she can gallop over the hills to your heart's content.

Miss G. O, Uncle Seth, you're just as good as you can be, if you *do* say some cutting things, once in a while. Your heart is all right, and we can overlook an occasional slip of the tongue—can't we, Mr. Bee?

Mr. B. That we can. We city folks are not such simpletons as not to appreciate such whole-souled hospitality.

Mrs. C. I've fancied that Mr. Bee was getting lonesome with us two old folks; but now Guinney's come I guess we shall all wake up. (*They leave the table.*)

Mr. B. I think I heard you playing, Miss Gwnney before I came down to tea. I am exceedingly fond of music. Will you please favor us with some more?

Miss G. Yes; after I help Aunty clear the table and wash the dishes.

Mrs. C. No, Guinney, one of the neighbors' girls is here to help me. She'll wash the dishes, but she's too bashful to come in here, and it won't take me long to clear off the table. (*Gwenny seats herself at the piano and plays a lively instrumental piece. After playing one tune she stops.*)

Mr. C. My stars! Don't she know how to handle them keys? Her father made us a present of that piano so she could play on it when she comes out here summers. It rests a body to hear sich music as that. Me and my old woman would git awful lonesome if it warn't for lookin' forard to her comin' to spend most of the summers with us; and once in a while she comes up and spends a week or two in the winter.

Miss G. Yes; Uncle Seth drives such good horses, I like to come out into the country for my sleighrides. It is really nice to have such a good old uncle and aunty. I should die. sure, shut up in the city all the while, or obliged to go to crowded, fashionable resorts for my summer outings.

Mr. C. My old woman thinks there's nobody like Gwenney to fix up things 'round the house. She painted all them picters herself and made all them little trinkets for us. She's alus busy—'bout one thing or another.

Mr. B. They are, really, very nice, and brighten up a home wonderfully.

Miss G. Ha! ha! most gentlemen seem to think a woman's fancy work a foolish waste of time. I am glad you and Uncle Seth think otherwise. I like to chink in my leisure moments with something either useful or ornamental.

Mr. B. "A thing of beauty is a joy forever," Miss Gwenny, and, viewed in that light, things which of themselves would seem purely ornamental are useful also. Our world could have furnished nourishment for man and beast from the life-sustaining products of the soil. Let those who cavil at the beautiful in art, ask God why He created foliage and flowers. (*Enter Mrs. Cooper.*)

Mrs. C. It is the last day of school down here at the district school-house; and they are to have compositions and singing and speaking pieces to-night. The schoolma'am has sent us an invitation to attend.

Miss G. A regular old-fashioned school exhibition?

Mrs. C. Yes, I believe that is what they call it. One of the boys was just in to borrow my little flax spinning-wheel. He says they want it in a play they're going to act on the stage.

Miss G. That'll be just nice! What say? Let's all go!

Mr. B. Nothing could please me better. I haven't attended one since I was a little boy.

Mr. C. Nor I either. That'll sort o' bring back old times. Will you go, Ruth?

Mrs. C. Yes, of course, I'll go. We must hurry up and start early so as to get good seats.

SCENE III. *In the farm-house parlour. Philip Briggs alone, soliloquizing.*

P. B. Nearly two months since I came here —it doesn't seem possible! Gwenny is going home to-day. This awakens me to the stern reality—the painful loneliness I shall feel when she has gone! I can't stay here—I can't stay

anywhere without her. I have never met her equal. In her companionship, alone, can I attain the full enjoyment of existence. She can lead me to higher aims and nobler manhood. What do I care for old Spriggs and his millions? What do I care for my father's rash threats of disinheritance? They may do what they like with their money; give me but Gwenny and I can be happy anywhere. Thanks to good, generous Aunt Priscilla, her legacy has left me independent of their favours. It is much earlier than my usual time for rising. Dame Cooper is busy in the kitchen and Uncle Seth, good, clever soul, is doing the morning chores. I could not sleep and so came in here hoping to get a chance to speak to Gwenny alone. Ah! here she comes! I hear the footsteps on the.

(*Gwenny enters, and starts back in surprise at seeing Mr B.*)

Miss G. What! up so early! I thought I'd surely be the first one up this morning. Thoughts of going home kept running in my head and I could not sleep. I believe I'm getting nervous.

P. B. I know I am. Those very thoughts kept me awake all night. Gwenny, (*Taking her hand.*) You must not leave me. You don't know how lonely I shall be when you are gone! I have been sailing under false colors, but innocent of any intent to deceive. I have a way, among my friends, of using my initials, and so am called among them, P. B. or Mr. B. When your aunt asked my name I told her Mr. B. not thinking, for the moment, what I said, and as it did not matter, I did not take the opportunity to undeceive her; but I desire no concealment from you, unless you do not care for me. Then we will part as we met; but I shall be a changed man. (*He waits a moment for her reply.*)

Miss G. You must know, Mr. Bee, that I am not wholly indifferent toward you.

P. B. Then you do care for me?

Miss G. Yes; I have enjoyed your society very much.

P. B. If you must go to-day, I will go with you and ask your father's consent to claim you for my own.—May I?

Miss G. I fear it will do no good. He has already made a choice for me and if I do not obey his will, may prove very obstinate.

P. B. I can satisfy him of my social position and my ability to maintain you. I have means of my own, and have,—well, I may say I had great expectations; but my father, who is several times a millionaire, has taken it into his head to select a wife for me. I prefer to choose for myself. If you will be content to share what I have, Philip Briggs does not care for more.

Miss G. Philip Briggs! (*Releasing herself from his grasp and looking at him wonderingly.*) Is your father's name John?

P. B. Yes.

Miss G. And he lives in Philadelphia?

P. B. Yes. (*Gwenny bursts out laughing.*)

Miss G. Don't feel vexed, Philip, I am only laughing at the similarity of our positions. My father chose a husband for me in the same way, and it was to escape discussion of the matter that I took these few weeks' rustication. Mrs. Cooper is my old nurse, and I have always called her aunt. She was married from our house. Her husband had very little money, so my father bought them this farm and stocked it. But O, Philip, just think how your father and mine will chuckle! You are Philip Briggs and I am Gwenlian Spriggs.

P. B. (*Greatly surprised.*) Is it possible!

Miss G. In fleeing from fate—(*Interrupting her.*)

P. B. We found each other. (*Takes her hand. Curtain falls.*)

MUSIC.

READINGS.

A TIRESOME CALLER.

YOUNG Spoonogle never knows when to leave when he calls on a young lady; he likes the sound of his own voice so well that he talks on and on, while the poor girl grows light-headed with the tax on her strength and wishes the mantle-piece of Elijah would fall on the tiresome caller.

There is a young lady in a certain city who made up her mind to give Spoonogle a lesson. So one Sunday night when he called, she was as cordial as possible up to eleven o'clock. Then, having had a four-volume history of

Spoonogle's life, with an extended account of his influence in politics and business, she began to get dizzy and have a ringing in her ears. At that moment her young brother rushed into the room, and said hurriedly:

"Pa wants the morning papers, sis!"

"Look in the vestibule, Willie," she answered gently. "I think I heard the boy leaving them some hours ago."

Spoonogle never took the hint but drawled on about one thing and another in which the oft repeated letter I, as usual, bore a conspicuous part.

The next interruption was the head of the house, who entered briskly rubbing his hands. "Good morning—good morning," he said cheerily. "Ha! Spoonogle, you're out early. Well, 'early bird catches the worm.' It's going to be a fine day, from present appearances."

Spoonogle was dazed, but he concluded the old man had been drinking, and sat back with a "Come one, come all, this rock shall fly from its firm base as soon as yours truly" air that was decided and convincing.

A half hour passed away, and the good mother hurried in.

"Dear me! I'm late," she said as she entered. "I smelled the coffee an hour ago and knew breakfast was waiting; but—oh! Good morning Mr. Spoonogle!" Then the sweet youth took the hint, and drawing himself together, he got out into the hall and opened the front door, just as the hired girl rung a bell, and the small boy yelled "Breakfast!" over the banisters.

THE FIRE OF DRIFT-WOOD.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

We sat within the farm-house old,
Whose windows, looking o'er the bay,
Gave to the sea-breeze, damp and cold,
An easy entrance night and day.

Not far away we saw the port,
The strange, old-fashioned, silent town,
The lighthouse, the dismantled fort,
The wooden houses, quaint and brown.

We sat and talked until the night,
Descending, filled the little room;
Our faces faded from the sight,
Our voices only broke the gloom.

We spake of many a vanished scene,
Of what we once had thought and said,
Of what had been and might have been
And who were changed and who was dead.

And all that fills the hearts of friends,
When first they feel with secret pain
Their lives thenceforth have separate ends,
And never can be one again;

The first slight swerving of the heart,
That words are powerless to express,
And leave it still unsaid in part,
Or say it in too great excess.

The very tones in which we spake
Had something strange, I could but mark;
The leaves of memory seemed to make
A mournful rustling in the dark.

Oft died the words upon our lips
As suddenly, from out the fire,
Built of the wreck of stranded ships,
The flames would leap and then expire.

And as their splendor flashed and failed,
We thought of wrecks upon the main,
Of ships dismasted, that were hailed
And sent no answer back again.

The windows, rattling in their frames,
The ocean, roaring up the beach,
The gusty blast, the bickering flames,
All mingled vaguely in our speech.

Until they made themselves a part
Of fancies floating through the brain,
The long-lost treasures of the heart,
That send no answer back again.

O, flames that glowed! O, hearts that yearned!
They were, indeed, too much akin,—
The drift-wood fire without that burned,
The thoughts that burned and glowed within.

"MENDING THE OLD FLAG."

BY WILL CARLETON.

In the silent gloom of a garret room,
With cobwebs round it creeping,
From day to day the old flag lay—
A veteran worn and sleeping:

Dingily old, each wrinkled fold
By the dust of years was shaded;
Wounds of the storm were upon its form
The crimson stripes were faded.

'Twas a mournful sight in the day-twilight,
This thing of humble seeming,
That once so proud o'er the cheering crowd,
Had carried its colors gleaming:
Stained with mould were the braids of gold,
That had flashed in the sun-ray's kissing;
Of faded hue was its field of blue,
And some of the stars were missing.

Three Northern maids and three from glades
Where dreams the South-land weather,
With glances kind and their arms entwined;
Came up the stair together:
They gazed awhile with a thoughtful smile
At the crouching form before them;
With clinging holds they grasped its folds,
And out of the darkness bore them.

They healed its scars, they found its stars,
And brought them all together
(Three Northern maids and three from glades
Where smiles the South-land weather);
They mended away through the summer day,
Made glad by an inspiration
To fling it high at the smiling sky
On the birthday of our nation.

In the brilliant glare of the summer air,
With a brisk breeze round it creeping,
Newly bright through the glistening light,
The flag went grandly sweeping:
Gleaming and bold were its braids of gold,
And flashed in the sun-ray's kissing;
Red, white, and blue were of deepest hue;
And none of the stars were missing.

THE LOST KISS.

I PUT by the half-written poem,
While the pen, idly trailed in my hand,
Writes on, "Had I words to complete it,
Who'd read it, or who'd understand?"
But the little bare feet on the stairway,
And the faint, smothered laugh in the hall,
And the eerie-low lisp on the silence,
Cry up to me over it all.

So I gather it up—where was broken
The tear—faded thread of my theme,
Telling how, as one night I sat writing,
A fairy broke in on my dream.

A little inquisitive fairy
My own little girl, with the gold
Of the sun in her hair, and the dewy
Blue eyes of the fairies of old.

'Twas the dear little girl that I scolded—
"For was it a moment like this,"
I said, when she knew I was busy,
"To come romping in for a kiss?
Come rowdying up from her mother
And clamoring there at my knee
For 'One 'ittle kiss for my dolly
And one 'ittle uzzer for me?'"

God pity the heart that repelled her
And the cold hand that turned her away!
And take from the lips that denied her
This answerless prayer of to-day!
Take, Lord, from my mem'ry forever
That pitiful sob of despair,
And the patter and trip of the little bare feet
And the one piercing cry on the stair!

I put by the half-written poem,
While the pen, idly trailed in my hand,
Writes on, "Had I words to complete it,
Who'd read it, or who'd understand?"
But the little bare feet on the stairway,
And the faint, smothered laugh in the hall,
And the eerie-low lisp on the silence,
Cry up to me over all.

—*James Whitcomb Riley.*

THE COMING OF THE KING.

"They shall see the king in his beauty."

ALL day we watched and waited,
Waited at our darling's side,
While her frail bark slowly drifted
Out upon a shoreless tide.
We had wept in bitter anguish,
We had prayed with burning tears,
While our hearts drew back affrighted,
Looking down the lonesome years.
All in vain our tears and pleading,
All in vain our sorrowing;
We could only watch and listen
For the coming of the king.

Oh, the terror of the coming,
Of the grim and ghastly foe!
Oh, the darkness of the pathway
Where our darling's feet must go!

Oh, the glory of the summer,
Bending skies so blue and clear,
And the splendor of the roses,
And the bird-songs far and near.
Must she leave this world of beauty,
All the joys our love could bring,
And lie down in darksome silence
At the coming of the king?

Came he solemnly and slowly,
As a lord who claims his own,
Touched the white hands clasped together,
And they were as cold as stone.
Suddenly the blue eyes opened,
While our hearts grew faint with fear,
In their depths of solemn rapture
Faith and hope were shining clear.
Did she see the golden portals?
Hear the songs the blessed sing?
"Perfect peace" she softy murmured,
At the coming of the king.

When the days are long and lonely,
Summer days most sweet and fair,
When we gather in the gloaming
'Round our darling's vacant chair.
Say we softly to each other,
"Fairer scenes than we can know,
Sweeter airs and softer voices,
Made our darling glad to go."
Shines her happy face upon us,
Still a smile is lingering,
So in patient trust we tarry
For the coming of the king.

Advocate and Guardian.

OUR LOST TREASURE.

I SAW my wife pull out the bottom drawer of the old bureau this morning, and I went softly out and wandered up and down until I knew she had shut it up and gone to her sewing. We have something laid away in that drawer which the gold of kings could not buy, and yet they are relics which grieve us until both our hearts are sore. I haven't dare look at them for a year, but I remember each article. There are two worn shoes, a little chip hat with part of the brim gone, some stockings, pantaloons, a coat, two or three spools, bits of broken crockery, a whip, and some toys. Wife, poor thing, goes to that drawer every day of her life and prays over it, and lets her tears fall upon the precious keep-sakes; but I dare not go. Sometimes we speak of the little one, but not often. It has been a long time since he left us, but somehow we cannot get over grieving. Sometimes when we sit alone of an evening, I writing and she sewing, a child in the street will call out as our boy used to, and we will start up with beating hearts and a wild yearning, only to find the darkness more of a burden than ever. It is so still now! I look up to the window where his blue eyes used to sparkle at my coming, but he is not there. I listen for his pattering feet, his merry shout, and his ringing laugh; but there is no sound. There is no one to search my pockets and tease me for presents; I never find the chairs turned over, the broom down, nor ropes tied to the door knobs. I want some one to ask me for my knife; to ride on my shoulders; to lose my axe; to follow me to the gate when I go, and to meet me at the gate when I come home, and to call "good-night" from the little bed now empty. And my wife, she misses him still more, his affectionate caresses, the many little cares she gladly endured for his sake; and she would give her own life, almost, to wake at midnight and see our boy sweetly sleeping in his little crib the peaceful slumber of innocent childhood, as in the past when our little family circle was unbroken.

MUSIC.

COLLOQUY.

HOW HE MANAGED AUNT BETSEY.

DRAMATIZED BY MISS A. O. BRIGGS.

For two ladies and two gentlemen.

Characters.

Aunt Betsey Blatchford, A Stingy Old Widow.
Delia Gray, Her Niece.
Marcus Wayte, The District Schoolmaster.
Ives Wayte, His Cousin, a Music Dealer.

SCENE I. *Aunt Betsey sits knitting. Delia Gray is ironing.*

Delia Gray. Aunt Betsey, may I go over to the Drew place to singing-school to-night?

Aunt Betsey. No, you can't; and there's the end on 't! (*Knitting away spitefully.*)

D. G. Oh, Auntie, all the young folks will be there. I've worked hard all the week,—done a big washing, made soft soap, whitewashed and cleaned the pantry and kitchen, besides doing our regular work, and this is the last piece of the week's ironing, which would have been done an hour ago, if I had not left off to get supper.

Aunt B. I know that, Delia; you're a good gal, and a spry worker as ever was; but I don't b'leve in gals larkin' 'round the neighborhood the hull time. They're a deal better off tu hum, sewin' on their patchwork, or cuttin' rags for a new kitchen carpet.

D. G. But I promised the schoolmaster, Aunt Betsey. He is to call for me at half-past 7, and he will see me safe home afterwards.

Aunt B. Wal, what's that? Let him go away agin.

D. G. There's to be a dance out in the new barn after singing-school, and I've ironed my pink calico dress so neatly, and my laces are all done up. O, Aunt Betsey, I'll work so hard on the carpet rags all the rest of the week if you will only let me go this once!

Aunt B. (*Wheeling herself around in her chair, and eyeing Delia sharply through her silver-bowed spectacles.*) Wal, go, ef you're so sot on it! Them singin'-schools don't amount tu much—nothin' but a clean waste of time and money. In my day, ef we could jine intu the psalm tunes in meetin', 'twas all any gal ever thought of duin'.

D. G. Everybody plays and sings nowadays.

Aunt B. Humph! They'd a deal better play on the washboard, and sing callin' hum the cows. That's the sort of singin' that pays! I tell you once for all, Delia, 'tain't no use you're gittin' any sich high-fangled notions in your head; so, let this end up the singin'-school business. (*Rising and laying aside her knitting work.*) I guess I'll throw on my bunnit and shawl, and go over to Mr. Simmonses. Their hired man said this mornin' that Miss Simmons wasn't quite so well as she was yisterday. Ef you go afore I git back, lock the side-door and put the key under the mat. (*Leaves the stage.*)

D. G. Oh, dear! I'm so tired, I don't feel much like going anywhere! Aunt Betsey means well, no doubt, but she is so set in her way it is hard getting along with her. (*Bell rings. She opens the door. The Schoolmaster enters.*) Good evening, Mr. Wayte. You are early. I didn't expect you so soon.

Mark Wayte. Yes, it is early. I was down this way, so I thought I would drop in here and wait. What, all alone?

D. G. Yes; Aunt Betsey has gone out to call on our next-door neighbor.

M. W. Good! Do you know, Delia, I hate to encounter that old tigress. She makes a complete drudge of you. Did she have any objections to offer to your going to-night?

D. G. She refused outright, at first, to give her consent, but finally yielded enough to allow me to go this once. She gave me to understand, however, that this is to be the last time I must think of going to singing-school. She calls it a nonsensical waste of time and money.

M. W. O, Delia; and those lessons on the melodeon that I have been giving you at Dr. Bartlett's?

D. G (*Sadly.*) They will never be of any use, as I shall never have an instrument to practice on at home.

M. W. Does your Aunt know people some times earn their living teaching music?

D. G. You couldn't make her believe it.

M. W. And you have such a taste for it, Delia,—yes, more than a taste—a decided talent! Oh, we must not let the thing drop. You must have an instrument—it won't cost much to hire one by the quarter—and go on with your lessons.

D. G. It will be impossible.

M. W. I'll see about that. My cousin has a music store. I'll send him to see your aunt.

D. G. (*Shrugging her shoulders.*) You don't know Aunt Betsey.

M. W. (*Looking at his watch.*) I guess we had better start soon, so as to walk slow and visit along the way.

D. G. (*Handing him a magazine.*) Here's a new magazine Anna Wells sent me; perhaps you'd like to look it over. And now, if you'll excuse me a few moments, I will get ready to go with you.

M. W. Certainly! (*Miss Gray leaves the room. Mr. Wayte turns over a few pages of the*

magazine and reads.) Ah! here is a poem by Laura M. Colvin. (*Reads aloud.*)

THE SINGER OF ONE SONG.

It is a glorious thing to wear,
The poet's well-earned bays,
To trace fair broidery of words
Upon the coming days;

To write grand epics that shall send
Their echoes down the age,
To breathe such lyrics as shall please
The scholar and the sage.

Blind Homer's lines glow in the eyes
Of an admiring world;
And glorious Shakespeare is a host,
With banners all unfurled;

Scott's mind is variously rich,
Like great Achilles' shield;
While many a worthy leader more,
Wins in the lettered field.

And yet, though dazzling is the fame
Of this illustrious throng,
Sometimes, all hearts thrill more unto
The writer of one song;

Like "Home, Sweet Home," or, dearer yet,
That quaint "Auld Robin Gray;"—
Such rainbows, made of smiles and tears,
Must always win their way.

Though summer's sweetest songsters sing,
Where woodlands vocal be;
One plaintive bird may charm us more,
Beneath the old roof-tree.

How grand the power, with fewest words,
Breathed with no seeming art,
That can outreach the proudest lays,
And thrill a nation's heart!

M. W. (*Enter Delia Gray.*) What, ready so soon?

D. G. It never takes me long to get ready, for I haven't much to put on.

M. W. "Beauty unadorned is adorned the most."

D. G. Don't flatter!

M. W. A well-merited compliment is not flattery, Delia. (*He takes his hat and they leave the stage.*)

SCENE II. *Ives Wayte sits in his music-room, playing on an organ. His cousin, Mark Wayte, enters.*

Ives Wayte. Why, Mark, I haven't seen you in an age.

M. W. I'm teaching, you know, and a pedagogue don't get much time for calling. (*Takes a seat.*)

I. W. There must be some particular attraction in the district. You have your Saturdays and Sundays?

M. W. Not wholly. In order to add to my somewhat meagre salary, I have taken a few music-scholars at my boarding-place, besides teaching singing-school, one night in a week, and leading the choir on Sundays.

I. W. You *are* busy, that's a fact! Hope, among your pupils, I may find sale for some of my fine organs or pianos.

M. W. That's just what I came to see you about.

I. W. Ah, ha! Good!

M. W. A young lady has been taking lessons on the sly—or, rather, I have taken pity on the girl and given her lessons at such times as she could steal away from a tyrannical old aunt who keeps her drudging most of the time. The poor child is passionately fond of music.

I. W. And you are passionately fond of her?

M. W. You've guessed it exactly this time. I think if anyone can coax the old woman into buying an organ, you can, for you are a born salesman.

I. W. The girl has got real talent for music, eh?

M. W. A wonderful talent.

I. W. And poor?

M. W. *She* is, but the *old lady* has plenty of money if she only chose to spend it in this way; and she ought to do it, for she hasn't a child in the world to be hoarding up money for.

I. W. Plenty of money and plenty of prejudices, eh?

M. W. That's just it. (*Smiling.*)

I. W. Very well! I'll promise to do the best I can—to oblige you, Mark, for I see your heart is in the business.

M. W. To be frank with you, Ives, I'm in love with Delia Gray. We are both poor. If she could be qualified to give music lessons we might be married and take the Wiersells Academy—a boarding and day school—don't you see? She is the dearest little girl in the world—I wish you could see her.

I. W. And cut you out?

M. W. No danger. She is as true as she is beautiful.

I. W. Is there any one in the neighborhood the old woman seems to have a grudge against?

M. W. Not in the immediate neighborhood. I've often heard her speak of the Nugents who live some distance off, but attend the same church, as being very big feeling folks and living beyond their means.

I. W. I have just sold an instrument to them. All's fair in love and war. I'll manage old Auntie, see if I don't! The organ is as good as sold.

M. W. You're a brick, cous. Help us out in this matter and you shall be best man at my wedding.

SCENE III. *Aunt Betsey sits knitting. Takes a pinch of snuff and commences to soliloquize.*

Aunt B. My! How it rains! I'm afeerd Delia 'll hev a bad time gittin' hum. She's pretty thick with the doctor's folks. I'll hev to break that up. No good comes of gaddin' so much. Folks 'll think she is runnin' after the schoolmaster; but he's sich a stiddy old feller; and they say he's got a gal in the place he come from. He looks on Delia as a little gal, most likely, she's so much younger. The doctor's wife's full of fun and good company; so I spose Delia likes tu run over there; but I must put a stop to it. I can't hev her wastin' her time. Tom Bates, our hired man, he had to go out to-night tu see his brother off for Florida. Bimeby he'll be taken it intu his head, like as not, to go there too. He's a proper good farm hand—I don't see how I could git along without him. Oh, dear! Life's up-hill business anyway. (*Door-bell rings.*) How that started me! Hope 'tain't no tramp, and me all liven lone here! (*Opens the door.*)

Ives Wayte. (*Stands in the door shaking the rain from his cap.*) Is Mr. Nugent's place near here?

Aunt B. Bless your heart, no! It's nine good miles on the other road. However came you to take this way?

I. W. I've a parlor organ out here, (*Glancing bachward.*) that I was to deliver to Miss Nugent.

Aunt B. Guess you'll hardly deliver it to-night. A parlor organ, eh? For Matildy Nugent? Wal, I wonder what folly she'll be guilty of next! Nugent's folks is noways forehanded—don't see how they can afford it!

I. W. Oh, everybody is getting pianos and organs nowadays. It is so pleasant to have music in the house, you know. When anybody is tired and blue, it seems to rest them and cheer them up again. Would you be kind enough to allow me to bring it in here?

Aunt B. What in all this rain?

I. W. Oh it is packed in rubber wrappings. I'll take them off in the porch so it won't injure this nice new carpet;—that reminds me of one my mother has just finished up in Nantucket.

Aunt B. Yis, you may fetch it in. I never seen a parlor organ. There was a man come by in plum time with a monkey at the end of a long string—.

I. W. Oh, this is quite a different affair. If I could put out my horse and sleep to-night in your barn—

Aunt B. Land sakes! I'll light the lantern and you can put your horse right into the stable. Our hired man ain't to hum or he'd do it for you. And there's a spare bed-room opens out of the kitchen that you're welcome tu. (*Lights the lantern.*)

I. W. You are really very kind, madam. (*Wheels the organ into the room.*) Now I'll take your lantern and drive out to the stable. (*Leaves the stage.*)

Aunt B. (*Walks around the organ and views it closely.*) Looks suthin' like a book-desk. Wonder where the handle is tu grind out the music. It's a pretty stylish piece of furniture, that's a fact! Won't Nugent's folks hold their heads higher 'n ever when they git that sot up, intu ther parlor! I'll go right off and bring in some doughnuts and cider, cause he must be cold and hungry ridin' so fur. I peer tu take kind of a likin' tu the chap, he's so old fashioned and natral,—jest like he was tu hum. (*Leaves the room and returns with the cider and doughnuts. She meets Ives Wayte at the door.*) You can hang your wet coat right up here in the kitchen where it'll dry all nice by mornin'; and then come in tother room and have suthin' tu eat. (*They enter the room and she hands him a chair by the table.*)

I. W. You're just like my mother, so kind and thoughtful! These daughnuts are delicious, and this cider—(*drinks*)—well there! If this isn't

the nicest lunch I've had in a long time! I'm a lucky chap to get into such comfortable quarters this stormy night. Do you live alone?

Aunt B. Sakes alive, no? I've got a niece that lives with me and a hired man that works the farm; but Delia, she went out jest afore the rain, and I guess she's a waitin' fur it tu hold up, cause she didn't take no umbarill; and Tom, he's gone to see his brother off for Florida. Beats all how crazy folks is gittin' round here 'bout them orange groves! Tom's brother, he's saved by a few hundred dollars an' he's goin' down there tu buy him some land and set it out tu oranges: but I tell Tom it'll be five or six year afore he can git anything tu speak on off'en his land and he'll wish many times he was back agin a workin' Jim Maynard's farm on shares—tell you what, this goin' tu Florida ain't what it's cracked up to be!

I. W. That's so, madam. It isn't so easy to make a fortune there as some may think.

Aunt B. Wish you'd speak kinder discouragin' 'bout it tu Tom. I'm afeerd he's gittin' sort o' discontented sense his brother's thought o' goin'! Tom's a gettin' good wages and he'd be orful foolish tu leave!

I. W. You're right, he would! I'll do all I can to discourage him, for I hate to see a young man lose everything he has earned by hard work just because some unprincipled land sharks are booming up a tract of worthless swamps to speculate on.

Aunt B. I'm glad you see it as I du. You can hev more influence over Tom than I can—cause he'll think a man has got better judgment 'bout sich things than a woman has.

I. W. I'll have a good talk with him when he gets home; I think I can set him right. And now, as you are so kind as to give me food and shelter for the night, I will, with your permission, play a few airs for you on that instrument—just to show you its tone and compass.

Annt B. Sartin, I'd be much obleeged tu you ef you would. 'Twould be ruther of a good joke for me tu hear Matildy Nugent's organ afore she hears it herself—wouldn't it now? (*He seats himself at the organ and plays several old-fashioned tunes—such as Aunt Betsey used to sing when she was a girl.*) Beats all how much music there is in that thing! *Kin* you play "Old Rosin the Bow?"

I. W. I think I can. (*Plays it through.*)

Aunt B. Seems most like 't was speakin'? I never heerd one of them parlor organs afore! Be they very costly, mister?

I. W. Only one hundred and twenty-five dollars. I throw off five dollars for cash down.

Aunt B. Seems like a good deal of money. (*Shakes her head and hesitates.*) But, arter all, what's money ef you can't have any good on it! And Delia, she's dredful fond of music. I'm a'most sartin she could larn tu play on that there instrument, and it sounds sort o' nice tu hear them old-fashioned tunes that folks used tu sing when I was a gal!—My money's my own. I guess I can du as I'm a mind tu (*Defiantly.*) And I will, tu! I hain't got nobody in the world to du for but Delia, and she'd almost jump out of her skin to hev sich an organ. I say, Mr. Musicman, ef you'll leave that organ jest where it stands and cart up another tu Matildy Nugent, I'll take it and pay you cash down—there now!

I. W. Well, madam, since you desire it, I think it might be managed. The instrument is here—that counts for something.

Aunt B. It's proper sightly. Delia has ben a good, hard working gal—Play that last tune over again, Mr Musicman, she's a comin' up the path, I heerd the gate-latch creak—(*He commences playing.*) Yis, here she comes, and the schoolmaster tu. (*Enter Delia Gray and Mark Wayte.*) Good evening, Mr. Wayte.

M. W. Good evening, Mrs. Blatchford. (*The musician leaves off playing and jumps up in well-feigned surprise.*)

I. W. Why, Mark Wayte, are you here?

M. W. Hello, Ives! what brought you up here?

I. W. Missed my way. I think I'm pretty lucky to find such good shelter.

M. W. That's a fact. Mrs. Blatchford, my cousin, Mr. Wayte. Miss Gray, Mr. Wayte. (*They shake hands.*)

D. G. Am I dreaming? What is this? How came it here?

Aunt B. It's a present I'm goin' tu make you, Delia. (*Smiling pleasantly.*) Come and kiss me, can't you? (*She rushes to her aunt and kisses her fondly.*)

D. G. It is so kind of you, Auntie, to surprise me so! Isn't it nice, Mr. Wayte?

M. W. Perfectly grand!

Aunt B. I'll hire the schoolmaster to give

you music lessons; and we'll take solid comfort out o' this ere—see ef we don't!

M. W. I board just below here, Ives, you must go home with me and spend the night.

I. W. Thanks, Mark, it is so long since I have seen you I guess I will accept your invitation.

Aunt B. Ef you're agoin' hum with him, I'll go and git your money. (*Leaves the room*)

I. W. Didn't I tell you, Mark, it was as good as done?

M. W. (*Laughing.*) Bravo! I think you ought to have a diplomatic appointment.

I. W. I like this business better. (*Enter A. B. and hands him the money.*) Thanks! You'll find that instrument first class in every respect.

Aunt B. It's suthin' tu git ahead of Matildy Nugent. She needn't be puttin' on airs over my gal. Delia's done a sight of work sence she come here and she desarves the organ ef anybody ever did.

I. W. I trust you will enjoy your present, Miss. Gray. Cousin Mark is a very successful music teacher, and under his instructions you will, doubtless, make rapid progress.

D. G. Thanks, Mr. Wayte, I shall apply myself, since auntie has been so kind as to buy me this beautiful instrument, and I hope, in time, to make a good player.

Aunt B. I know it's gittin' late, but jest play one more tune, Mr. Wayte, so Delia and the schoolmaster, here, can see how nice it sounds.

I. W. Well, then, let it be something in which we can all join. Mrs. Blatchford, do you know "Home, Sweet Home?"

Aunt B. Land sakes, yis; I've sung it many a time when I was a gal.

I. W. It is just as good now as it was then,—one of the good old tunes that never wear out. We'll sing it as a very appropriate closing piece for the pleasant evening spent in your own sweet home. (*Mrs. Blatchford seems delighted and her aged, trembling voice blends in the melody, while they all sing, "Home, Sweet Home."*

Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there
Which, seek through the world, is not met with elsewhere.

An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain;
Oh! give me my lowly thatched cottage again!
The birds sing gayly, that come at my call,—
Give me them with the peace of mind dearer than all.

How sweet 'tis to sit 'neath a fond father's smile,
And the cares of a mother to soothe and beguile!
Let others delight 'mid new pleasures to roam,
But give, oh! give me the sweet pleasures of home.

To thee I'll return, overburdened with care;
The heart's dearest solace will smile on me there.
No more from that cottage again will I roam;—
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.

Home! home! sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home!
There's no place like home!

(*The gentlemen take their hats.*)

I. W. I'll be over in the morning, Mrs. Blatchford and have a good, serious talk with Tom. I guess I can set him all right on the Florida question.

Aunt B. That's right—so du! (*The Messrs. Wayte bid Mrs. B. and her niece good night and bow themselves out. Curtain falls.*)

WORKING AND DREAMING.

BY MRS. A. L. LAWRIE.

ALL the while my needle traces
Stitches in a prosy seam,
Flit before me little faces,
And for them the while I dream.

Building castle light and airy
For my merry little Kate,
Wondering if the wayward fairy
Will unlock the golden gate.

Scaling Fame's proud height for Willie,
Just as all fond mothers do,
And for her, my thoughtful Lily,
Twining laurel leaflets, too.

In the far-off future roving
Where the skies are bright and fair;
Hearing voices charmed and loving
Calling all my darlings there.

Through the distant years I'm tracing
Dewy pathways bright with flowers,
And along their borders placing
Here and there these pets of ours.

And the while my fancy lingers
In that hope-born summer clime,
Pretty garments prove my fingers
Have been busy all the time.

And I care not though around me
Romp the little merry band,
Never could the spell that bound me
Break at touch of softer hand,

Than the little hand of Nora,
Soiled in search of blossoms rare;
For she says they're gifts that Flora
Bade her bring to deck my hair.

So my summer days are flying
On their swift, oblivious track;
But while love meets fond replying
I would never wish them back;

But their precious, fragrant roses
I would gather and entwine
In a wreath, ere summer closes,
For the autumn's pale decline.

THAT TERRIBLE CHILD.

It was in the cars. The ladies were sitting together, busily engaged in conversation. On the seat facing them sat a little five-year-old boy. He had been looking out of the window, apparently absorbed in the moving panorama of the outside world. Suddenly he turned from the window; he began searching about the car, exclaiming in high, piping voice:

"Mamma, which man is it that looks so funny?"

"Sh!" cautioned his mother. But the boy was not to he hushed.

"I don't see the man with the bald head and funny red nose."

The "sh" was repeated. By this time the car was in a titter, save and excepting one elderly gentleman with a very bald head and a very red nose. His eyes were riveted upon his paper with a fixedness that was quite frightful. Again the boy:

"Oh! now I see him! Ho! what a bright nose! What makes it so red, mamma?"

"Georgie!" shouted his mother, in a stage whisper; but George was not to be stopped.

"Mamma," he continued, "what made you say he had a light-house on his face? I don't see any light-house."

Again, "Georgie!" and this time with a light shake.

Once more the piping voice, the bald-headed passenger gazing at his paper more fiercely than ever, and growing redder ever moment:

"Mamma, I don't think his head looks like the State House dome. It's shiny like it, but it isn't so yaller."

While the titter went around again, George's mother whispered rapidly to the boy, and gave her young hopeful a box on the ear, which seemed to partially divert his attention from the bald-headed passenger, but not entirely.

He cried once more through his tears:

"You said his nose was red as a beet, mamma; I didn't say nothing."

Strange to say the bald-headed passenger didn't take part in the suppressed laughter that followed, but he put on his hat and hid his nose in the paper, over which he glared at the boy as if he wanted to eat him. And yet where was the boy to blame?—*Boston Transcript.*

SCHOOL-GIRLS IN A STREET-CAR.

Four young misses rode up in a Madison street car a few evenings ago. They were good samples of latter-day young women, and they managed to keep the attention of all the other passengers during the trip. Two were high-school girls, and the passengers soon learned that the other two were boarding-school misses who had been met at the train by the two city girls. The boarding-school samples wore their hair clipped close, and affected the air of the dashing young serio-comic vocalist who sings the jockey song and dances to the accompaniment of a two-penny whip. The home productions were girlishly innocent.

"Commencement was so jolly," burst out one of the boarding-school girls. "I did hate to leave. It broke me all up to leave the dear professor."

"Which one?" asked a high-school girl, betraying signs of the most intense curiosity.

"Why, the French professor, of course

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He's such a dear, sweet little fellow, and he has such an elegant mustache. It's a butterfly."

A chorus of giggles bubbled from the listening trio.

"Oh, I forgot to tell you. I went buggy-riding Saturday night. Oh, the moonlight was delicious," continued the gushing young lady. "I was with that dear music-teacher of mine," she concluded, with a simper.

"Oh, how did Mammy Podd come to let you go?" queried the city miss, clasping her hands in an agony of suspense.

"Let me go? You bet, I gave her the double dodge and a slip. Oh, how is that delicious minister I met during the holidays?"

"Why, haven't you heard? He's going to New York. His throat's sore, and he has got to leave this terrible climate."

"Isn't that perfectly sad? Oh, how warm it is! Dear me; don't you think it will be cooler to-morrow?"

"Oh, yes indeed; it's always cooler to-morrow, it seems to me. Do you have to study much out there? I've had an elegant sufficiency of high-school."

"Oh, no indeed; us girls bought a key to our 'mathics,' and we write all the other answers on our cuffs. Mammy Podd's got fair eyes, you know."

"Oh, Clara!" broke in the other high-school girl, in great agitation. "I forgot to tell you. Fred and Eddie are coming up to-night. Fred's got a new suit and a cane."

"Dear me!" gasped the boarding-school young lady; "why didn't I wear my other dress! Has he got a moustache yet?"

"Ash' l'n' av' noo!" shouted the conductor.

"Gracious!" "Stop the car!" "We'll get past!" screamed the young women in a chorus as they rushed for the door.

A gust of glad sighs blew them out.

PHILOSOPHY IN THE MUD.

AN OLD DARKEY PROVES THAT "ALL COMES TO HIM WHO WAITS."

Out about four miles from Natchez, I came across a colored man who had headed for town with a jag of wood on a one mule wagon. At a narrow spot in the road, where the mud was a foot deep, his old mule had given out, and the wagon was stalled. The man sat on a log by the roadside, smoking a corn-cob pipe and enjoying a sun-bath, and after viewing the situation, I asked:

"Well, what are you going to do?"

"Nuffin', boss," he answered.

"Going to leave the rig right there until it sinks out of sight?"

"Oh, she's dun gone down about as fur as she kin."

"And you are in no hurry?"

"No, sah. Ize got all dis week to get to town."

"Well, you take things pretty cool, I must say."

"Say, boss, jist sot down heah half an hour an' see de filosophy of de thing," he answered. "Ize working a common-sense plan on dis difficulty."

I got down and took a seat, and it wasn't ten minutes before a cotton team, with four darkies perched on the bales, came up from the rear.

"Yo', dar—what's de rumpus?" demanded the driver, as he checked his mules.

"Dun got stuck fast."

"Oh—ho! Come along, boys, an' git dat ole mewl outer his trubble."

They all got down, each took a wheel, and with a "heave-o," the wagon was lifted out of the mud, and was ready to go on.

"See de p'int?" queried the owner of the rig, who hadn't lifted a pound himself.

"I do."

"Dat's what ails de black man to-day—hain't got no filosophy. He-haw, now, Julius—git right up 'n bend yore ole backbone! So long, white man—see yo' later!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

RULES AT A GUTHRIE HOTEL.

If you find the bugs are troublesome, you'll find the kloroform in a bottle on the shelf.

Gents goin' to bed with their boots on will be charged extra.

Three raps at the door means that there is murder in the house, and you must get up.

Please rite your name on the wall-paper, so we know you've been here.

The other leg of the chair is in the closet, if you need it.

If that hole where that pain of glass is out is too much for you, you'll find a pair of pants back of the door to stuff in it.

The shooting of a pistol is no cause for any alarm.

If you're too cold, put the oilcloth over your bed.

Caroseen lamps extra; candles free, but they mustn't burn all night.

Don't tare off the wall paper to lite your pipe with. Nuff of that already.

Guests will not take out them briks in the mattress.

If it rains through that hole overhead, you'll find an umbreller under the bed.

The rats won't hurt you, if they do chase each other across your face.

Two men in a room must put up with one chair.

Please don't emyty the sawdust out of the pillers.

Don't kick about the roches. We don't charge extra.

If there's no towel handy, use a piece of the carpet.—*Philadelphia North American.*

A JUMPER FROM JUMPVILLE.

HE CONFESSES THAT HE WAS JUST A TRIFLE TOO SMART.

"SAY!" he called as he walked across the street to a policeman yesterday at the circus grounds, "have you seen a slim little chap with a red moustache and a diamond pin?"

"I don't remember."

"Well, I want to hunt him up. If you'll help me find him I'll give you a yoke of two-year-old steers"

"What s he done?"

"Say! I'm mad all over, but I can't help but—ha! ha! ha!—laugh at the way he gum-fuzzled me half an hour ago. I'm a flat. I am! I'm rich pasture for cows! I'm turnips with a heap of green tops!"

"What's the story?"

"Well, I was over there under a wagon counting my money. I brought in $15. I was a wondering whether I'd better keep it in my hind pocket or pin it inside my vest when the little chap comes creeping under and says: 'Pardner, there's a wicked crowd around here Put that money in your boot.' Say!"

"Yes"

"Struck me as the sensiblest thing I could do. It was in bills, and I pulled off my right boot and chucked 'em in. Say! d'ye see anything green in that?"

"No."

"Well, I hadn't walked around long before a chap comes up and remarks that he has $5 to bet to a quarter that he can outjump me. Say, d'ye know me?"

"No."

"Well, when I'm home I'm the tallest jumpist of Washtenaw county. I jump higher and further than anything animal or human. I kiver more ground than a panther; I sail higher than a jumpin' hoss. I'm open to even bets day or night, and I go out and jump 'leven feet to astonish the children. When that 'ere stranger offered sich odds I looked at his legs for a minute and remarked that I was his huckleberry."

"I see."

"Say, up went the stakes, off cum my butes, and I outjumped him by three feet six."

"And what?"

"And when I looked around for my butes that infernal little hornet with the sandy mustache had made off with the one the cash was in. Say!"

"Yes."

"I live on Jumpin' creek. I'm the creek myself. I'm called a daisy when I'm home, and every time I trade hosses or shot-guns or dogs I paralyze the other feller. I'm previous. I'm prussic acid. I'm razors. Say!"

"Yes."

"If I kin lay hands on that little chap I'll make every bone crack. But it was a good one on me. Eh? Ever see it beaten? Played me for a fool and hit me the fust time. Say! If you see me—ha! ha! ha!—laughing, don't think I'm tight; I'm mad. But say! old Jumping Creek was too smart, wasn't he? Needed something to thin his blood, and he got it from a chap who didn't seem to know putty from the band-wagon! Say! Ha! ha! ha!"

THE WIDOW O'SHANE'S RINT.

WHISHT there! Mary Murphy, doan think me insane,
But I'm dyin' ter tell ye of Widder O'Shane:
She as lives in the attic nixt mine, doan ye know
An' does the foine washin' fer ould Misther Shnow.

Wid niver a chick nor a child ter track in,
Her kitchen is always as nate as a pin;
An' her cap an' her apron is always that clane—
Och, a moighty foine gurrel is the Widder O'Shane.

An' wud ye belave me, on Saturday night
We heard a rough stip comin' over our flight;
An' Mike, me ould man, he jist hollered to me,
"Look out av the door an' see who it moight be."

An' I looked, Mary Murphy, an' save me if there
Wusn't Thomas Mahone on the uppermost stair
(He's the landlord; ye're seen him yerself, wid a cane),
An' he knocked on the door of the Widder O'Shane.

An' I whispered to Michael, "Now what can it mane
That his worship is calling on Widder O'Shane?"
Rint day comes a Friday wid us, doan you see,
So I knew that it wusn't collectin' he'd be.

"It must be she owes him some money for rint
Though the neighbors do say that she pays to the cint;
You take care of the baby, Michael Brady," says I
"An' I'll pape through the keyhole, I will, if I die."

The howly saints bliss me! what shuldn't I see
But the Widder O'Shane sittin' pourin' the tea;
An' the landlord wus there, Misther Thomas Mahone,
A-sittin' one side ov the table alone.

An' he looked at the Widder O'Shane, an' sez he,
"It's a privilege great that ye offer ter me;
Fer I've not once sat down by a fair woman's side
Since I sat down by her that I once called me bride.

"An' is it ye're poor now, Widder O'Shane?
Ye're a dacent woman, both tidy an' clane;
An' we're both av us here in the wurruld alone,
Wud ye think of unitin' wid Thomas Mahone?"

Then the Widder O'Shane put the tea kettle down,
An' she says, "Misther Thomas, yer name is a crown;
I take it most gladly"—an' then me ould man
Hollered, "Bridget, cum in here, quick as yer can."

So then, Mary Murphy, I riz off that floor,
An' run into me attic an' bolted the door;
An' I sez to me Michael, "Now, isn't it mane?
She'll have no rint to pay will that Widder O'Shane."

—*Youth's Companion.*

I KNOW NOT THE HOUR OF HIS COMING.

I KNOW not the hour of His coming;
I know not the day or the year;
But I know that he bids me be ready
For the step that I sometime shall hear,

I know not what lieth before me,
It may be all pleasure, all care;
But I know at the end of the journey
Stands the mansion He went to prepare.

And whether in joy or in sorrow,
Through valley, o'er mountain or hill
I will walk in the light of His presenc
And his love all repining shall still.

I know not what duties are waiting
For hands that are willing and true;
And I ask but the strength to be faithful,
And do well what He gives me to do.

And if He should bid me stand idle—
Just waiting—in weakness and pain,
I have only to trust and be faithful,
And sometime He'll make it all plain.

And when His voice calls, in the morning,
At noontime, perhaps, or at night,
With no plea but the one, Thou hast called me
I shall enter the portals of light.

—*Ezra Hallock.*

Complete Program No. 6.

—FOR—

School and Evening

ENTERTAINMENTS.

ARRANGED BY

MISS A. O. BRIGGS.

COLLOQUY.

MR. BAYBERRY'S DILEMMA.

DRAMATIZED BY MISS A. O. BRIGGS.

Characters.

Mr. Bayberry	A rich old bachelor.
Mrs. Peabody	A poor widow.
Miss Delilah Dobbins }	Step-sisters.
Miss Selina Peabody }	

SCENE I. *Mr. Bayberry at home, sitting in his easy-chair, soliloquizing.*

Mr. Bayberry. I never was in such a peck of trouble in all my life. (*Abstractedly stroking his whiskers and frowning in perplexity.*) I used to think if ever I fell in love, I'd know my own mind; but I'll be hanged if I ain't plum beat this time, and no mistake. I'd ruther dig a hull field of pertaters or cut medder six weeks stiddy, than to tell which of them two girls I like the best. I've studied and studied for hours at a time, whether I'd ask Selina Peabody or Delilah Dobbins, an' the more I study on it the more befuddled I git. Them bein' step-sisters, too, makes it all the worse, fur when I go to the house, I'm sure to see 'em both; and I'm plagued ef I can tell which one I'd ruther have. Delilah's a leetle the peakedest, but then she's got sich leetle white hands, sich black eyes, and her cheeks are as red as any double hollyhock I ever see. And then Selina, she's plump as a wood-pigeon, and with hair like streaks of sunshine, and eyes as blue as bachelder buttons. Of course, folks'll talk ef I marry either one of 'em, bein' as they're poor, and Miss Peabody takes in washing; but I reckon I'm able to please myself, and ain't got to say "By your leave" to nobody. I've got one of the best farms in the country; my house is snug and cozy, and I've a good solid nest-egg in the village bank, besides. Most any girl 'round here would be glad to jump at the chance; and I must marry soon, for Miss Cranebill, my housekeeper, has hinted pretty strong of late that I must look out for another housekeeper before long. I s'pose she has an eye to being mistress here, but she'll get left on that, I'm thinkin'. Pshaw! what a dunce I be, anyhow! I wonder what I'd best to do! Je-rusalem! I've got it now! (*His face brightens up with the new idea.*) I see my way now clear as daylight, and I shan't have to marry Miss Cranebill, or go without a housekeeper either. I'm going to leave it all to chance or Providence, ruther, an' the first one of them girls I see by herself I'm goin' to pop the question to right straight off! And now that the business is settled and off my mind, I'll go down and see Squire Simpson 'bout tradin' for that gray horse of his'n. (*Rises and puts on his coat and hat and leaves the stage.*)

SCENE II. *Miss Delilah Dobbins, standing before a mirror in her own room, trying on her new bonnet, and talking to herself.*

Delilah Dobbins. I do hope it won't snow to-morrow, for I want to go to church. I declare, this bonnet *is* becoming—just the thing for my complexion. Of course, Mr. Bayberry will be there; and if I don't get a proposal from him this time, it won't be my fault. I'm tired to death of working and drudging and being a nobody. Won't I put on style, though, when I get the handling of his rusty dollars! I shall be an old man's darling, and he will let me do just as I please. To-morrow I'll just set my wits to work, and—— (*Her mother calls.*

Mrs. Peabody. Delilah! Delilah!

Delilah. Dear me! there's ma calling, what do they want now? I s'pose I shall have to run down stairs and see.

SCENE III. *Mrs. Peabody and Selina are ironing. A basketful of clothes stands on the floor ready to be taken to its owner. Delilah flounces into the room in a huff—provoked at being interrupted in her pleasant soliloquy.*

Delilah. Well, what do you want now? I can't be up-stairs a minute without hearing "Delilah! Delilah!" It is enough to provoke a saint. I declare to goodness, I'll get married, and see how you'll get along without me then.

Selina Peabody. If you get a chance, you mean, Delilah.

Delilah. If I "get a chance!" I know what I am talking about, Miss Selina, I'll soon be through with this drudgery, see if I'm not!

Mrs. Peabody. I think you'll have to carry Mrs. Simonson's clothes home, Delilah, Ned has to go to mill, and——

Delilah. I won't do any such a thing. Carry home clothes, indeed, as if I were a servant! Why don't Selina go, if anybody must?

Mrs. P. Selina has been ironing since early this morning, and is tired out.

Delilah. Well, upon my word! (*Sneeringly.*) Selina's getting mighty fine, of late, if a little work lays her out. Anyhow, I shan't budge if Mrs. Simonson goes without clothes all the days of her life. I'm busy fixing my dress to wear to church to-morrow; so you needn't call me any more till supper's ready. (*She leaves the room.*)

Mrs. P. What shall we do, Selina? Mr. Simonson is our best customer, and she's so partickler 'bout havin' her clothes early Saturday afternoon. Delilah's so fractious——

Selina. Never mind Delilah, ma. I'll take the clothes home. I'm not so very tired, and you won't have much to do for supper. I parched the coffee in the oven while I was ironing, and there's enough cold biscuit and apple sauce.

Mrs. P. Oh dear! I do hate to have you go, after working so hard——

Selina. Pshaw, ma! It won't hurt me—don't worry. (*Puts on her bonnet and shawl and starts off with the clothes.*)

Mrs. P. What a difference in my two girls! Delilah has very high notions in her head—get married, indeed! She would make a poor stick for any man.

SCENE IV. *Footsteps are heard outside. Delilah hastens to open the door. Selina enters followed by Mr. Bayberry, whom Delilah does not, at first, see.*

Delilah. So, you've come, at last, have you? Might as well have staid all night while you was about it! (*In great surprise.*) Why, Mr. Bayberry, is it you? Do come in, won't you?

Mr. B. Wall, I don't reckon I'll stop this time, Miss Delilah, I only jest come to bring my wife home on a visit.

Delilah. Your wife?

Mr. B. Yes, my wife! I'm your brother-in-law now, Miss Delilah. Selina can tell you better'n I kin, how I met her a-goin' to Squire Simonson's and popped the question on the spot; and the Squire he mistrusted somethin', and begun a-jokin' us, and the fust thing I knew I was a-ridin' off on his old gray hoss to git a license; that's what kep' us so late; and the Squire he married us; so that's all. I'm a-goin' over to git the light wagon to take Selina hum; and I guess she'll hev' her things picked up and ready agin I git back.

Mrs. P. Isn't this a very sudden affair, Mr. Bayberry?

Mr. B. Not so very suddin' with me. I've ben a-thinkin' it over fur quite a spell, and I reckon Providence had a hand in bringin' it about jest now.

Mrs. P. Well, you have secured a prize, if she *is* my daughter.

Mr. B. So I calkerlate, Miss Peabody ; I'll see that Selina has as good and comfortable a home as any woman ever had, and shall expect you and Delilah here to come over and make yourselves neighborly.

Mrs. P. Thanks, we shall be glad to do so, and hope you and Selina will come here often.

Mr. B. Sartinly, we will, but I must be a-goin', the roads are bad, and it is gittin' late. I'll be back in an hour or so, Selina.

Selina. All right. I'll try and be ready when you come. (*He leaves the stage.*)

Delilah. So, Miss, you've, at last, succeeded in entrapping Mr. Bayberry ! I can see through your sly manœuvres. You knew he was going to be there, and that's the reason you were so willing to take the clothes.

Selina. I knew no such thing, Delilah, it was a complete surprise to me. I never once suspected that Mr. Bayberry cared for me.

Delilah. I suppose you think you'll make me believe that !

Selina. You can do as you like about it.

Mrs. P. Why, Delilah, what does ail you? A body'd think you wanted Mr. Bayberry yourself.

Delilah. I wanted Mr. Bayberry ! The old curmudgeon ! Do you suppose I'd marry such a stingy old miser as he is? He'll do well enough for Selina, who never did look very high, but when I marry it will be some more polished gentleman.

Mrs. P. Polished fiddlesticks ! I've heard enough of such nonsense. Mr. Bayberry is a good, respectable man, and will make Selina a kind and indulgent husband. I'm proud of such a son-in-law.

Delilah. Wait till you see *my* beau ideal.

Mrs. P. I really hope he will be a beau *ideal* until you prove yourself more worthy of a husband *real.* But supper is getting cold, we must sit down and eat, so Salina can be ready when Mr. Bayberry returns.

MAKING OF THE EARTH.

WHEN the meeting had been duly opened Brother Gardner announced that the Honorable Scalpilusas Johnson, better known as "The Black Magnet of Tennessee," was in the anteroom. He had been three months working his way up from Tennessee to speak before the club, and, so far as had been observed in the two days he had been in town, he was a modest, quiet man, with a very slim appetite for a great orator. The subject of his address was: "How did dis yere world git yere?" and there were grounds for believing that it would prove both instructive and interesting.

When the honorable was brought in by the committee it was seen that he had the build and demeanor of a great philosopher. He toed in a bit as he walked, but he was very perpendicular in his carriage, and there was no question but what he felt right at home in the presence of an audience. He was out at the elbows, and there was an off-color patch on one knee, but there is no law in this country to compel a philosopher to wear store clothes. He moved with easy grace to the platform, put a small lump of rock salt in his mouth and quietly began :

"My frens, is dar' one among you who ever stopped to think dat dis world was not allus yere? Probably not. You hev gone fussin' around without thought or care whether dis globe on which we hev the honor to reside is one thousand or one millyun y'ars old. [Sensation.] Did you eber sot down on de back steps in de twilight an' ax yerself how dis world cum to be yere anyhow? How was it made? How long did it take? How did de makin' begin? No ; none of ye hev. Ye hev put in yer time shootin' craps, playin' policy, spottin' off hen houses an' sleepin' in de shade, an' ye ar' a pack of pore, ignorant critters in consekence. [Signs of indignation throughout the hall.]

"My frnes," continued the speaker, "what occupied dis yere space befo' de world took its place? Some of you no doubt believe it was a vast body of water—a great ocean full of whales. Others hev argued dat it was one vast plain, whar' persimmons an' watermelons grew de hull y'ar round. [Yum ! yum !] You is all mistaken. It was simply goneness—emptiness—nuffinness—space. It was de same emptiness dat you see when you look skyward. [Smiles of incredulity.] De space at present occupied by his world could hev once bin bought fur an ole dun-cull'd mewl wid his teef

gone, an' it would hev bin a dear bargain at dat. De reason it wasn't sold was bekase dar' was nobody yere to buy it——

NOBODY TO GIT UP A BOOM."

The speaker here paused to take a sip of water and renew his rock salt, and then said;

"How did dis world git a start? Some of you may hev wondered about it, but it is mo' likely dat you has dun let it go, an' paid no 'tenshun to de matter. In de fust place de Lawd had to find de space. You can't build a cabin till you git de space to build on. [Sensation.] Dar had to be a space to put de world in. De atmosphere had to be shoved aside to make a big hole, an' when de hole was dar de world commenced to make. You hev red dat ebery thing was created in six days. Mighty long days dose were. I has figgered on it a good many times, an' I'ze tellin' ye dat it took thousands of y'ars. [Agitation.] Dar was a powerful lot o' periods to go frew wid befo' things come out ship-shape.

DAR WAS DE CHAOTIC PERIOD—

a time when eberything was was wrong side up an' inside out. Flames was a-rollin', de oceans a heavin', mountains risin' up to sink away agin, an' dar was no tellin' who would cum out on top. Dat period lasted fur 10,000 y'ars, an' it was a good thing dat we wasn't around. ["Here!" "Here!"]

"De nex' period was de passle period—a time when everything was passled out accordin' to common sense. De oceans war giben boundaries—de ribers war' giben beds—de mountains war' distributed around to give moas' eberybody some side hill, an' dar was a gineral pickin' ober and sortin' out to make a good appearance. Dis period lasted about 10,000 y'ars, an' you didn't lose nuffin' by bein' out of town. De nex' period is known as de coolin' off period. Eberything had bin red hot fur 20,000 y'ars, an' it took a heap o' time before dey got cool 'nuff to handle. When dey did we had a surface composed of water an' sich. Fur thousands of y'ars dar wasn't 'nuff sile fur a grasshopper to scratch in, nor 'nuff grass fur to make a green streak on a pair o' white pants." [Yells of delight.]

"My frens," continued the speaker as he emptied the water pitcher. "Dar war' odder periods—de ice period, de drift period, de dirt period, de grass period—and finally all was ready an' waitin' fur de man period. De world had bin created an' was all right. Birds were flyin' around, chickens roosted so low dat you could reach up an' pick 'em, [applause] an' de hoss an' ox an' cow stood waitin' to be milked. It was a beautiful scene. I kin shut my eyes an' see it. If you could hev bin right dar' at dat time you would hev busted yourselves on 'possum an' yams [awful whoops], de fattest kind o' pullets—de biggest sart o' 'possums—de heaviest yams an' de moas' gigantic watermelons—all right dar' beggin' of you to eat 'em up widout costin' a cent."

Here the applause was so uproarious that the speaker had to pause for several minutes. During this excitement Elder Toots struck Antimony Johnson in the stomach with his knee, and Brother Johnson lay apparently lifeless for four Waterbury minutes.

"Den man an' woman war' created," said the orator when his voice could once more be heard, "an' things has gone along bang-up eber since. I has bin pained an' grieved to h'ar dat sartin cull'd men hev contended dat de black man was bo'n fust. In fact dat Adam was jist about my size an' complexun. [Applause.] Gem'len, doan' you believe it. It hain't so. If it was so we'd be walkin' into barber shops kept by white men an' layin' ourselves back fur a shave. We wouldn't hev dis fuzzy h'ar. We wouldn't be so liberal in de size of de fut an' de length of de heel. We could pass a smoked ham hangin' in front of a grocery in de night widout stoppin' to look if de grocer war' in. [Awful sensation.]

"My frens, wid dese few homogenous disqualifications I bid you good-night, as de hour has grown late, an' I believe I has satisfied you on de soundness of my theory. Think of these things fur yourselves. Animadvert on de diaphragm doorin' your hours of leisure. Doan' accept things as you find them, but inquar' of yourselves why de thusness of de thisness emulates de consanguinity of de concordance."

After the terrific applause had subsided and the dust settled down Brother Gardner arose and said:

"I—I can't zactly make it all out, but I guess he hit de mark purty close. Let us go hum."

TOO SCIENTIFIC.

WHY THE OLD MAN COULDN'T EVEN SELL A REFRIGERATOR IN HOT WEATHER.

An ice box, on which was a sign "For Sail" stood in front of a Brooklyn grocery store the other day, and when a woman stopped to examine it a man, with his hands and overalls showing grime, came out and said:

"Madam, dot was the beegest bargain in dis whole country. I paid $18 for dot ice box, und now I sells him for—for—vhell, I make der price so sheap dot it pays you to shplit him oop for firewood."

"Been in use a long time, I see," she observed as she looked inside.

"Madame, I gife you fife thousand dollars if I doan' buy him only last year."

"What's the principle on which it works?"

"Der best principle in all dis worldt, madame. It vas by der oopright, horizontal, rotary principle, und nobody can beat it. My son he runs dis grocery for me while I runs my boiler und engine shop. Dot makes me know all about ice boxes."

"A boiler isn't an ice box," she remarked, as she looked into it again.

"Shust so, madame, but der principle vhas der same. Dis vas a ten-flue ice box, mit a return draught. She vhas seex-inch stroke, patent cut-off, tested oop to 180 pounds, und vhas fixed oop mit a low water indicator und all der latest inventions. If dot ice box explodes on you I gife you one million dollars, und any shild can run it."

"Explode! Mercy on me, but I don't want anything around to blow me up! It must be some new fangled arrangement."

"Madame, I gif you my word he vhas as safe ash a trunk oop in der garret. He consumes his own smoke, vhas provided mit a check draught of der latest style, und——"

"I don't want it." she said, with a decided snap in her voice and hurried away as if she feared an explosion.

At that moment a young man came out and asked:

"Fadder, doan' you make a sale!"

"No."

"Vhas you tell her?"

"I say to her dot it vos by der oopright, horizontal, rotary principle, mit return flues, seex-inch stroke, patent——"

"Fadder, you go avhay and leaf me to sel. him. You vhas too scientific. So mooch talk makes peoples afraid. I shust tell em dot it was for sale by a family who vhas going to Europe for der summer, or to wind oop an estate, und before to-morrow he vhas sold. You vhas all right on engines und boilers, but you vhas way off on ice boxes. All der principle about him vhas to sell him for ten dollars cash. —*Brooklyn Eagle.*

JIM.

"Jim has a future front of him,"—
That's what they used to say of Jim,
For when young Jim was only ten
He mingled with the wisest men,
With wisest men he used to mix,
And talk of law and politics;
And everybody said of Jim,
"He has a future front of him."

When Jim was twenty years of age,
All costumed ready for life's stage,
He had a perfect man's physique,
He knew philosophy and Greek;
He delved in every misty tome
Of old Arabian and Rome,
And everybody said of Jim,
"He has a future front of him."

When Jim was thirty years of age,
He'd made a world-wide pilgrimage,
He'd walked and studied 'neath the trees
Of German universities,
Had visited and pondered on
The sites of Thebes and Babylon;
And everybody said of Jim,
"He has a future front of him."

The heir to all earth's heritage
Was Jim at forty years of age,
The lore of all the years was shut,
And focused in his occiput;
And people thought, so much he knew,
"What wondrous things our Jim will do!"
They more than ever said of Jim,
"He has a future front of him."

At fifty years, though Jim was changed,
He had his knowledge well arranged,
All tabulated systemized,
And adequately synthesized ;
His head was so well filled within
He thought, "I'm ready to begin."
And everybody said of Jim
"He has a future front of him."

At sixty—no more need be said—
At sixty years poor Jim was dead.
The preacher said that such as he
Would shine to all eternity;
In other worlds beyond the blue
There was great work for Jim to do;
And o'er his bier he said of Jim
"He has a future front of him."

The great deeds we are going to do
Shine 'gainst the vastness of the blue,
Like sunset clouds of lurid light
Against the background of the night;
And so we climb the endless slope,
Far up the crownless heights of hope,
And each one makes himself a Jim,
And rears a future front of him.

S. W. Foss, *in Yankee Blade.*

WAIL OF THE UNAPPRECIATED.

THE poets all have sung their songs in tones of loving praise,
Of fightin' men, and all that set, for countless years and days,
Until I think it's almost time to make Pegasus prance
In ringin' in some word for them as never had a chance.

I know a dozen fellers now, that somehow staid behind,
And why, no one could never tell, for they was men of mind,
All brainy men and statesmen, too, as modern statesmen go,
But, somehow, in this crooked world, they've never had no show.

There's old Jim Potts, what ought to be in Congress right to-day.
He han't no head for business—could never make it pay;
But when it comes to tariff, or internal revenue—
Now what old Jim he doesn't know ain't worth a-lookin' through.

But pore old Jim (a brainy man, as I have said before),
And several more (includin' me) set round the grocery store,
And there we run the country, accordin' to our lights,
And we figger how the workingman is loosin' all his rights.

But yet, with all our good, hard sense, some loud and windy cuss
Can put a standin' collar on and raise a little fuss,
And everybody flocks to him and lauds him to the sky,
And leaves us men of solid worth plum stranded high and dry.

SAVED BY A SONG.

"NEARER, my God, to Thee,"
What, can it be I hear aright
That sweet, old song in such a place—
Beneath the bar-room's glittering light?
Listen; it is a woman's voice
That drifts upon the breeze to me,
From yonder gilded, gay saloon,
"Nearer, my God, to Thee."

Where have I heard that song before?
Memory adown the long years speeds;
I hear once more, those precious words,
And then the preacher softly reads
A few lines from the book of life;
Then some one softly strokes my head
And whispers, oh, so tenderly:
"Poor little boy, your mother's dead."

Oh! how it all comes back to me!
Those whispered words, that tender song,
My boyish heart was well-nigh broke;
I cried for mother all night long.
I see the cosy sitting-room,
The straight back chairs 'ranged in a row—
The moonlight stealing thro' the blinds,
The jessamine swaying to and fro.

And there my mother's rocking chair,
From which a sweet face often smiled,
As with her Bible on her lap
She turned to bless her darling child.
But that was years and years ago;
What am I now? A wretch to shun,
Going down the road to ruin fast,
I'm on the drunkard's "homeward run."

Somehow that song has reached my heart
And seemed to pierce it thro' and thro'
And called forth feelings, that I'm sure,
Naught else on earth could ever do.
My throat is parched from want of rum,
My head seems growing wild with pain;
But, mother, hear your boy to-night:
I'll never touch a drop again.

LUELLA D. STILLMAN.

THE MISTLETOE.

THE wind blows cold, and the sun is low,
And the sapphire sky has changed to gray;
But blithely, blithely over the snow
The children troop from the woodland way,
Laden with holly and evergreen,
And the mistletoe peeps out between.

From many a church tower far and wide
The bells ring out with their merry chimes,
Telling glad tidings of Christmas-tide;
And the old folks dream of bygone times;
But the lads—Oh the lads, they whisper low
As slyly they hang up the mistletoe.

Grandfather sits in his old armchair
Spreading cold hands to the cheerful blaze;
Dear grandmamma, in her kerchief fair,
Remembers Christmas in her young days;
But the maidens smile, and their soft cheeks glow
As they linger under the mistletoe.

With a wreath of laurel and ivy bound
On the ruffled curls of her silken hair,
Baby sits like an Empress crowned,
(Her only throne is a cushioned chair.)
Ah! many a kiss is in store, I know,
For our small sweet Queen 'neath the mistletoe.

Open the purse and unbar the door;
Let the Christmas angels in to-night;
Hearts that remember the sad and poor
Are filled with joy, though the purse grows light;
The milk of kindness should freely flow
Under the holly and mistletoe.

Let anger, and envy, and strife all cease,
Old wounds be healed, and old wrongs set right;
We hail the birth of the Prince of Peace—
Shine into our hearts, O kindly Light,
That brotherly love may burn and glow
Under the holly and mistletoe!

E. MATHESON *in Chambers' Journal.*

SCOTT AND THE VETERAN.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

AN old and crippled veteran to the War Department came,
He sought the Chief who led him on many a field of fame—
The chief who shouted "Forward!" where'er his banner rose,
And bore its stars in triumph behind the flying foes.

"Have you forgotten, General," the battered soldier cried,
"The days of eighteen hundred twelve, when I was at your side?
Have you forgotten Johnson, who fought at Lundy's Lane?
'Tis true, I'm old and pensioned, but I want to fight again."

"Have I forgotten?" said the chief, "my brave old soldier, no!
And here's the hand I gave you then, and let it tell you so;
But you have done your share, my friend; you're crippled, old and gray,
And we have need of younger arms and fresher blood to-day."

"But, General," cried the veteran, a flush upon his brow,
"The very men who fought with us, they say are traitors now;
They've torn the flag of Lundy's Lane, our old red, white and blue,
And while a drop of blood is left, I'll show that drop is true.

"I'm not so weak but I can strike, and I've a good old gun,
To get the range of traitor's hearts, and prick them, one by one.
Your minie rifles and such arms, it ain't worth while to try;
I couldn't get the hang o' them, but I'll keep my powder dry!"

"God bless you, comrade!" said the chief, "God bless your loyal heart!
But younger men are in the field, and claim to have a part;
They'll plant our sacred banner firm in each rebellious town,
And woe, henceforth, to any hand that dares to pull it down!"

"But, General,"—still persisting, the weeping veteran cried,
"I'm young enough to follow, so long as you're my guide;
And some, you know, must bite the dust, and that, at least, can I;
So give the young ones place to fight, but me a place to die!

"If they should fire on Pickens, let the colonel in command
Put me upon the rampart with the flag-staff in my hand:
No odds how hot the cannon-smoke, or how the shell may fly,
I'll hold the stars and stripes aloft, and hold them till I die!

"I'm ready, General; so you let a post to me be given,
Where Washington can look at me as he looks down from Heaven,
And say to Putnam at his side, or, maybe, General Wayne,—
'There stands old Billy Johnson, who fought at Lundy's Lane.'

"And when the fight is raging hot, before the traitors fly,
When shell and ball are screeching, and bursting in the sky,
If any shot should pierce through me, and lay me on my face,
My soul would go to Washington's and not to Arnold's place."

COUSIN JOHN.

A GRAY Thanksgiving morning,
In the farmhouse on the hill,
Looked soberly down on the deacon
More gray and sombre still;

As he sat in his armchair musing
On the fire that wouldn't go,
While his good wife, brisk and cheerful,
Was bustling to and fro:

And once she paused in passing
To touch him on the head;
"We musn't forget what day it is;
Father, give thanks," she said.

"Give thanks," the deacon answered
In a slow uncertain way,
"Give thanks that the farm is mortgaged,
And our son has gone astray?

"No matter whose fault begun it,
The thing was done somehow,
And everything's gone agin us
From that time up to now.

"I've heard the neighbors talking
When I'd just catch 'Deacon Brown'·
And 'driving away that boy of his,'
And 'the farm a running down;'

"It's true enough, too, Abby,
Leastways the latter part;
It's queer how things will slide sometimes
With a mighty little start.

"First, there was the cow that strangled,
And the colt that hurt his feet,
Then there was the flood in haying
And the winter that killed the wheat.

"So it's been going on steady
Till now the chances are
That before another Thanksgiving
We'll be eating poorhouse fare.

"You'd ought to seen last evening
As I went in and out,
How that there one old turkey
Kept following me about·

"He knew what day was coming,
He's got it learned by heart,
And I think he was disappointed
That he couldn't play his part.

"But a real Thanksgiving Dinner
We rightly can't afford,
And then it seems to me 'twould be
Too much like mocking the Lord.

"I know He's just and righteous
But one thing I must say;
The things I've mostly prayed for
Have gone the other way."

The deacon paused a moment
For his handkerchief, just here,
While the patient wife sighed softly
And brushed away a tear;

Then looked up as her husband
Tossed something square and white,
"Here, wife, just read this letter;
It came to me last night."

A puzzling letter, surely!
There was scarcely more than a line:—
"Be sure and kill the turkey;—
A friend is coming to dine."

"Well, that strikes me," said the deacon,
"As cool fer this time o' year."
But his wife said, "Oh, it is cousin John!
You know he was always queer;

"This is just his way of saying
He means to give us a call,
So, father, I guess we'll have to keep
Thanksgiving after all."

* * * * * *

In proper time, the turkey,
With goodies on each side,
Lay smoking on the table,
Quite calm and satisfied.

And the deacon mused in silence,
With his shabby best coat on,
While his wife was hurrying to the door
To welcome cousin John.

But what, in the name of wonder,
Are the sounds the deacon hears?
He rises and follows after,
For he cannot trust his ears.

Then stops in blank amazement
At the sight he looks upon,
There's Abigail, clean gone crazy,
A huggin' and kissin' John.

No—it isn't John who is saying,
In a voice of long ago,
"So, you've killed the turkey, father!"
And "I'm the friend, you know."

In a dream the deacon listens,
While the voice goes on until
It says "I've paid the mortgage,
And the homestead is ours still."

* * * * * *

That evening when the deacon
Knelt down beside his chair,
The spirit of Thanksgiving
Would overflow his prayer.

And, at its close, he added,
"And, O Lord, from this day,
No matter what I ask for
Just do the other way."

A CONVINCING ARGUMENT.

At a certain town meeting, the question, whether any person should be licensed to sell intoxicating beverages, came up. The clergyman, the deacon, and the physician, strange as it may appear, all favored it. One man spoke against it because of the mischief it did. The question was about to be put, when from one corner of the room there arose a woman. She was thinly clad, and her appearance indicated the utmost wretchedness. After a moment's silence, all eyes being fixed on her, she stretched her attenuated body to its utmost height, and then her long bony arms to their greatest length, and raising her voice to a shrill pitch, she called upon all to look at her.

"Yes!" she cried, "look upon me and then hear me. All that the last speaker has said relative to temperate drinking being the father of drunkenness, is true. All practice, all experience declare its truth. All drinking of alcoholic poison as a beverage, is excess. Look upon me. You all know me. You all know I was once mistress of the best farm in the town. You all know, too, I had one of the best, the most devoted of husbands. You all know I had fine, noble-hearted, industrious boys. Where are they now? You all know. They lie in a row side by side in yonder churchyard; all, every one of them filled a drunkard's grave! They were all taught to believe that temperate drinking was safe; excess alone to be avoided; and *they never acknowledged excess.* They quoted *you*, and *you*, and *you*," pointing with her shred of a finger to the minister, the deacon and the doctor, as authority. "They thought themselves safe under such teachers; but I saw the gradual change coming over my family and prospects with dismany and horror. I felt we were all to be overwhelmed in one common ruin; I tried to ward off the blow; I tried to break the spell, the delusive spell, in which the idea of the benefits of temperate drinking had involved my husband and sons; I begged, I prayed, but the odds were greatly against me.

"The minister said the poison that was destroying my husband and boys was a God-given agent for good if rightly used; the deacon, (who sits under the pulpit and who took our

farm to pay his rum bills), sold them the poison ; the physcian said a little was good, and excess should be avoided.

"My poor husband and my dear boys fell into the snare, and they could not escape, and, one after another, was conveyed to the dishonored grave of a drunkard.

"Now, look at me again ; it is probably for the last time ; grief and privation have done their work. I have dragged my exhausted frame from my present abode, your poor-house, to warn you all,—to warn you, deacon! to warn you, misguided guardian of the people's health ; to warn you, false teacher of God's word!" and with her tall form stretched to its utmost, and her voice raised to an unearthly pitch she exclaimed: "I shall soon stand before the judgment-seat of God, I shall meet you there and be a witness against you all."

The wretched woman vanished—a dread silence pervaded the assembly—the clergyman, deacon and physician hung their heads. The president of the meeting put the question: "Shall we have any more license to sell alcoholic poisons as a beverage?" The response unanimous: "No!"

A LOSING MOTTO.

"VEN I dink of dose dimes in Vickspurg," said Hoffenstein, "I feels sorry for Jake Villiams. I vent to him when he opened his sthore und I says: "Villiams, I dells you de brincipal secret uv de wholesale grocery peesness. Ven you py von dousand parrels of bork, dake den bounds oud uv dose parrels und you make vifty tollars. Vell, Herman, ven I dold him dot he says:

"'Hoffenstein, my name was Villiams, my motto vas honesd in eferything, und don't get scard in nodting. Hoffenstein, my vrent, I don't can swindle.'

"I nefer say no more to dot man, Herman ; und at the end of dree year he sell de grocery peesness oudt and opened a soda-water stand, mit de motto, 'Honesd in eferything und don't get scared at nodting.' Efery day dat motto vas gettin' avhay mit Villiams.

"At the end of seex monds I met Villiams on de sdreet und, four dogs mit de mange und two differend colored patches on his bants volled verefer he vent.

"Herman, vonefer you see dogs mit de mange vollow a man, he don't own noding in dis vorld but de esteem uv dose dogs. You don't can keep a poor dog und a poor man avay from von onudder unless you boison von ov dem.

"'Villiams,' says I, when I met him, 'if you had dake my odvice vhen you went into de grocery peesness, you don't been dis vay.'

"'Vell, Hoffenstein ;' he say, 'I don't can swindle ; und all I haf got vas dese dogs, und I haf all de veek been drying to sell dem.'

"Ven a man like Villiams goes around dryin' to sell old vorn-oudt dogs, he vas poor ; und I says to mineself, 'Villiams vas hard up, und I'll py von uf de dogs shust to encourage him in peesness.'

"Herman, I gif him vifty cents for a vatch dog vich he says neffer lets a tief come de house around. Vat you dink, Herman, Villiams he swindled me in de trade. Ven I dook dot dog home mit a sdring he vas plind. After Villiams swindled me mit de dog, he let some odder man use his motto und now he is brospering mit de insurance peesness. Nefer dalk about honesd, Herman ; beople vill dink you vas a sardine fish."

THE TERRIBLE WHISPERING GALLERY.

BY LYMAN BEECHER.

COULD all the forms of evil produced by intemperance come upon us in one horrid array, it would appal the nation and put an end to the traffic in ardent spirits. If in every dwelling built by blood, the stones from the wall should utter all the follies which the bloody traffic extorts, and the beams out of the timber should echo them back, who would build such a house, and who would dwell in it? What if, in every part of the dwelling, from the cellar upward, through all the halls and chambers, babblings and contentions and voices and groans and shrieks and wailings were heard day and night? What if the cold blood oozed out and stood in drops upon the walls; and, by preternatural art, all the ghastly skulls and bones of the victims destroyed by intemperance should stand

upon the walls, in horrid sculpture, within and without the building, who would rear such a building? What if, at eventide and at midnight, the airy forms of men destroyed by intemperance were dimly seen haunting the distilleries and stores where they received their bane,—following the track of the ship engaged in the commerce,—walking upon the waves,—flitting athwart the deck,—sitting upon the rigging, and sending up, from the hold within and from the waves without, groans and loud laments and wailings,—who would attend such stores? Who would labor in such distilleries? Who would navigate such ships?

Oh! were the sky over our heads one great whispering gallery, bringing down about us all the lamentations and woe which intemperance creates, and the firm earth one sonorous medium of sound bringing up around us, from beneath, the wailings of the damned whom the commerce in ardent spirits had sent thither;—these tremendous realities assailing our sense would invigorate our conscience and give decision to our purpose.

THE WIDOW.

Oxcoose me if I shed some tears
Und wipe my nose away;
Und if a lump vos in my troat,
It comes up dere to shtay.

My sadness I shall now unfoldt,
Und if dot tale of woe
Don'd do some Dutchmans any good,
Den I don'd pelief I know.

You see, I fall myself in love,
Und effery night I goes
Across to Brooklyn by dot bridge,
All dressed in Sunday clothes.

A vidder womans vos der brize,
Her husband he vos dead;
Und all alone in dis colt vorldt
Dot vidder vos, she saidt.

Her heart for love vos on der pine,
Und dot I like to see;
Und all der time I hoped dot heart
Vos on der pine for me.

I keeps a butcher shop, you know,
Und in a shtocking stout,
I put avay my gold und bills,
Und no one gets him oudt.

If in der night some bank cashier
Goes skipping off mit cash,
I shleep so soundt as nefer vas
Vhile rich folks go to shmash.

I court dot vidder sixteen months,
Dot vidder she courts me,
Und vhen I says, "Vill you be mine?'
She says, "You bet I'll be!"

Ve vos engaged—oh! blessed fact!
I squeeze dot dimpled hand;
Her head upon my shoulder lays
Shust like a bag of sand.

Before der wedding day vos set,
She whispers in my ear,
"I like to say I haf to use
Some cash, my Yacob, dear.

"I owns dis house und two big farms,
Und ponds und railroad shtock;
Und up in Yonkers I bossess
A grand big peesness block.

"Der times vos dull, my butcher boy,
Der market vos no goot,
Und if I sell,"—I squeezed her hand
To show I understoodt.

Next day—oxcoose my briny tears
Dot shtocking took a shrink;
I counted out twelve hundred in
Der cleanest kind o' chink.

Und later, by two days or more,
Dot vidder shlopes avay;
Und leaves a note behindt for me
In which dot vidder say:

"Dear Shake,
Der rose vos redt,
Der violet blue—
You see I've left
Und you're left, too."

A FAST AGE.

We are born fast and die fast! We grow fast, jump out of childhood fast, become men and women fast, get married fast, and put a long lifetime into a few fast years.

We walk fast, talk fast, eat fast, sleep fast, dress fast, make money fast, and lose it fast.

We work fast, drink fast, smoke and chew tobacco fast, gamble fast, beggar families fast, break down our constitutions fast, and go to ruin fast.

We build towns and cities, hotels and opera-houses, railroads and banks fast.

We hold our elections fast and politicians and rum-shops are corrupting us fast. We are adopting foreign customs and follies fast. In fact, as a people, we are getting along fast generally.

Everything, now-a-days, is on the *run*. Rapidity is the characteristic of the age. Motion by steam, intelligence by lightning, light and power by electricity, are only features of a system which are universal. The whole body of humanity has quickened its pace and fallen into "double-quick time." Movement in every enterprise and in every direction, has attained a speed which distances all old experience, and is prophetic of a collapse. Here lies our danger. Reaction will follow some time. It is often wise to "make haste slowly." Beware of the spirit of our fast young America!

MUSIC.

READINGS.

JUDGE NOT!

Dramatized by Miss A. O. Briggs.

Characters.

Mrs. Snelling	Wife of a poor mechanic.
Miss Prime	The village dressmaker.
Mrs. Hubbard	Wife of a rich manufacturer.

SCENE I. *A plainly furnished room. Mrs. Snelling stands by the table washing dishes and rocking, with one foot, the cradle of a sick child. Miss Prime is basting up a dress.*

Mrs. Snelling. You don't say so?

Miss Prime. True as the Gospel, Miss Snelling. That cloak of hern cost every cent of twenty-five dollars. Then there's her bonnet—*that* come from New York too. Miss Dunn's work ain't good enough for her of late years. Why, the ribbon on that there bonnet must uv ben four and six a yard, at the least calculation, to say nothin' of the feathers. She's got three new dresses jest made up tu my certain knowledge;—a new black Allapacca that shines so you can see your face in it, one of them stylish plaid wools, and a rich heavy black silk that'll almost stand alone.

Mrs. S. Really! I wanted one of those fashionable plaids at Brown & Chapin's. They are so warm and durable for winter! I was looking at them the other day when Mrs. Hubbard came into the store. She stopped at the dress counter and spoke to me, and then hurried on to the fancy goods department. I fancied her greeting was rather cool.

Miss P. She's gittin' up in the world, you see. I s'pose she'd cut us all ef we wan't sistren in the same church. Time was when she was glad enough to git me to sew for her. I've had her beg and beg and beseech me to give her a day, or even a half day, in my spring hurry. Now she's got a seamtress, as she calls that stuck-up girl that sets in the sittin'-room all day. This seamstress makes the children's clothes, but hern are cut and fitted in New York when they ain't made there.

Mrs. S. She's dreadful extravagant for a church member. Well, she has plenty of money to do with and don't have to pinch and save as we do. Dear me! I'm afraid the streaks are going to show in this old merino, the best we can do with it.

Miss P. I guess I can hide the worst of them under the pleats so they won't be noticed. It is too bad you couldn't uv bought one of them new plaids!—they're all the fashion jest now.

Mrs. S. I did think, at first, I'd try to get one; but the children have been sick; and Mr. Snelling's work has been unusually dull, so I really can't afford it. I wonder how it would seem to have a new dress, once in a while, and not be obliged to make over old ones all the time; turning them inside out and upside down, and planning and contriving to piece them out so as to hide deformities.

Miss. P. Time was, when Miss Hubbard had to work as hard as the rest of us. I remember

when she first set up housekeeping. She had to do her own work then as well as her own sewing. Now I don't believe she takes a needle in her hand from mornin' till night; while you and I, Miss Snelling, don't git many play-spells.

Mrs. S. I'm afraid there isn't much spiritual growth, Miss Prime. People that have their hearts set on dress and high living can't find much time for better things.

Miss P. That's what *I* think! How do you like them big sleeves, Miss Snelling?

Mrs. S. I think they are very pretty. There isn't cloth enough to make mine so, is there?

Miss P. Oh, no; it will be hard squeezing to get out even tight sleeves. Ef you only could afford velvet enough for new ones! but then I don't s'pose this old stuff is worth it. I hain't cut no full sleeves yit; but Miss Dunn says she'll git me a pattern when she goes down to New York next week. I wouldn't please Miss Hubbard enough to ask her to let me look at hern. What am I goin' to do for new backs?

Mrs. S. There's the cape, you see.

Miss P. Why, so there is! I never calculated the cape. I was studyin' an' contrivin' all the while you was a gittin' supper. Says, I, "Miss Snelling'll have to have them backs pieced and then everybody in town'll know it was made over. (*Mrs. Snelling takes out her dishes and brings in some medicine in a tea-cup for the sick child. The child cries but she coaxes is to take some.*)

Mrs. S. There now, lie down and go to sleep. You needn't take any more medicine to-night. (*She carries away the cup and sits down to her sewing still rocking the cradle. Miss Prime takes up the cape and examines it.*)

Miss P. That was a lucky thought—this cape. It don't seem to be worn as much as the rest, neither.

Mrs. S. No, it isn't; I only kept it for very cool days. I thought of it in church, Sunday, right in the middle of the sermon—Queer, wasn't it? I was so dreadfully afraid you couldn't get it out. So, as soon as I came home, I took it out and looked at it; sure enough, it was the very thing.

Miss P. I see Miss James has got a new cloak this winter. She hain't worn hern more than three winters, to my knowledge, and it's a good cloak yit—enough sight better'n you or I can afford. Wall, these rich folks are jest as worldly, for all I see, as if they wasn't professors.

Mrs. S. Time was, as you say, Miss Prime, when we were all plain people together, with good feelings towards each other. I think of it very often—the days when Susan Hubbard and I used to send our little presents to each other and be neighborly. That was before the Jameses moved here or Lawyer Martin's people. She's so intimate with them now, she hasn't got any time for old friends. Many and many's the time I've sent her things right off my table when I had something I thought she'd like; and when her Jane was sick with the scarlet fever I sat up with her night after night. We used to be just like sisters.

Miss P. I hate to see folks so snubby jest 'cause they've got up in the world. It's agin the Scripture. (*Rises and puts away her work and dons her bonnet and shawl.*) I've got it all ready so you can get along with it now, I guess. I wouldn't mind staying over my time jest to give you a helpin' hand if it wasn't church meeting night; but, you know, it's very important all should be there that can. To be sure Miss Hubbard is so took up with other things now that she never goes; and though Miss James jined by letter when *she* came, she's never ben to a business meetin'. For my part I think we've got jest as good a right to vote in church-meetin' as the men have, and speak, too, if we want to, though Deacon Smith has set his face agin it of late years. So, you see, I'll have to go; and there's only the facing to face down and them side seams to stitch up; and the hooks and eyes to put on, and the button holes to work and set on the buttons. The sleeves are all ready to baste in. I've turned down the skirt the right length so all you've got to do is to pleat it and set it on the band. John Lockwood is to be dealt with to-night for goin' to the theater last time he was in New York. For my part, *I* never did put much faith in his religion—and the more some of us stay away, the more the rest of us ought to go. Don't forgit to take in that shoulder seam a little. For my part, I think his sister ought to be labored with for singin' sich songs as she does on the piano;—clear love songs—and plays opera pieces, Miss Allen says. Now which is the

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worst I'd like to know, goin' to the theater or playin' opera pieces? Miss Hubbard's Jane does that too, when she's home vacations. That piece under the arm don't look so very bad, Miss Snelling,—there aint mor'n two or three hours work on it, any way—Wal, good-night Miss Snelling.

Mrs. S. Good-night. (*Miss Prime goes out.*) Two or three hours' work! I should think there was; and how can I ever find time to finish it? If Miss Prime had worked more and talked less she might have nearly made the dress by this time. If I could only afford to have her another day, but that's out of the question. Well, thank fortune I don't give up everything to dress and display as Susan Hubbard does, bringing scandal in the church, setting herself up over everybody. (*Door bell rings.*) Dear me! Who's come now, and no fire except in the kitchen! (*Goes and opens the door. Mrs. Hubbard enters.*) Good-evening Mrs. Hubbard.

Mrs. Hubbard. Good-evening, Jane, remember I am Susan. Thought I'd run in and see you.

Mrs. S. (*Conducting her to the kitchen.*) You'll have to come in here as there's no fire in the front room.

Mrs. H. Don't mind me—we never used to keep but one fire, you know. How bright and cheerful your kitchen is, and always so neat as wax!

Mrs. S. Poor folks can't afford to keep but one fire these hard times.

Mrs. H. I haven't forgotten old times, Jane, when we were all beginning the world together. You seem to, though, for then you used to run in and see me, and I was thinking to-night you have not been up to our house since October.

Mrs. S. I don't like to go where I'm not wanted. I might happen to meet some of your grand company there and you would be ashamed of me.

Mrs. H. Hush! Jane, you ought to know me better. You didn't use to let me pay three visits to your one, then. I am aware you have a great deal to keep you at home. I know how it was when my children were little. (*Puts on a thimble and takes up some work.*) This is to go so, isn't it?

Mrs. S. Yes, but don't bother with that.

Mrs. H. I can work and talk, you know. Mr. Hubbard has gone to church meeting but I don't think it exactly our place to attend to church discipline, we women are apt to make a bad matter worse by talking it over among each other, and to people that it doesn't concern. So I thought I'd just run in sociably, and bring my thimble, just as we used to do, for each other. Those were pleasant times, don't you think so?

Mrs. S. Yes, I used to enjoy such neighborly calls greatly.

Mrs. H. It's pretty hard work to live right, isn't it? Every lot has its trials. I used to envy rich people their happiness. Now that Mr. Hubbard has done so well, we have to live differently and dress differently, and I find the more one has, the more care it brings also. To be sure, as far as dress is concerned, I don't think half as much of it as I used to when I had to plan and contrive about every cent. Why, I've often found myself planning about my sewing in sermon-time! if you will believe it, and how I should get the girls two dresses out of one of mine. I have no such temptation now.

Mrs. S. I should like to try a little prosperity by way of change. I'm tired of slaving.

Mrs. H. O, Jane, don't choose—don't choose your trials. I used to say that very thing; but the Bible says "Every heart knoweth its own bitterness." Rich people get very little sympathy. It is very difficult to bring up children with so many temptations around them. I would give all I possess if my Robbie was as steady and industrious as your boy. Poverty is somewhat inconvenient, it is true, but it isn't the worst of misfortunes. (*The two women sew in silence for a few minutes.*)

Mrs. S. Jane, shall I tell you what this puts me in mind of?

Mrs. H. Yes, what?

Mrs. S. Of that New Year's night the winter Robert was sick, and our children were all little, when you came 'round and brought them over to spend the afternoon and boiled candy for them and let them pop corn and crack butternuts. They brought us home a plateful of braided sticks, and were in high glee at the good time they had had. Poor little things! if it hadn't been for you they would have passed a dreary New Years, their father was so sick and I was so worn out! Why, only think

they had been teasing me to buy them some candy and I actually didn't feel that I could afford it! I've thought of it often since. Somehow, this winter there's scarcely a day when it doesn't come into my mind, and I always feel like crying. (MRS. SNELLING *takes out her handkerchief and buries her face in it as though weeping.* MRS. HUBBARD *takes out her handkerchief and wipes her eyes.*)

Mrs. H. Don't cry Jane; I haven't forgot old times. (*Rises and takes up a parcel she had brought with her.*) You won't misunderstand me now, will you, when I tell you I have brought you over a Christmas present? (*She opens the parcel and displays the very dress pattern* MRS. SNELLING *had wished so much to buy.*) I was afraid you wouldn't take it as it was meant if I just sent it. Here it is—the pattern I saw you looking at so long in Brown & Chapin's the other day. I went down town that day to get you a present and was afraid you would find me out, so I kept at the other end of the store. Now you won't misunderstand, will you, Jane?

Mrs. S. (*Again putting her handkerchief to her eyes.*) O, Susan, I had such hard thoughts, you don't know! I don't misunderstand you now, indeed I don't. But I have judged you so wrongfully! Can you ever forgive me?

Mrs. H. Never mind that now, it is only natural. I could see just how you felt; for the more I tried to be neighborly, the colder you seemed. It did grieve me, for I always loved you as a sister. But about the dress. Ann was not very busy, and as we are about the same size I had her measure me and make the skirt. Every little helps when one has so much to do. If you will let me know when Miss Prime comes to make it up, Ann shall come over and sew with her.

Mrs. S. O, Susan, you are better to me than I deserve. How can I thank you enough for this beautiful present?

Mrs. H. It is only repaying, in part, old favors, Jane. Let us forget our past estrangement and live as we used to live in the good old days of yore.

Mrs. S. So let us do, and I promise now, from this time forth, never to misjudge so kind and true a friend as you have ever proved yourself to be.

NOT WHOLLY A FEMININE FAULT.

"IT'S a queer thing to me that you women can't get together for ten minutes without gossiping about somebody," said Bixby, in a tone of disgust to his wife, after a lady caller had left his house the other day. "I believe that if there were but three women on the face of the earth, two of them would get together and gossip about the other one. It's born in you women to gossip. Thank Heaven, it isn't a masculine failing! Whatever our faults may be, we don't gossip."

Half an hour later, Mr. Bixby and an acquaintance of his were carrying on the following conversation while being shaved in neighboring chairs at the barber's. Bixby began by saying:

"Wonder if that story about Jenkins and his wife is true?"

"What story?"

"Why, haven't you heard it? It's town talk."

"I haven't heard anything. Let's have it."

"Why, they say his wife thinks of leaving him."

"No?"

"Shouldn't be a bit surprised if it was true, from certain little things I happen to know."

"What do you know?"

"Oh, I don't believe I care to say anything just at present. It isn't always best to tell all a fellow knows. But, to tell the truth, somehow, I never did think much of Jenkins. Did you?"

"Oh, I don't know. He always seemed to me, a pretty decent sort of a fellow."

"Well, I always had my own private opinion of him. I hear he owes bills all over."

"That so?"

"Yes, I know of three or four myself. I guess he's a fellow who likes to fly pretty high and they say his wife's fearfully extravagant."

"She is?"

"Yes; and I guess they have some pretty high old times when the bills come in. Say, did you ever see Jenkins with too much firewater on board?"

"No; don't know as I ever did."

"Well, I have; and more than once, too. I've an idea that's had a good deal to do with the trouble between him and his wife."

"Perhaps so."

"I'm pretty sure of it. Maybe I can tell you more the next time I see you."

"Do."

"All right. I'll keep my eyes and ears open. Good day."

YOUNG MAN! THIS IS FOR YOU.

1. Save a part of your weekly earnings, even if it be no more than a quarter dollar, and put your savings monthly in a savings bank.

2. Buy nothing till you can pay for it, and buy nothing that you do not need.

A young man who has grit enough to follow these rules will have taken the first step upward to success in business. He may be compelled to wear a coat a year longer, even if it be unfashionable; he may have to live in a smaller house than some of his young acquaintances; his wife may not sparkle with diamonds nor be resplendent in silk or satin, just yet; his children may not be dressed as dolls or popinjays; his table may be plain but wholesome, and the whiz of the beer or champagne cork may never be heard in his dwelling; he may have to get along without the earliest fruit or vegetables; he may have to adjure the club-room, the theatre and the gambling hell, and reverence the Sabbath day and read and follow the precepts of the Bible instead, but he will be better off in every way for this self-discipline. Yes, he may do all these without detriment to his manhood, or health, or character. True, empty-headed folk may sneer at him and affect to pity him; but he will find that he has grown strong-hearted and brave enough to stand the laugh of the foolish. He has become an independent man. He never owes anybody, and so he is no man's slave. He has become master of himself, and a master of himself will become a leader among men, and prosperity will crown his every enterprise.

Young man! life's discipline and life's success come from hard work and early self-denial; and hard-earned success is all the sweeter at the time when old years climb up on your shoulder and you need propping up.

THE KING AND THE COBBLER.

A COBBLER he sat in a dirty old stall,
Working with elbows and hammer and awl,
A King with his mantle and crown came by.
With his feet on the earth and his nose in the sky.

"Ho! ho!" quoth the cobbler, "ha! ha! I dare say,
If he had to work like me all the day,
This mighty, important and fussy old swell
Would not like his billet one-half so well."

"Come, try," said the King, "and here fit on my crown,
And I to your last will most gladly sit down;
If I can't mend a boot, a noise I can make,
Which for work in this life we too often mistake."

The King smashed a finger in hitting a nail,
And the wax kept him firm on the seat of the pail.
At last he got angry and terribly swore
That mending of boots should be stopped evermore.

"This crown," roared the cobbler, "won't keep out the cold;
Like many other folks, I'm deceived by the gold,
And as for this mantle"—and here he fell down—
"There are more checks about it than Margery's gown."

They looked at each other and laughed at the game
(And, had we been there, we had just done the same).
Said the King, "Let us both to our stations return;
Putting things to the proof is the right way to learn."
The King died in battle, the cobbler in bed,
And as he was dying these last words he said:
"I've been a good cobbler, a very good thing—
I hope where I'm going I shan't be a King."

THAT TERRIBLE BOY.

HE breaks up your pipe and bangs up your desk,
And your clothing he daubs up with dirt;
He clutters your room, and he musses your hair,
And his rights he will loudly assert;

He tears round the house like a yoke of young steers,
And he slides down the banister rail,
To the imminent risk of his life by a fall,
And he holds up the cat by the tail.

He covers your chair with a coat of fresh tar,
In the puddle he plays all the time.
His face is begrimed, and his hands are a sight,
And forever he begs for a dime;
He worries you over that terrible cough,
Will always go out in the storm
Until you watch with a sickening fear
By the side of his feverish form.

He always will sit on the cold paving-stones,
And he climbs the rough, ragged willow.
He bounces you out of your bed in the night,
And he sleeps with his feet on your pillow.
He breaks the face of your best marble clock,
Turns somersaults on the back stairs,
And when your back's turned he plays you some trick
That comes on you all unawares.

You think he is sick and worry all day,
And go home with a dull, heavy heart,
To find him perched up on the clothes reel in air.
In a way to give you a start;
You think he is well and work with a vim,
And go home at the end of the day
To find him in bed with poultices on
In the worst of a terrible way.

He's a torment, a rogue, who keeps you on pins,
In short, he's a terrible tease.
He quite rules the roost with a very high hand,
And always does what he may please.
But in spite of all this, when he's quiet and good
He's a comfort, a blessing, a joy,
And nothing could fill up the spot in your heart
Occupied by that terrible boy.

ASCERTAIN YOUR WEIGHT.

In public places nowadays there stands a handsome scale,
Without proprietor or clerk to tell its simple tale;
But passers-by may read the words engraved upon a plate,
To "Drop a nickel in the slot and ascertain your weight."

A moral's here, good people, if you'll take a moment's thought,
A lesson for life's guidance 'tis and most succinctly taught;
For if it be the part of man to have a bout with fate,
It surely is the thing to do to "ascertain your weight."

So, if you think that politics affords you widest scope,
If to pull the wires deftly is your purpose and your hope,
If you fancy that your destiny's to glorify the State,
Just drop a nickel in the slot and ascertain your weight.

If you dream that you're an actor, and imagine you're endowed
With graces and with gifts to win the plaudits of the crowd,
If sock and buskin visions fill your soul with joy elate,
Just drop a nickel in the slot and ascertain your weight.

If you feel that you're a poet, and by right divine belong
To those whose wings have borne them to Parnassian heights of song,
If ballads, rondeaus, triolets, you long to incubate,
Just drop a nickel in the slot and ascertain your weight.

If you deem your forte the story, and you only ask the chance
To run a tilt with Haggard in the regions of romance,
If another "Robert Elsmere" you are eager to create,
Just drop a nickel in the slot and ascertain your weight.

If you see yourself a lawyer, or a doctor, or a beau,
If you think that as a lover you could make a touching show,
If you deem society the field you ought to cultivate,
Just drop a nickle in the slot and ascertain your weight.

In short, whate'er the path to which ambition
points the way,
Repeat this legend to yourself ere yet you make
essay,
For it is well that modesty, before it is too late,
Should drop a nickel in the slot and ascertain its
weight.

W.L. Keese *in Harper.*

SCHOOL-GIRLS' TRIALS.

BY MISS A. O. BRIGGS.

OFTEN have heard this expression,
From ladies whose schooldays are o'er,
"How I envy a bright, happy schoolgirl!
I wish I could be one once more."
And I've thought that old Time's many changes
Must have darkened those once happy days;
Or that memory, slighting their sorrows
Gilds only their joys with its rays.

For I'm sure that we, "bright, happy school-girls,"—
As, doubtless, you all are aware—
Have many things rather unpleasant
For poor human nature to bear.
Our slumbers at morn must be shortened;
Our duties at home, be done well;
And, like the poor convicts in prison,
We must start at the sound of the bell.

No matter how stormy the weather,
We each must be found in our place,
When the second bell summons to silence,
For tardiness is a disgrace.
And, after the morning's devotions,
Our eyes must be kept on our book;
If we whisper—no matter how softly—
Our teachers will give us a *look.*

The school-books! How hard and provoking
The mysteries are that they teach!
Like the fox-tempting grapes in the fable,
A little bit out of our reach!
We must call in the aid of a teacher,
Which makes us appear rather small;
And our vanity sinks below zero,—
We feel we know nothing at all.

At length, comes the hour for reciting—
If our lessons are learned there's no fear,
But if they are not, fate has marked us—
Our destiny soon will appear.
When other girls, smiling and happy,
Are dismissed at the close of the day,
We are beckoned to still keep our sitting—
Till our lessons are learned, we must stay.

Of course, we must write compositions,
What school-girl but shudders with dread
At the mention of this painful duty?
How many harsh sayings are said!
We have just got a note from Miss Folly,
Requesting our presence to-night
To a party—the first in the season—
But alas! we the offer must slight.

Our parents and teachers together
Have joined in a league, it must be,
That school-girls must sit in the corner
Nor dare to assert they are free.
Our minds must be kept on our studies
Till we grow so dull-looking and sad,
That everyone flies from our presence,
As though with much learning we're mad

If we chance to go out of an evening,
(A thing which occurs very rare.)
Wherever we go, thoughts of school-days
Most surely will follow us there;
For the persons we meet think this subject
Is all that our minds comprehend;
So, out of well-meaning politeness,
To our compass of thought they descend.

"You are going to school, did you tell me?
Says one in a questioning tone,
"And how do you like the new teachers?
Are you studying French all alone?
How oft do you write compositions?—
I hope that the school will succeed—
How many attend there this quarter?
A very good number, indeed!"

And thus, like a spirit of evil,
School haunts us by night and by day—
Like our shadows, so closely pursuing,
There's no hope of getting away.
Oh! the trials of school-girls are many,
And whence shall we look for relief?
Our friends only smile when we tell them
Our numerous sources of grief

SCHOOL-BOYS' TRIALS—IN REPLY.

BY MISS A. O. BRIGGS.

TALK not of the trials of school-girls,
Of lessons so hard to recite,
Of rules to prevent social pleasures,
And essays perplexing to write;—
I'll tell you of trials, severer,
That fall in a school-boy's way,
Woes added to those you have mentioned,
Commands he is forced to obey.

Like you, he must write compositions,
Like you, be contented to hear
The same set of unvaried questions,
Wherever the chance to appear;
Must con o'er his task by the lamp-light,
And never be tempted to roam,
But sit, like a dunce, in the corner,
Forbidden to stir out from home.

But the worst of all things are those Fridays,
When he's called on the stage to declaim,
And he feels like a wretch on the gallows—
A martyr to learning and fame.
His limbs quake in terror beneath him;
His visage turns pale with affright;
His brain is a scene of confusion
Whence mem'ry has taken its flight.

He knows not the words he is speaking;
His voice he can scarcely command;
The skirts of his coat he is seeking,
Knowing not what to do with his hands.
He gazes around at his schoolmates
Who their laughter but illy suppress;
And the critical looks that they give him
Add another new pang to distress.

Clouds of darkness seem passing before him;
The room's whirling 'round like a top;
There's a pause.—Can't proceed any further,
And makes up his mind he must stop.
Takes his seat, feeling deeply dejected,
Draws a long and most sorrowful sigh;—
Would sell himself quick for a sixpence
If anyone's wishing to buy.

Talk not of the trials of school-girls—
O, never be heard to complain!
But pity your poor, frightened brothers
When called to the rostrum again.

E PLURIBUS UNUM.

BY JOHN PIERPONT.

THE harp of the minstrel with melody rings
When the Muses have taught him to touch and to tune it;
But though it may have a full octave of strings,
To both maker and minstrel the harp is a unit.
So the power that creates
Our republic States,
Into harmony brings them at different dates;
And the thirteen or thirty, the Union once done,
Are "E Pluribus Unum"—of many made one.

The science that weighs in her balance the spheres,
And has watched them since first the Chaldean began it,
Now and then, as she counts them, and measures their years,
Brings into our system and names a new planet.
Yet the old and new stars,
Venus, Neptune and Mars,
As they drive round the sun their invisible cars,
Whether faster or slower their races they run—
Are "E Pluribus Unum"—of many made one.

Of that system of spheres, should but one fly the track,
Or with others conspire for a general dispersion,
By the great central orb they would all be brought back,
And held each in her place by a wholesome coercion.
Should one daughter of light
Be indulged in her flight,
They would all be engulfed by old Chaos and Night:
So, must none of our sisters be suffered to run—
For, "E Pluribus Unum," we *all* go, if *one*.

Let the demon of discord our melody mar,
Or Treason's red hand rend our Union asunder,
Break one string from our harp, or extinguish one star,
The whole system's ablaze with its lightning and thunder.

Let the discord be hushed!
Let the traitors be crushed,
Though "Legion" their name, all with victory flushed!
For aye must our *motto* stand, fronting the sun:
"E Pluribus Unum"—*though many, we're* ONE.

THE BIBLE IN THE WAR.

FROM AN ADDRESS BY REV. DR. TAYLOR.

NOTHING has more touched my soul than when I heard of that poor rebel dying, stretched out upon one of the battle-fields of the Peninsula, with the Bible open beneath his hand and his skeleton fingers pressed upon the words, "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff, they comfort me."

Oftentimes this Bible has been the only gravestone that has marked the resting-place of many an unknown soldier. Many could be known in no other way than by their Testaments in their pockets, saturated with their patriot blood; and sometimes the story of their fate has been first uttered to the sorrowing home circle in the silent sentences of that precious Word.

I could tell you of an officer's wife from New England receiving a box from her husband in the army South, and when she came to open it, there was nothing there to tell why it was sent. There were the clothes, and the sword, and many little relics he had carried in his bosom. No letter had been written to tell the story; but there was his Bible! When it was opened, there were found, heavily underscored, simply these words: "Woman, why weepest thou?" and, "Why should it be thought an incredible thing with you that God should raise the dead?" That was all; but it was enough. It was the story of death!—it was the note of resurrection!

EPITAPH ON OWEN MOORE.

Owen Moore was owin' more
Than Owen Moore could pay;
So owin' more caused Owen Moore
To up and run away.

CHOOSING A VOCATION.

Dramatized by Miss O. A. Briggs.

Characters.

Mr. Smith	An old fashioned farmer.
Mrs. Smith	His wife.
Miss Jacintha Smith	His niece.
John Jacob Finlay	An admirer of Miss Smith.
Mrs. Harlem	The landlady.

SCENE I. *At the farm-house Mrs. Smith is darning stockings. Mr. Smith is looking at a picture painted by his niece.*

Mr. Smith. She hain't got no talent to speak on. Most anybody who's got any taste in that line could do as well as this ere. Don't see what put sech an idee intu her head! She must sartinly be losin' her wits to think of paintin' picters for a livin'.

Mrs. Smith. O, pa!

Mr. S. Let her stick to her dressmakin'—there's money in that.

Mrs. S. Yes, but it is hard-earned money. She's gittin' dreadful nervous over it. 'Tain't as though she was a little young flirt of a girl. She's goin' on twenty-five,—old enough to know her own mind and to be able to choose an occupation for herself.

Mrs. S. Old enough to know better than to go careering off to the city where she ain't known and won't be appreciated.

Mrs. S. O, pa, don't talk so dreadful.

Mr. S. Truth is truth, and I can't make nothin' else outen it. And there's John Jacob, he's 'bout as good as told me he expects to marry her soon's he gits money enough to build on that new farm of his'n. He's a good stiddy feller; Jacintha 'd better think twice afore she throws sich a chance as that away.

Mrs. S. Here comes John Jacob now! (*Mr. Smith goes and opens the door. John Jacob, a green good natured fellow enters. Mr. and Mrs. Smith shake hands with him, and exchanging neighborly greetings request him to take a chair. He sits down, takes off his hat and looks around.*)

John Jacob. We're havin' a pretty, middlin' good spell of weather jest now.

Mr. S. Yes, pretty fair for this time o' year.

J. J. F. They say potatoes is comin' up. I reckon they'll be pretty high afore spring.

Mr. S. That's so. Guess we'd best to hold onto ourn ef they don't begin to rot. You had a monster good crop this year.

J. J. F. Yes; ef they do as well as I expect, I shall clear the mortgage off my farm next spring.

Mr. S. Wall, said! That'll be doin' fust rate!

J. J. F. I s'pose it'll be a year or two afore I can build. Don't want to run in debt. "Slow and sure" is my motto.

Mr. S. That's so, Jake. You've got the right idee.

J. J. F. Where's Jacintha?

Mrs. S. She's gone over to the corners to do some tradin'.

J. J. F. Somebody was in to our house a day or two ago a sayin' suthin' 'bout her goin' away this winter.

Mrs. S. Yes, she's ben a talkin' about it for quite a spell.

Mr. S. The gal's got intu her head to go to the city and du paintin' for a livin',

J. J. F. Paintin'! *paintin'*!—why, it ain't a woman's business—climbin' up on ladders and a hangin' unto scaffolds; besides white lead is pizen to be breathin' in all the time.

Mrs. S. It ain't that, Mr. Finlay, it's paintin' of picters in a studio, I bleve she call it. Picters, you know, sech as you put in frames.

J. J. F. Oh, that's it, eh!

Mr. S. 'Tain't much better, 'cordin' to my idees.

Mrs. S. O, pa! (*Deprecatingly,*) why couldn't you have said *artist* insted of painter. That's what it is, Mr. Finlay.

Mr. S. What's the difference, I'd like to know?

J. J. F. Whichever way it is, it won't suit *me*. There's a deal too many artists in the city now. It's a woman's business to stay where's she's known till she gits married and then help her husband save his money.

Mrs. S. (*Gently.*) Wouldn't it be as well if she could *earn* somethin' herself?

J. J. F. (*Shakes his head.*) It ain't in the natur of things. 'Tain't woman's spere to be settin' up in business for herself in that way.

Mr. S. Earn indeed! I'm willin' to eat every sixpence she earns for the next ten years a picter paintin'.

Mrs. S. O, pa, she may do first rate, who knows?

Mr. S. Wall, time'll tell. But ef she don't come back afore the winter's out, sick of her job, I'll miss my guess.

J. J. F. I spose her mind's so sot on goin' that nothin' can keep her. Wall, I swan, it's too bad! I wouldn't uv believed it of Jacintha ef you hadn' a told me yourselves.

Mrs. S. Jacintha's made her home with us for the last ten years, ever sence her father died, and I hate to part with her; but she says that everyone has special work to do and it's uphill business to do anything else.

Mr. S. Wall, let her go. Experience is a good schoolmaster, ef he don't charge too high for teachin'.

J. J. F. Them's my sentiments. Let her live and larn. She'll be glad to come back to dressmakin' agin. (*Looks at his watch.*) My stars! It's gettin' late. Time I was to hum doin' up the chores. (*Bids them good day and leaves.*)

Mr. S. What a simpleton Jacintha is, ef I must say so. She can't help but see that John Jacob takes a shine to her; and what a good home she would have! But she's of age and there's no use talkin' to her I s'pose.

Mrs. S. None in the least. Her mind is made up, I heard her say so to-day. (*Enter Jacintha with her arms full of bundles.*)

Mrs. S. You ought to have been a little sooner. John Jacob has just gone from here.

Jacintha S. Good, I'm glad he's gone!

Mr. S. Yes; and he'll stay gone, too. He don't 'bleve in gals goin' off to seek their fortin any more'n I do.

J. S. It may be that I shall not succeed, but I intend to risk it. I've saved a little money, enough to last me till I can gain a foot-hold; and if I make no more than by dressmaking, it will be much pleasanter. If John Jacob don't like it, he may lump it; I ask no odds of him.

Mrs. S. I don't see how you dare be so positive, my dear.

J. S. Because I know I am in the right, Auntie. It will be unpleasant for me to leave you and uncle Smith, especially so much against your will, but I feel that duty to myself demands it.

Mrs. S. You are not going until after the quilting at Mrs. Brown's? She's made great

calculations on having you there. I s'pose it's partly because she's John Jacob's sister that makes her so anxious for you to attend. She probably thinks matters will be settled then between you; and you'll give up going to the city.

J. S. I shall be obliged to disappoint her, for I've bought my ticket and am going on the morning train.

Mr. S. Remember, Jacintha, I wash my hands of it all; and I want you to have nothin' more to do with that gal, Phebe.

Mrs. S. Why, husband, she's your own niece!

Mr. S. I don't recognize no woman for a niece that don't hear to reason. (*Leaves the stage.*)

J. S. I'm sorry uncle feels so angry with me; but success will reconcile him.

Mrs. S. I hope so.

SCENE II. *An artist's studio—very plainly furnished but neat and comfortable. Miss Smith, brush in hand, is giving the finishing touches to a picture before her on the easel.*

J. S. These are humble lodgings, it is true, but still quite cosy. I'm bound to live within my income until success shall warrant more commodious quarters. God gives each son and daughter of the human race a special craving for special work, and this should be our guide in choosing our vocation. Too much power is lost by the jolt and jar and ceaseless friction caused by being off the track. (*Enter Mrs. Harlem, the landlady, and handing her a letter takes a seat.*)

Mrs. Harlem. The postman just brought it. I see it is from Willis & Harwick. I hope it brings good news. Read it please, I am impatien to hear what they say. (*Miss Smith opens the letter and reads,*

J. S. "Miss Jacintha Smith,

"Dear Madam:—The winter scene you left with us on exhibition we have just sold for fifty dollars. Enclosed please find check for the same, minus our commission. The gentleman who made the purchase is refurnishing his library and wishes three other pieces by the same artist—Spring, Summer and Autumn—as soon as you can finish them. Please inform us by return mail if you can fill the order.

"Very Respectfully,

"WILLIS & HARWICK."

Mrs. H. There's business for you. I knew that picture would take. Fifty dollars is a low price for it, but you can command better pay when you get your name up.

J. S. Yes, it does very well to start with. O, Mrs. Harlem, I've just finished your little Johnney's picture. Come and see how you like it. (*They go to the easel.*)

Mrs. H. It is perfect, Miss Smith. He looks just as though he could speak to me. Oh, how I shall prize it! My Johnney, why could you not have been spared to me, my own darling boy! (*Buries her face in her handkerchief for a few minutes.*) It will be a great consolation to me to look at him and feel that he is still living and happy with the angels in heaven. I am a poor woman, but I have not always been so. The friends of my prosperity have not all deserted me. Only the chaff is blown away—the pure wheat remains. I still have influence with influential people; and this painting will bring you other patronage.

J. S. I shall be most thankful for any favors in that direction, Mrs. Harlem, and shall strive to give good satisfaction.

Mrs. H. And you will succeed every time, my dear; I am sure of it. I am alone this evening. Come down and take tea with me,—don't bother to get your own supper to-night. Come, it is all ready but pouring the tea. (*They both rise to go.*)

J. S. Thanks, I shall enjoy it ever so much. (*Leave the stage.*)

SCENE III. *A nicely furnished studio. Beautiful paintings adorn the walls, and there are others, on easels, in different parts of the room. Miss Smith is sitting before an easel with brush in hand, soliloquizing.*

J. S. Two years since I came to the city! My brightest dreams have been more than realized. Love for my work, and patient, persevering industry have brought success. (*A loud rap at the door. She rises and opens it, and is greatly surprised to meet her uncle and aunt from the country.*) Oh, how do you do, Uncle Isaac and Aunt Phebe? (*They shake hands.*) I'm so glad to see you! Be seated.

Mr. S. I seen suthin' 'bout your picters in our paper t'other day, Jacintha, and I sez to your aunt Phebe, sez I, "S'pose we go down to the

city and see how the gal is gittin' along. I'll bet she wants to come home afore this time."

Mrs. S. I've been wantin' to come and see you for a long time; but, somehow, your uncle Isaac kinder laid it up against you for leaving us; but I guess he's all over it now.

Mr. S. My! Yis, 'tain't best to keep up hard feelin's allus; but I was quite put out at you for throwin' so good a chance away—mebbey 'tain't too late yit. John Jacob's ben payin' attenshun to Betsy Dow for quite a spell, but they ain't married, and I don't know as they're a-goin' to be.

J. S. Well, let him keep on paying attention to her for what I care. He isn't my style of man. Take off your wraps, and I will order our dinner sent up from the restaurant. I have only to telephone for it.

Mrs. S. No; thank you, Jacintha, we eat our dinner on the cars just before we got here. I put up luncheon enough to last us till we git home; and I've brought you a nice roll of butter, a whole baked chicken, and this glass of currant jell. (*Taking them out of a large lunch basket.*) I thought it would seem good to have something fresh from home.

J. S. O, thank you, Aunt Phebe, it will, indeed, seem good. (*Takes the things and sets them away behind a screen.*) Take off your overcoat, Uncle Isaac, and let me help you divest yourself of your wraps, Auntie.

Mrs. S. No, Jacintha, your uncle has some business to see to before we go back, and we must take the train so's to git home by chore time.

J. S. Then you are only to make such a short stay! It is too bad. I want to have a good visit with you.

Mr. S. This'll hev to do for this time, I guess. I hain't got no one tu help 'round the farm this winter, and so I can't spend much time a-visitin'; but your aunt Phebe's ben a-worryin' about you, and I thought we'd best to come down and see ef you was in need of anything to make you comfortable.

J. S. Well, what do you think, Uncle Isaac, does it look much as though I need help from my friends?

Mr. S. No, I don't know as it does; but it must take a deal of money to keep this thing a-goin'.

J. S. Yes, it does.

Mr. S. Humph! be careful you don't git into debt.

J. S. Yes, I'm careful to pay as I go.

Mr. S. That's right. Keep on the safe side, and don't be too extravagant. You allus did like fine things.

J. S. And I intend to enjoy them as I go along, as far as I can afford to indulge my taste.

Mr. S. That's all well enough; but be sure and lay up somethin' for a rainy day.

J. S. Of course, any sensible person will do that, Uncle.

Mrs. S. (*Looking at a painting on an easel.*) How much do you expect to get for this, Jacintha, when you get it finished?

J. S. It is an order. I shall, probably, charge about seventy-five dollars for it?

Mrs. S. (*Starting back in surprise.*) O, goodness me!

Mr. S. 'Tain't worth as much as that.

J. S. A picture is always worth what it will bring.

Mr. S. Say, Phebe, what did we pay for that big chromo in the spare room?

Mrs. S. Only a dollar, pa, frame and all.

Mr. S. There's for you, now! And it's a considerable bigger than this is.

J. S. Paintings are not valued according to their size, but according to the skill displayed in their work. (*Pointing to a picture.*) There's one I sold this morning for a hundred dollars, cash down; the gentleman will send for it this afternoon.

Mrs. S. You don't say! And John Jacob Finlay is so set up because the girl he's payin' attention to can earn her dollar a day at plain sewing! I wonder what he'd say, pa, to the money our Jacintha makes!

Mr. S. Wall, wall, it beats all how you're a-haulin' in the money! A body must have plenty of chink to afford to pay sich prices. I should look at a hundred dollars a good while afore I'd spend it for picters, that's sartin.

J. S. There are people in this city who pay thousands of dollars for one painting. What do you think of that?

Mr. S. Du tell! No wonder there's so much breakin' down, cheatin' everybody and skipping to Canada! Kin you tell me the nearest way to the savin's bank? I've bought that upland medder from Squire Dunnerlay and

I want to borrow a thousand dollars there on bond and mortgage to pay for it. You remember that twenty-acre medder, Jacintha, a nice piece of land as ever laid out doors!

J. S. I remember it perfectly well. It is a nice piece of land. What interest does the saving's bank charge you?

Mr. S. Six per cent.

J. S. I'll lend you the money at four and a half, just what the bank is allowing me for deposits.

Mr. S. The mischief, you will! And where did you get the thousand dollars to lend me?

J. S. Where other people do—out of my business. (*She hands him her bank book. He surveys the entries.*)

Mr. S. Jacintha, I give in. You've done well to come here and open your studio, as you call it. What *will* John Jacob Finlay say? I guess you'll see him afore long. He's comin' down to the city to sell his pertaters, cause the're bringin' a better price here than with us. He's a mighty close calkerlater, and is doin' fust rate a farmin' of it on that new farm of his'n. He ain't agoin' to build till next spring; but I kinder reckon he's made up his mind to give you a call when he comes to the city, by what he said when he was over to our house 'tother night. And, mind, now, you don't say nothin' you'll be sorry for ef he *does* come, Jacintha, me and your Aunt Phebe would be proper glad to hev you nicely settled in the neighborhood. (*Takes out his watch.*) Wall, we hain't got no time to spare. I s'pose you'll hev to go down to the bank with us to git the money.

J. S. Yes, I'll telephone for a carriage and we'll ride down to the bank and to the depot. (*Goes to the telephone.*) Hello, Central! Connect with Hilton's Livery, please. Hello! Hilton's Livery? Send a carriage to Miss Smith, 205 Grand Avenue. All right! (*Mr. and Mrs. Smith stare at her in blank amazement.*)

Mr. S. For pity sake! What on airth is that, Jacintha? Looks suthin like an ear trumpet.

J. S. It's a telephone.

Mrs. S. A tell-a-what?

J. S. A telephone for conveying messages through the city.

Mr. S. You don't s'pose they heard what you said down to the stable, do you?

J. S. Yes, and they told me they'd send a carriage right up.

Mr. S. Did they holler loud enough for you to hear through that trumpet?

J. S. They didn't speak any louder than I did. The wire conveys the sound.

Mr. S. Wall sed, ef that ain't curis! (*Miss Smith goes out and returns ready for the ride.*)

J. S. The carriage is here. Sorry you couldn't stay longer! (*They all leave the stage.*)

Scene IV. *iss Smith Mretunrs to the studio Seats herself at her panting.*

J. S. Dear me! how outlandish uncle Isaac is! I didn't notice it so much when I was with him all the time; but he means well; and I am glad he is feeling better towards me. Aunt Phebe has been on my side all the time, and I guess she has finally talked him over to see things as she does. Anyway, he is all right now. (*A loud rap at the door*). I wonder who that is? I guess he thinks I'm hard of hearing. (*Goes to the door. John Jacob Finley enters. His pants are tucked into his boot legs and he has a whip over his shoulder.*

J. J. F. How de do Jacintha. I guess you didn't expect to see me to-day.

J. S. How do you do, Mr. Finlay, it *is* quite a surprise. Be seated. (*He takes a chair ana looks around the room in wonder.*)

J. J. F. A mighty fine place you've got here. I didn't expect to see you quite so well fixed.

J. S. Yes, I think I have pleasant rooms.

J. J. F. Don't you sometimes wish you was back to old Berrytown again? It must be kinder lonesome for you way off here alone.

J. S. I often think of my friends in the country; but I am too busy to get lonely. (*He coughs, scratches his head and seems somewhat coufused.*)

J. J. F. Jacintha, the best of us is liable to mistakes.

J. S. (*Enquiringly*) Yes?

J. J. L. I've ben a thinkin' fur quite a spell of comin' down here; but farm work's late this fall on account of ther bein' so much rain. (*Coughs*). Jacintha, somehow I haven't felt jest right, as you may say, sence you cum away.

J. S. Anything serious the trouble, Mr. Finlay? I haven't heard of your being sick.

J. J. F. N-no, not as I know on. I've—I've thought of you a good many times and wondered ef you ever thought of me.

J. S. I remember all my old friends in Berrytown—yourself among the rest, of course.

J. J. F. I haven't committed myself yit to Betsy Dow, though folks have been silly enough to talk cause I've waited on her to parin' bees and sich places, you know.

J. S. Of course.

J. J. F. And if you'll say so, Jacintha, we'll let by-gones be by-gones, and I won't say no more to Betsy ef you'll only consent to come back to Berrytown when I git my new house ready for us to live in.

J. S. But I *don't* say so, Mr. Finlay, I wouldn't cut Betsy Dow out for the world. Pray return to her, at once. As for me, I am too much absorbed in my work to care to marry anyone at present.

J. J. F. (*Draws a long sigh and looks very sad.*) Wall, Jacintha, I s'pose it must be jest as you say, but I feel terribly disappointed, cause I'd made gret calkerlations on it; and your uncle's folks and I had talked it over. They thought 'twould be the best thing you could do, My farm's all paid for and I don't owe a cent to nobody. And when I git the money for them potaters I shell hev enough ahead to build my house.

J. S. I am glad you've done so well. Marry Betsy Dow and leave me the freedom of single blessedness.

J. J. F. I s'pose them's your honest sentiments, Jacintha? (*Looks at her enquiringly.*)

J. S. Certainly they are.

J. J. F. Gals are so curis! You ain't a jokin now, jest to make me feel bad?

J. S. I'm not joking, Mr. Finley.

J. J. F. Wall, I swan! I thought any gal gittin along to your age would jump at a good chance to get married.

J. S. You are surprised, it seems, to find me an exception.

J. J. F. Sartin I be. You don't want to be an old maid do you?

J. S. That title has no particular terrors for me. It is much better than uncongenial companionship.

J. J. F. So you're bound to paddle your own canoe?

J. S. That is my intention, sir. If every woman had the courage to strike out for herself, choose the vocation she is best fitted for, and earn her own living there would not be so many unhappy marriages.

J. J. F. (*Looks at his watch.*) Wall, I must hussel for that ere train or I shall get left. (*Puts on his hat, bids her good-bye and leaves.*)

J. S. So the John Jacob business is finally settled. Dear me! the fellow has more assurance than brains.

JOE.

We don't take vagrants in, sir,
And I am alone to-day,
Leastwise, I could call the good man—
He's not so far away.

You are welcome to a breakfast—
I'll bring you some bread and tea,
You might sit on the old stone yonder,
Under the chestnut tree.

You're traveling stranger? Mebbe
You've got some notions to sell?
We have a sight of peddlers,
But we allers treat them well.

For they, poor souls, are trying
Like the rest of us to live;
And it's not like tramping the country,
And calling on folks to give.

Not that I meant a word, sir—
No offense in the world to you
I think, now I look at it closer,
Your coat is an army blue.

Don't say? Under Sherman, were you?
That was—how many years ago?
I had a boy at Shiloh,
Kearney—a sergeant—Joe!

Joe Kearney, you might a' met him?
But in course you were miles apart.
He was a tall, straight boy, sir,
The pride of his mother's heart.

We were off to Kittery, then, sir,
Small farmer in dear old Maine;
It's a long stretch from there to Kansas,
But I couldn't go back again.

He was all we had, was Joseph;
He and my old man and me
Had sorter o' growed together,
And were happy as we could be.

I wasn't a looking for trouble
When the terrible war begun,
And I wrestled for grace to be able
To give up our only son.

Well, well, 'tain't no use o' talking,
My old man said, said he:
"The Lord loves a willin' giver;"
And that's what I tried to be.

Well, the heart and flesh are rebels,
And hev to be fought with grace,
But I'd given my life—yes, willin'—
To look on my dead boy's face.

Take care, you are spillin' your tea, sir,
Poor soul! don't cry; I'm sure
You've had a good mother sometime—
Your wounds, were they hard to cure?

Andersonville! God help you!
Hunted by dogs, did you say?
Hospital! crazy seven years, sir?
I wonder you're living to-day.

I'm thankful my Joe was shot, sir,
"How do you know that he died?"
'Twas certified, sir, by the surgeon;
Here's the letter, and—"maybe he lied!"

Well I never! you shake like the ager,
My Joe! there's his name and the date;
"Joe Kearney, Seventh Maine, sir, a Sergeant—
Lies here in a critical state—

"Just died—will be buried to-morrow—
Can't wait for his parents to come."
Well, I thought God had left us that hour,
As for John, my poor man, he was dumb.

Didn't speak for a month to the neighbors,
Searce spoke in a week, sir, to me;
Never been the same man since that Monday
They brought us this letter you see.

And you were from Maine! from old Kittery?
What time in the year did you go?
I just disremember the fellows
That marched out of town with our Joe.

Lord love ye! come into the house, sir?
It's gettin' too warm out o' door,
If I'd known you'd been gone for a sojer,
I'd taken you in here afore.

Now make yourself easy. We're humble;
We Kansas folks don't go for a show—
Sit here—it's Joe's chair—take your hat off;
"Call father!" My God! you are Joe!

PROFANITY.

E. H. CHAPIN.

PROFANITY is a brutal vice. He who indulges in it is no gentleman. I care not what his stamp may be in society, I care not what clothes he wears, or what culture he boasts—despite all his refinement, the light and habitual taking of God's name betrays a coarse nature and a brutal will. Profaneness is an *unmanly* and *silly* vice. It certainly is not a grace in conversation, and it adds no strength to it. There is no organic symmetry in the narrative that is ingrained with oaths; and the blasphemy that bolsters an opinion does not make it any more correct. Nay, the use of these expletives argues a limited range of ideas, and a consciousness of being on the wrong side; and if we can find no other phrases through which to vent our choking passion, we had better repress that passion. Again, profaneness is a *mean* vice. It indicates the grossest ingratitude. According to general estimation, he who repays kindness with contumely—he who abuses his friend and benefactor—is deemed pitiful and wretched. And yet, O, profane man, whose name is it you handle so lightly? It is that of your best Benefactor!

You, whose blood would boil to hear the venerable names of your earthly parents hurled about in scoffs and jests, abuse, without compunction and without thought, the name of your Heavenly Father. Finally, profaneness is an *awful vice*. Once more, I ask, whose name is it you so lightly use? That name of God—have you ever pondered its meaning? Have you ever thought what it is that you mingle thus with your passion and your wit? It is the name of Him whom the angels worship, and whom the heaven of heavens cannot contain!

Profane man, though the habit be ever so strong, when the word of mockery and blasphemy is about to leap from your lips, think of God, and instead of the rude oath, bow your head in silent prayer for mercy and forgiveness.

BE TEMPERATE.

WHATEVER a man may have been, let him yield to the demon of strong drink, and it requires no prophet to tell what he will be. He

inevitably goes down. Manliness fades out of his nature; the tokens of honor, intelligence and integrity vanish from the face that is flushed from excess and jaded with riot and debauchery, and with accelerated speed he hastens on the downward path. In his sober moments he often curses the instrument of his ruin, but he is powerless to escape the evils that encompass him; he knows not how to break the chains that bind him down. He becomes a worthless idler, a miserable cumberer of the ground. In the busy hive of human toil there is little indeed that he can do, and he has little inclination to do even that. An outcast from all that is pure and high and holy, he may sometimes turn a solemn thought to the graves where slumber those whom once he loved and whose love for him endured while life remained, but memory stings him as with scorpion fangs. Reflection is bitter to his soul; his brain, benumbed with poison, no longer thrilled with thoughts that wander through eternity; and he, whose genius once irradiated the land and whose eloquence charmed the listening multitudes, cracks his maudlin jokes, moistens his lips with the burning draught and stupefies himself until his pain and sorrow are forgotten.

Oh, it is a fearful thing to see men on whom God has set, as with his own signet, the impress of intellect and genius, debase themselves to this hell of sin and shame and misery; and yet men laugh and smile and dance as they tread this downward path, and only wake to their danger when they find themselves fettered with bonds they cannot break and sunk in wretchedness from which they cannot escape. Let those who have not yet entered upon this dangerous road flee for their lives from a path so full of peril, and let those who already find themselves entangled in these terrible snares cry mightily to God for deliverance, and hasten to escape ere it becomes impossible.

EPH GOT THERE.

OOKED HONEST BUT HE STOLE THE COLONEL'S CHICKENS.

"YOU Northern folks don't begin to know the Southern nigger as he is," observed the colonel as he lighted a fresh cigar and leaned back in his chair.

"No?"

"They are not vicious, but they are without moral obligation. Confound him, he's a thief from head to heel; I never saw an honest nigger yet.'

"That's very sweeping, Colonel."

"But it's truth. I'll defy you to find me an honest nigger in all Georgia."

"I should say that gray-haired darkey over on the cotton bales could be trusted to watch a gold mine."

'You would, eh? Heah, boy, come heah!"

"What's wanted, Kurnel Peabody?" asked the old man, as he came over with his hat in his hand.

"Say, Eph, I want you to do me a little favor this evening."

"Sartin."

"I'll pay you for doing it."

"Bress you soul, sah."

"I want you to steal me a couple of young chickens and bring them to the store at seven o'clock."

"Steal 'em fur suah?"

"Yes. I'll give you a dollar."

"All right, Mars Peabody, I'll hev 'em dere by seben o'clock if I'm alive."

"What do you think of the nigger now?" asked the colonel as the old man moved away.

"I'm astonished."

"Well, you be on hand at seven o'clock to see the chickens. He'll have 'em here."

So he did. He came to the back door of the store with a couple of pullets in a bag, and as he handed them over he said:

"Ize got 'em fur you, Kurnel, an' dey is as fat as butter. Don't reckon you'll nebber say nuffin' 'bout it, eh?"

"Not a word, Eph. Here's your dollar."

I had no argument to make that evening. There were the nigger, the chickens, and the dollar. What could I say? Next morning I went down to the colonel's office, and I had scarcely stepped inside when he called out:

"What do you think of the nigger now?"

"Anything new happened?"

"I should say so! Where do you think old Eph stole those chickens?"

"I have no idea."

"But I have. The infernal rascal stole 'em from my own coop, and three or four more with 'em!"

M'CALLA AND THE MIDDY.

HOW THE LATTER GOT SQUARE.

"WHEN I sailed with Lieutenant-Commander McCalla several years ago," said a young naval officer to a Washington reporter, "he had already made a reputation as a rigid disciplinarian. One day it chanced that a young midshipman whom he had sent ashore went a trifle beyond the instructions given him with relation to his errand. The matter was not of the least importance, but McCalla chided him sharply, saying:

"'When you receive an order, sir, do simply what you are told to do and never a particle more or less.'

"The midshipman touched his hat respectfully, but he thought the rebuke uncalled for and bided his time for getting even. A few days later McCalla summoned him and said:

"'You will take a boat, sir, and go ashore to the postoffice. See if there is a package there for me.' "'Ay, ay, sir.'

"The midshipman took the boat and went ashore. When he returned McCalla asked:

"'Well, sir, was there a package for me at the postoffice?'

"'Yes sir,' replied the midshipman, touching his cap.

"'Where is it?' "'At the postoffice, sir.'

"'What? you didn't bring it with you?'

"'No, sir.' "'Why not, sir?'

"'Because I had no orders to do so, sir.'

"'I told you to get the package.'

"'Beg pardon, sir, but I understood you to tell me merely to see if there was a package for you at the postoffice, and I could not venture to do a particle more nor less than my instructions indicated.'

"McCalla looked just then as if he would have liked to eat up that midshipman, but it was impossible for him to say anything. The midshipman had got square."

THE REASON WHY.

"When I was at the party,"
Said Betty (aged just four),
"A little girl fell off her chair,
Right down upon the floor;
And all the other little girls
Began to laugh, but me—
I didn't laugh a single bit,"
Said Betty, seriously.

"Why not?" her mother asked her,
Full of delight to find
That Betty—bless her little heart!—
Had been so sweetly kind.
"Why didn't *you* laugh, darling?
Or don't you like to tell?"
"I didn't laugh," said Betty,
"Cause it was me that fell!"

MATTIE'S WANTS AND WISHES.

GRACE GORDON.

I WANTS a piece of cal'co
To make my doll a dess;
I doesn't want a big piece;
A yard'll do I guess.
I wish you'd fred my needle,
And find my fimble, too—
I has such heaps o' sewin'
I don't know what to do.

My Hepsy tored her apron
A tum'lin' down the stair,
And Cæsar's lost his pantnoons.
And needs anozzer pair.
I wants my Maud a bonnet;
She hasn't none at all;
And Fred must have a jacket;
His ozzer one's too small.

I wants to go to grandma's;
You promised me I might.
I know she'd like to see me;
I wants to go to-night.
She lets me wipe the dishes,
And see in grandpa's watch—
I wish I'd free, four pennies
To buy some butter-scotch.

I wants some newer mittens—
I wish you'd knit me some,
'Cause most my finger freezes,
They leaks so in the fum.
I wored 'em out last summer,
A pullin' George's sled;
I wish you wouldn't laugh so—
It hurts me in my head.

I wish I had a cookie;
I'm hungry's I can be.
If you hasn't pretty large ones,
You'd better bring me free.
I wish I had a p'ano—
Won't you buy me one to keep?
O, dear! I feels so tired,
I wants to go to sleep.

Complete Program No. 7.

For School and Evening Entertainments.

MUSIC.

INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS.

BY MISS A. O. BRIGGS.

KIND FRIENDS: — With joy we greet you and extend to you our most cordial welcome. As the traveler across the arid sands of the desert hails with delight the fertile oasis, so we, loaded with the cares and perplexities of this busy world, love to throw aside our burdens for a while, and to rest and refresh our energies in these pleasant reunions, the oasis in our life-journey. Nor is it for the present only that these little gatherings are gratifying. Our lives are largely made up of memories, and we shall love through the coming years, to look back to them as sunny spots amid the lights and shadows of the past.

Though our amateur efforts this evening may lack the finished grace and elegance of professional experience, we trust you will accept them for just what they are—simple recreations—and forget the exacting requirements of the critic in the indulgent forbearance of the friend.

We shall offer you a variety of the best we have at our disposal; and while we aim at amusement, we have not forgotten, amid the laughter-provoking scenes of the ludicrous, to interweave the more important lessons of the wholesome moral.

The mimic stage, if rightly planned,
Becomes a teacher, wise and grand,
Exposing faults to open view
With their attendant follies, too,
And wakens in our minds a strife
For higher aims and nobler life.

With this much for preface, permit me to introduce the actors of the evening. (*Curtain rises, displaying the actors on the stage.*)

MUSIC.

READINGS.

FARMER BOFFIN'S EQUIVALENT.

It was a clean case of negligence on the part of the engineer. He should have whistled at the crossing and slowed up. He did neither. Farmer Boffin, driving in to market on a load of hay, was half-way across the tracks when the express struck the wagon. Farmer Boffin and the two horses never knew what struck them.

These facts were laid before Julius Burnett, Esq., solicitor to the railroad, and he said, in his pleasant way: "Farmer Boffin will cost about $5,000 more than he was worth, if the case goes to court. We must settle this with the widow at once."

So Mr. Burnett adjusted his clerical white tie, and took the first train for Moon's Rest. It was a hot and dusty walk to the Boffin farm, but when he clasped Mrs. Boffin's hand and murmured a few words of apologetic sympathy, the attorney was the cooler of the two. Then he began: "The Atlantic and Northeastern Railroad Company have sent me, madam, to offer their deepest sympathy. No accident that has ever happened on our line has

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been so deeply regretted, I assure you, madam, and——"

"Them horses was wuth a plum two hundred dollars," broke in the widow, rubbing her eyes with the corner of her apron. "Joshua wouldn't take less. He tol' Zeph Hanks las' April."

"As I was saying, madam," continued Mr. Burnett, "our company is deeply grieved. Mr. Boffin was——"

"An' the wagon's all knocked to kindlin' wood," interrupted Mr. Boffin's relict.

"That's precisely what I came to see you about," said the attorney, changing his course to catch the wind, "in an hour like this, when the heart is bowed down, a little ready money is often very desirable, and I see you are a woman who believes in doing business in a business like manner. Now, those horses, Mrs. Boffin, I feel sure our company would replace them. It can be done for $150, can't it? Say, one fifty?"

"Two hundred dollars won't buy them horses' equals," said Mrs. Boffin decidedly.

"Then we will pay $200 for the horses," cheerfully assented the lawer; "now for the wagon—we are prepared to be liberal, Mrs. Boffin; we know what it is to lose a wagon in this heart-rending way—shall we say $25 for the wagon?"

Mrs. Boffin nodded her head and murmured: "It's nothin' but kindlin' wood," adding sharply: "You've forgotten the hay and the harness—they ain't no good to me now—an' that harness wur nearly new."

"Certainly, Mrs. Boffin," the lawyer said, "I was coming to that—$15 ought to cover that—you regard that as satisfactory, of course. Let's see —$225 and $15 is $240. And now, madam, as to that excellent husband of yours, it is my melancholy duty," nere he paused, and Mrs. Boffin took up the parable with: "Joshua was a powerful worker—nigh on 20 year he run this farm—and hired men's sc wuthless."

"Precisely, Mrs. Boffin; let's say $10 for Mr. Boffin, and I'll draw you a check right now for $250."

And a check of that size went to the credit of Mrs. Boffin's bank account that very day.

THE RESURRECTION.

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD.

This poem is, for the most part, a dialogue between Mary Magdalen and a venerable Buddhist, who comes from India to learn the story of Christ.

"It was our Sabbath-eve. By set of sun
Arimathean Joseph craved, and gained
The grace to lay him in his sepulchre
Fresh-hewn, where no man ever yet was laid,
Shut in a garden. And did bring him there,
Tenderly taken from the bloody cross,
Wrapped in fine sindon, and strewn round about
With myrrh and aloes—gifts for burial
From Nakdimon the rabbi—as much spice
As should a king's grave sweeten. And they set
A great stone at the entrance of the tomb:
And I—with one more—watched them set the stone,
But might not come at him, to make him fair,
Because a guard of soldiers kept the place;
Also, it was the Sabbath.
"So night passed;
And all that next slow day; and night again.

"Then, while the first day of the week was dark,
Alone I wended to his sepulchre,

Bearing fair water, and the frankincense,
And linen; that my Lord's sweet body sleep
Well in the rock. And, while my woeful feet
Passed through the gate, and up the paved ascent
Along the second wall, over the hill,
Into that garden, hard by Golgotha,—
The morning brightened over Moab's peaks,
Touched the great Temple's dome with crimson fires,
Lit Ophel and Moriah rosy-red,
Made Olivet all gold, and, in the pools
In Hinnom laid a sudden lance of flame.
And, from the thorn-trees, brake the waking songs
Of little birds; and every palm-tree's top
Was full of doves that cooed, as knowing not
How Love was dead, and Life's dear glory gone,
And the World's hope lay in the tomb with him;
Which now I spied—that hollow in the rock
Under the camphire leaves. Yet no guards there
To help me roll the stone! nay and no stone!
It lay apart, leaving the door a-gape,
And through the door, as I might dimly see,
The scattered wrappings of the burial-night,
Pale gleams amidst the gloom, Not waiting, then,—
Deeming our treasure taken wickedly—
I sped; and came to Peter, and to John;
And cried: 'Our Lord is stolen from his grave
And none to tell where he is borne away!'
Thereat, they ran together, came, and saw;
And entered in; and found the linen cloths
Scattered; the rock bed empty; and, amazed,
Back to their house they went. But I drew nigh
A second time, alone; heart-broken now
The bright day seeming blackest night to me,
The small birds mockers, and the city's noise—
Waking within the walls—hateful and vain.
Why should Earth wake, the Son of Man asleep?
Or that great guilty city rise and live,
With this dear Lord, dead, in her stony skirts?
Fled, too, my last fond hope, to lay him fair,
And kiss his wounded feet, and wash the blood
From the pierced palms, and comb his tangled hair
To comeliness, and leave him—like a king—
To his forgetful angels. Weeping hard
With these thoughts, like to snake-fangs, stinging me
My left hand on the stone I laid, and shut
The eager sunshine off with my right hand,
Kneeling, and looking in the sepulchre
It was not dark within! I deemed at first
A lamp burned there, such radiance mild I saw
Lighting the hewn walls, and the linen-bands;
And, in one corner, folded by itself,
The face-cloth. Coming closer I espied
Two men who sat there—very watchfully—
One at the head, the other at the foot
Of that stone table where my Lord had lain.
Oh! I say 'men'—I should have known no men

Had eyes like theirs, shapes so majestical,
Tongues turned to such a music as the tone
Wherewith they questioned me: 'Why weepest thou?'
Ah, sirs,' I said, 'my Lord is ta'en away,
Nor wot we whither!' and thereat my tears
Blotted all seeing. So I turned to wipe
The hot drops off; and, look! Another one
Standing behind me, and my foolish eyes
Hard gazing on him and not knowing him!
Indeed, I deemed this was the gardener
Keeping the trees and tomb, so was he flesh;
So living, natural, and made like man.
Albeit—if I had marked—if any ray
Of watchful hope had helped me—such a look,
Such presence, beautiful and pure; such light
Of loveliest compassion in his face,
Had told my beating heart and blinded eyes
Who this must be. But I—my brow i' the dust—
Heard him say softly; 'Wherefore weepest thou?
Whom seekest thou?' A little marvelled I—
Still at his foot, too sorrowful to rise—
He should ask this—the void grave gaping near
And he its watchman; yet his accents glad;
Nay, each word sweet with secret resonance
Of joy shut in it; and a tender note
Of lightness, like the gentle raillery
Which lovers use, dissembling happiness.
Nathless, not lifting up my foolish head,
'Sir,' said I, 'If 'tis thou hast borne him hence,
Tell me where thou hast laid him. Then will I
Bear him away!'"

"What answer came to that?'
Fetching deep breath, the Indian asked.
And she—
Her white arms wide out-raught—as if she saw
His feet again to clasp; her true knee bent
As he were there to worship; her great eyes
Shining with glow of fearless, faithful love,
As if, once more, they looked him in the face,
And drank divinest peace, replied elate:

"Ah, friend, such answer that my sadness turned
Gladness, as suddenly as gray is gold,
When the sun springs in glory! such word
As made my mourning laugh itself to nought,
Like a cloud melting to the blue. Such word
As, with more music than earth ever heard,
Set my swift dancing veins full well aware
Why so the day dawned, and the city stirred,
And the vast idle world went busy on,
And the birds carolled, and, in palm-tree tops,
The wise doves cooed of love! Oh, a dear word
Spoke first to me, and, after me, to all,
That all may always know he is the Lord,
And death is dead, and new times come for men,
And Heaven's ways justified, and Christ alive,
Whom we saw die, nailed on the cruel cross!

For, while I lay there, sobbing at his feet,
The word he spake—My Lord! my King! my Christ!
Was my name:—'MARY!'"

"If I say the dead
Catch tone of some such melting tenderness
When first their lovers in the new life flock
And greet and kiss them, telling them sweet things
Of bliss beyond, and Love crowned Conqueror;
If I should speak of children, dreaming ill,
And then grown 'ware it is the dear safe breast
Of their fond mother which they fret upon!
If I should, like hopeless mariners
Snatched sudden from black gulfs; or men condemned,
Ransomed from chains, and led to marriage feasts;
With the swift comfort of that instant change,
All must fall short! No language had I then,
No language have I now! only I turned
My quick glance upward; saw Him; knew Him! sprang
Crying: 'Rabboni! Lord! my Lord! dear Lord!'"

MUSIC—VOCAL.

COLLOQUY.

HER CORRESPONDENT.

Jack's room, with Jack in it. He is tramping up and down, hands in pockets, jacket half off his shoulders, furiously smoking a perfectly empty pipe.

Jack (savagely soliloquizing between puffs)—Glad I wrote it. Glad I sent it. Glad I've broken with her. Only sorry didn't do it sooner. Flirt. Thorough flirt. Went to see her. Found her going out. With man. Young man. Good-looking. Also stylish. She says she's extremely sorry. But unexpected arrival, and ——— I flare up. Interrupt. Wish her very good evening. Which means very bad one. Fling off. Lie awake all night. Morning, write letter ending engagement. Post it. Meant to go to Europe instantly. This noon. But thought I'd wait for answer. Wonder if letter's reached her yet. Hope it has. No; I don't. Hope it hasn't. Ethel! (Dashes down pipe, looks at watch.) Three-forty-five, and she'll get it by the five o'clock delivery. Even now I've time to go up there and see her before it comes —time enough. But what do I want to do that for? Haven't I any strength of mind? (Tears off jacket.) Or firmness? (Puts on coat.) Or resolution? (Bathes face and hands, brushes hair.) Or determination? (Hurries into ulster.) Or a decent amount of self-respecting pride? (Snatches hat.) No; by Jove, I haven't! (Exit running.)

Ethel's parlor. Jack, slightly heated and trrmendously agitated; to whom enter Ethel!

Ethel (fondly smiling and not at all conscious)—Why, dear!

Jack (awkwardly)—Ah!—hem!—good afternoon, Miss—Ethel!

Ethel (instantly comprehending)—Oh, Jack! what a foolish, good, blind, quick-tempered stupid you are!

You're the most ridiculous being that ever was; and sometimes you try me almost to death, and sometimes you're too funny for anything. This time you're funny! Ha, ha, ha, ha!

Jack (attempting dignity)—May I ask——

Ethel (laughing)—Oh, yes; you may ask—but whether I can get breath enough to answer is another matter—ha, ha, ha, ha!

Jack (with a sort of shame faced haughtiness)—If you can do nothing but jeer at me, I'd better——(moves to go).

Ethel (pulling him down into chair)—Don't be silly, Jack. You know you don't mean to go—you're only pretending—and you wouldn't be able to, if you meant it—goose!

Jack (helplessly)—Yes; I know. Ethel, it's because I love———

Ethel (delighted at this victory)—Of course it is. That's what you intended to tell me at the very first, wasn't it? (Jack confused.) Well, now, you've told me; I'll tell you something. It was my uncle!

Jack—Eh?

Ethel—Yes; Uncle Joe just from California. He's papa's younger brother, whom you've never seen—as was quite evident from your behavior—ha, ha, ha, ha! If you'd waited one second, you'd have learned all about it and———

Jack—Oh, Ethel! what a donkey I am! (Seizes her.)

Ethel (unresisting)—Not quite that, but possibly some other kind of big strong, unreasoning animal—from your actions, I should say a bear. Good, old, jealous Jack! (Peace breaks out with great violence.)

Servant (entering later)—Th' letters, Miss. (Exit servant.)

Jack (Suddenly recollecting)—Great heavens!

Ethel (examining letters)—Only one for me. Why, Jack, what ails you? You're absolutely white! Are you ill? You're not? But why do you look so? (Glances at address on envelope.) *Ah!*

Jack (apart)—I'd forgotten all about it!

Ethel (with very piquant air of being mistress of the situation)—Now, whom can this be from? The hand is a man's—very much like yours, Jack. The resemblance is quite strong.

Jack (apart)—What a horrible scrape!

Ethel (leisurely opening the letter)—And the envelope's like yours, too—and the paper. (Reads.) "Miss Fay" Must be from some shop-keeper on business. (Reads,) "When you read these lines I shall be outside of Sandy Hook——" Well, well! What do you think of that, Jack?

Jack (perspiring with agony)— I don't—I can't——

Ethel (thoughtfully)—Do you suppose this person is really where he said he should be when I read these lines?

Jack (wincing)—Merciful powers!

Ethel (resuming)—"—outside of Sandy Hook, never to see you again." At any rate, this isn't from a shop-keeper. (Reads.) "You have tired me out——" I don't know but that it may be, though—— (Reads.) "—and I leave you forever——" (Jack groans.) You don't appear interested, and it *is* stuff, I acknowledge. (Jack groans again.) Let's go on, though, just for fun. (Reads.) "—forever, not to remorse——" dear me, I should hope not. (Reads) "—which you are incapable of feeling——"

Jack (apart)—I wish I were dead!

Ethel (looking hard at him)—My correspondent seems rather severe, doesn't he, Jack? (Reads.) "—but I do leave you to one who is far my superior, no doubt——" No doubt, truly. Any sane person would be. (Renewed groans from Jack. Etnel continues) "—in merit as he is in good

fortune——" how very Johnsonian and prize-essayish my correspondent is, Jack! (Reads.) "—and who is, I trust, worthy of your love." Why, he means you, Jack! Now, are you really worthy of my love?

Jack (desperate)—Oh, Ethel! Stop! I——

Ethel (putting her hand on his mouth)—Quiet, Jack! I've not finished reading *my* letter! (Reads.) "—He cannot love you more than I ——" can't you, Jack?—(reads) "—loved you once——" ah, past tense—(reads) "nor less than I love you now——"

Jack (wildly)—Ethel! Please don't!

Ethel (quietly)—My correspondent is just a little wee grain brutal, isn't he, Jack? (Reads.) "—but you will not care——" What is your opinion about that, Jack? (Reads.) "Farewell, cruel girl——" do hear my correspondent spout, Jack! "—and never think more of——"

Jack (trying to snatch letter)—I must have it!

Ethel (holding him off and reading)—"Yours——"

Jack—Don't read—oh, don't read the sig——

Ethel—"—most——"

Jack—Don't; oh, don't!

Ethel—"—sincerely——" (tears up letter and throws in grate.) I can't imagine who my correspondent may be—can you, Jack?

Jack (in grateful adoration)—You darling girl! (Second and this time lasting reconciliation. Only, some minutes after——)

Ethel (dreamily)—I'm afraid I'm sorry I destroyed that letter!—*Puck.*

MUSIC.

RECITATIONS.

DROWNED.

FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN.

Down upon the beach of sand,
When the night's fierce storm was o'er,
And the morning's tender hand
Touched with light the wreck-strewn shore,
Fishers in their suits of gray
Found her body where it lay
Cold and lifeless on the shore.

Beautiful was she, and fair;
Pale as marble; and her hair
Seemed like golden threads just spun
From a summer noon-day sun;
And the curtains of her eyes,
Fastened down by fringe of gold,
Hid the tiny azure skies
Underneath their velvet fold.
Scarce a dozen summers old
Was this little maid they found,
Cold and lifeless, on the ground.

So the fishers sadly spread
On the beach a ragged coat;
Laid upon it Beauty's dead;
Lifted her into their boat.
Tearfully these fishers brown
Rowed in silence to the town,
Where the busy, bustling throng,
Half in sorrow, half in song,
On its way moves up and down.

In the holy chapel place,
With a smile upon her face,
Like an angel did she seem,
Smiling in a happy dream!
Now the fishers hear the peal
Of the solemn music steal
Through the chapel's scented air;
Now with heavy hearts they kneel
While the good priest lifts his prayer
For their little maiden there.

"God of heaven, earth, and love,
Look upon us from above,
In Thy mercy, while we pray!
Doth a mother far away
Long to see her child again?
Heal, O God, her grief with love!
Comfort with Thy blessed grace
All who miss this little face.
Bless, O God. these fishermen!
Fill their hearts with love; and when
They like this fair child shall sleep—
When life's rugged hill and steep
Shall be climbed—we pray Thee, take
Them to Thee, for Jesus' sake!
For His sake, kind God. Amen."
Then the fishers said "Amen."
'Twas as if an angel stept
In the chapel where she slept.

When the service was dismissed,
Came the fishers old, and kissed—
Kissed her tenderly, and wept.

She was laid beneath a tree,
Near the ever-sobbing sea,
Where the birds in summer time
Sing and tell, in saddest rhyme,
How this little rose unknown
On the ocean's swelling wave
To the sandy shore was blown;
How the fishers came to weep,
Ere they put forth on the deep,
Here beside the little grave!

—*Independent.*

CONTENTED JIM.

O. F. PEARRE.

Everything pleased our neighbor Jim,
When it rained
He never complained,
But said wet weather suited him.
"There never is too much rain for me.
And this is something like," said he.

When earth was dry as a powder mill,
He did not sigh
Because it was dry,
But said if he could have his will
It would be his chief supreme delight
To live where the sun shone day and night.

When winter came with its snow and ice,
He did not scold
Because it was cold,
But said: "Now this is real nice;
If ever from home I'm forced to go,
I'll move up North with the Esquimau."

A cyclone whirled along its track;
And did him harm—
It broke his arm,
And stripped the coat from off his back;
"And I would give another limb
To see such a blow again," said Jim.

And when at length his years were told,
And his body bent,
And his strength all spent,
And Jim was very weak and old:
"I long have wanted to know," he said,
"How it feels to die"—and Jim was dead.

The Angel of Death had summoned
To heaven. or—well,
I cannot tell;
But I knew that the climate suited Jim;
And cold or hot, it mattered not—
It was to him the long-sought spot.

THE OBSTRUCTIVE HAT.

A LONDON THEATRE EPISODE.

SCENE.—The pit during pantomime season. The overture is beginning.

An Overheated Matron (to her husband)—Well, they don't give you much room in 'ere, I must say. Still, we done better than I expected, after all that crushing. I thought my ribs was gone once—but it was on'y the umbrella's. You pretty comfortable where you are, eh, father?

Father—Oh, I'm right enough, I am.

Jimmy (their son, a small boy with a piping voice)—If father is, it's more nor what I am. I can't see, mother, I can't!

His Mother—Lor' bless the boy! there ain't nothen to see yet; you'll see well enough when the curting goes up. (Curtain rises on opening scene.) Look, Jimmy, ain't that nice now? All them himps dancin' round, and real fire comin' out of the pot—which I 'ope is quite safe—and there's a beautiful fairy just come on, dressed so grand, too!

Jimmy—I can't see no fairy—nor yet no himps—no nuthen. (He whimpers.)

His Mother (annoyed)—Was there ever such a aggravating boy to take anywheres! Sit quiet, do, and don't fidget, and look at the hactin'!

Jimmy—I tell yer I can't see no hactin', mother. It ain't my fault—its this lady in front o' me with the 'at.

Mother (perceiving the justice of his complaints)—Father, the pore boy says he can't see where he is, 'cause of a lady's 'at in front.

Father—Well, I can't help the 'at, can I? He must put up with it, that's all!

Mother—No—but I thought, if you wouldn't mind changing places with him—you're taller than him, and it wouldn't be in your way 'arf so much.

Father—It's always the way with you—never satisfied, you ain't! Well, pass the boy across—I'm for a quiet life, I am. (Changing seats) Will this do for you?

(He settles down immediately behind a very large and furry and feathery hat, which he dodges for some time, with the result of obtaining an occasional glimpse of a pair of legs on the stage.)

Father (suddenly)—D——n the 'at.

Mother—You can't wonder at the boy not seeing! Perhaps the lady wouldn't mind taking it off, if you asked her.

Father—Ah! (He touches the owner of the hat on the shoulder.) Excuse me, mum, but might I take the liberty of asking you to kindly remove your 'at? (The owner of the hat deigns no reply.)

Father (more insistently)—Would you 'ave any objection to oblige me by taking off your 'at, mum? (Same result.) I don't know if you 'eard me, mum, but I've asked you twice, civil enough, to take that 'at of yours off. I'm a-playing at 'ide and seek be'ind it 'ere. (No answer.)

The Mother—People didn't ought to be allowed in the pit with sech 'ats! Callin' 'erself a lady—and settin' there in a great 'at and feathers, like a 'Ighlander's, and never answering no more nor a stuffed himage!

Father (to the husband of the owner of the hat)—Will you tell your good lady to take off her 'at, sir, please?

The Owner of the Hat (to her husband)—Don't you do nothing of the sort, Sam, or you will 'ear of it!

The Mother—Some people are perlite, I must say. Parties might behave as ladies when they come into the pit!

It's a pity her 'usband can't teach her better manners!

The Father—'Im teach her! 'E knows better. 'E's got a Tartar there, 'e 'as!

The Owner of the Hat—Sam, are you going to set by and hear me insulted like this?

Her Husband (turning round tremulously(—I—I'll trouble you to drop making these personal allusions to my wife's 'at, sir. Its puffickly impossible to listen to what's going on on the stage, with all these remarks be'ind.

The Father—Not more nor it is to see what's going on on the stage with that 'at in front! I paid 'arf a-crown to see the pantermime, I did; not to 'ave a view of your wife's 'at! . . 'Ere, Maria, blowed if I can stand this 'ere game any longer. Jimmy must change places again, and if he can't see, he must stand up on the seat' that's all!

(Jimmy is transferred to his original place, and mounts upon the seat.)

A Pittite behind Jimmy (touching up Jimmy's father with an umbrella)—Will you tell your little boy to set down, please, and not block the view like this?

Jimmy's Father—If you can indooce that lady in front to take off her 'at, I will—but not before. Stay where you are, Jimmy, my boy.

The Pittite behind—Well, I must stand myself, then, that's all. I mean to see, somehow. (He rises.)

People behind him (sternly)—Set down there, will yer? (He resumes his seat expostulating.)

Jimmy—Father, the gentleman behind is a-pinching of my legs!

Jimmy's Father — Will you stop pinching my little boy's legs? He ain't doing you no 'arm—is he.

The Pinching Pittite—Let him sit down, then!

Jimmy's Father—Let the lady take her 'at off!

Murmurs behind—Order, there! Set down! Put that boy down! Take orf that 'at! Silence in front, there! Turn 'em out! Shame! Etc.

The Husband of the Owner of the Hat (in a whisper to his wife)—Take off the blessed 'at, and have done with it, do!

The Owner of the Hat—What—now? I'd sooner die in the 'at! (An attendant is called.)

The Attendant—Order, there, gentlemen, please—unless you want to get turned out! No standing allowed on the seats—you're disturbing the performance 'ere, you know!

(Jimmy is made to sit down, and weeps silently; the hubbub gradually subsides—and the owner of the hat triumphs—for the moment.)

Jimmy's Mother—Never mind, my boy, you shall have mother's seat in a minute. I dessay, if all was known, the lady 'as reasons for keeping her 'at on, pore thing!

The Father—Ah, I never thought o' that. So she may. Very likely her 'at won't come off—not without her 'air!

The Mother—Ah, well we mustn't be 'ard on her, if that's so.

The Owner of the Hat (removing the obstruction)—I 'ope you're satisfied now, I'm sure?

The Father (handsomely)—Better late nor never. mum, and we take it kind of you. Though why you shouldn't ha' done it at fust, I dunno: for you look a deal 'andsomer without the 'at than what you did in it—don't she, Maria?

The Owner of the Hat (mollified)—Sam, ask the gentleman behind if his boy would like a ginger-nut.

(This olive-branch is accepted; compliments pass; cordiality is restored, and the pantomime proceeds without further disturbance.)

—*Punch.*

SISTER'S CAKE.

BY EUGENE FIELD.

I'd not complain of Sister Jane, for she
was good and kind,
Combining with rare comeliness distinctive gifts of mind;
Nay, I'll admit it were most fit that worn by social cares,
She'd crave a change from parlor life to that below the stairs,
And that, eschewing needlework and music she should take
Herself to the substantial art of manufacturing cake.

At breakfast, then, it would befall that sister Jane would say;
"Mother, if you have got the things, I'll make some cake to-day!"
Poor mother'd cast a timid glance at father, like as not—
For father hinted sister's cooking cost a frightful lot—
But neither he or she presumed to signify dissent,
Accepting it for gospel truth that what she wanted went!

No matter what the rest of 'em might chance to have in hand,
The whole machinery of the house came to a sudden stand;
The pots were hustled off the stove, the fire built up anew,
With every damper set just so to heat the oven through;
The kitchen-table was relieved of everything, to make
The ample space which Jane required when she compounded cake.

And, oh! the bustling here and there, the flying to and fro:
The clicks of forks that whipped the eggs to lather white as snow—
And what a wealth of sugar melted swiftly out of sight—
And butter? Mother said such waste would ruin father, quite!
But Sister Jane preserved a mien no pleading could confound,
As she utilized the raisins and citron by the pound.

Oh, hours of chaos, tumult, heat, vexatious din and whirl!
Ot deep humiliation for the sullen hired girl;
Of grief for mother, hating to see things wasted so,
And of fortune for the little boy who pined to taste that dough!
It looked so sweet and yellow—sure, to taste it were no sin—
But, oh! how sister scolded if he stuck his fingers in!

The chances were as ten to one, before the job was through,
That sister'd think of something else she'd a great deal rather do!
So, then, she'd softly steal away, as Arabs in the night,
Leaving the girl and ma to finish up as best they might;
These tactics (artful Sister Jane) enabled her to take
Or shift the credit or the blame on that too-treacherous cake!

And yet, unhappy is the man who has no sister Jane—
For he who has no sister seems to me to live in vain.
I've never had a sister—maybe that is why to-day

I'm wizened and dyspeptic, instead of blithe and gay;
A boy who's only forty should be full of romp and mirth,
But I (because I'm sisterless) am the oldest man on earth!

Had I a little sister—oh, how happy I should be!
I'd never let her cast her eyes on any chap but me;
I'd love her and I'd cherish her for better and for worse—
I'd buy her gowns and bonnets, and sing her praise in verse;
And—yes, what's more and vastly more—I tell you what I'd do;
I'd let her make her wondrous cake, and I would eat it, too!

I have a high opinion of the sisters, as you see—
Another fellow's sister is so very dear to me!
I love to work anear her when she's making over frocks,
When she patches little trousers or darns prosaic socks;
But I draw the line at one thing—yes I don my hat and take
A three-hours' walk when she is moved to try her hand at cake!

—*Chicago News.*

MUSIC.

Soon, oh, how soon! to-day will be yesterday. We may not call yesterday back and live it over again, but we may live so to-day that when it is past we shall not have to grieve over it.

THE "MODEL HUSBAND" CONTEST.

ITS AFFECTING SEQUEL.

SCENE I.— At the Galahad-Greens.

Mrs. G.-G.—Galahad!

Mr. G.-G. (meekly)—My love?

Mrs. G.-G.—I see that the proprietors of *All Sorts* are going to follow the American example, and offer a prize of twenty pounds to the wife who makes out the best case for her husband as a Model. It's just as well, perhaps, that you should know that I've made up my mind to enter you!

Mr. G.-G. (gratified)—My dear Cornelia! really I'd no idea you had such a——

Mrs. G.-G.—Nonsense! The drawing-room carpet is a perfect disgrace, and, as you can't or won't provide the money in any other way, why—— Would you like to hear what I've said about you?

Mr. G.-G.—Well if you're sure it would'nt be troubling you too much, I should, my dear.

Mrs. G.-G.—Then sit where I can see you, and listen. (She reads.) "Irreproachable in all that pertains to morality"—(And it would be a bad day indeed for you Galahad, if I ever had cause to think otherwise!)—"morality; scrupulously dainty and neat in his person"—(Ah, you may well blush, Galahad, but, fortunately, they won't want me to produce you!)—"he imports into our happy home the delicate refinement of a *preux chevalier* of the olden time." (Will you kindly take your dirty boots off the steel fender?) "We rule our little kingdom with a

joint and equal sway, to which jealousy and friction are alike unknown; he considerate and indulgent to my womanly weakness"—(You need not stare at me in that perfectly idiotic fashion!)—"I, looking to him for the wise and tender support which has never yet been denied. The close and daily scrutiny of many years has discovered"—(What are you shaking like that for?)—"discovered no single weakness; no taint or flaw of character; no irratating trick of speech or habit." (How often have I told you that I will not have the handle of that paper-knife sucked? Put it down; do!) "His conversation—sparkling but ever spir. itual—renders our modest meals veritable feasts of fancy and flows of soul" . . . Well Galahad?

Mr. G.-G.—Nothing, my dear; nothing. It struck me as well—a trifle flowery, that last passage, that's all!

Mrs. G.-G. (severely)—If I cannot expect to win the prize without descending to floweriness, whose fault is that I should like to know? If you can't make sensible observations, you had better not speak at all. (Continuing.) "Over and over again, gathering me in his strong, loving arms, and pressing fervent kisses upon my forehead, he has cried, 'Why am I not a monarch that so I could place a diadem upon that brow? With such a consort, am I not doubly crowned?'" Have you anything to say to that Galahad?

Mr. G.-G.—Only, my love, that I—I don't seem to remember having made that particular remark.

Mrs. G.-G.—Then make it now. I'm sure I wish to be as accurate as I can. (*Mr. G.-G.* makes the remark—but without fervor.)

Scene II.—At the Monarch Jones's.

Mr. M.-J.—Twenty quid would come in precious handy just now, after all I've dropped lately, and I mean to pouch that prize if I can—so just you sit down Grizzle, and write out what I tell you; do you hear?

Mrs. M.-J. (timidly)—but, Monarch, dear, would that be quite fair? No, don't be angry, I did'nt mean that—I'll write whatever you please.

Mr. M.-J.—You'd better, that's all! Are you ready? I must screw myself up another peg before I begin. (He screws.) Now then. (Stands over her and dictates.) "To the polished urbanity of a perfect gentleman, he unites the kindly charity of a true Christian." (Why the devil don't you learn to write decently, eh?) "Liberal, and even lavish, in all his dealings, he is yet a stern foe to every kind of excess"—(Hold on a bit, I must have another nip after that)—"every kind of excess. Our married life is one long dream of blissful contentment, in which each contends with the other in the loving self sacrifice." (Haven't you corked all that down yet?) "Such cares and anxieties as he has he conceals from me with scrupulous consideration as long as possible"—(Gad, I should be a fool if I didn't!)—"while I am ever sure of finding in him a patient and sympathetic listener to all my trifling worries and difficulties."—(Two f's in difficulties, you little fool—can't you even spell?) "Many a time, falling on his knees at my feet, he has rapturously exclaimed, his accents broken by manly emotion, 'Oh, that I were more worthy of such a pearl among women! With such a helpmate, I am, indeed, to be envied!'" That ought to do the trick. If I don't romp in after that!—— (Observing

that Mrs. M.-J.'s shoulders are convulsed.) What the dooce are you giggling at now.

Mrs. M.-J.—I—I wasn't giggling, Monarch, dear, only——

Mr. M.-J.—Only what!

Mrs. M.-J.—Only crying!

THE SEQUEL.

"The judges appointed by the spirited proprietors of *All Sorts* to decide the 'Model Husband contest'—which was established on lines similar to one recently inaugurated by one of our New York contemporaries—have now issued their award. Two competitors have sent in certificates which have been found equally deserving of the prize, viz., Mrs. Cornelius Galahad-Green Graemair Villa, Peckham, and Mrs. Griselda Monarch-Jones, Aspen Lodge, Lordship Lane. The sum of twenty pounds will consequently be divided between these two ladies, to whom, with their respective spouses; we beg to tender our cordial felicitations. —*Punch.*

THE HUSKIN' BEE.

The huskin' bee wuz over, ez the sun
wuz going' down
In a yaller blaze o' glory jist behind
the maples brown,
The gals wuz gittin' ready 'n the boys
wuz standin' by,
To hitch on whar they wanted to, or
know the reason why.

Of all the gals what set aroun' the
pile of corn thet day,
A-twistin' oft the rustlin' husks, ez ef
'twas only play,
The peartest one of all the lot—'n
they wuz putty, too—
Wus Zury Hess, whose laffin' eyes cud
look ye through an' through.

Now it happened little Zury found a
red ear in the pile,
Afore we finished huskin', 'n ye orter
seen her smile;
Fur, o' coorse, she held the privilege,
if she would only dare,
To choose the feller she liked best 'n
kiss him then 'n there

My! how we puckered up our lips 'n
tried to look our best,
Each feller wished he'd be the one
picked out from all the rest;
'Til Zury, arter hangin' back a leetle
spell or so,
Got up 'n walked right over to the
last one in the row.

She jist reached down 'n touched her
lips onto the ol' white head
O' Xeter Sims, who's eighty year ef
he's a day, 'tis said;
She looked so sweet ol' Peter tho't an
angel cum to say
As how his harp wuz ready in the land
o' tarnal day.

Mad? Well I should say I was, 'n I
tol' het goin' hum
As how the way she slighted me hed
made me sorter glum,
'N that I did'nt think she'd shake me
right afore the crowd—
I wuz'nt gointer stand it—'n I said so
pooty loud.

Then Zury drapped her laffin' eyes 'n
whispered to me low,
"I didn't kiss ye 'fore the crowd—
'cause—'cause—I love ye so,
'N I thought ye wudn't mind it if I
kissed ol' Pete instead,
Because the grave is closin' jist above
his pore ol' head.

Well—wimmin's ways is queer, sometimes, and we don't allus know
Jist what's a-throbbin' in their hearts
when they act thus 'n so—
All I know is, that when I bid good
night to Zury Hess,
I loved her more'n ever, 'n I'll never
love her less.

MUSIC.

THE DRAMA OF THREE MORNINGS.

Persons:

HE, a sane, sound and young American husband.
SHE, a loving, lovable and young American wife.

SCENE I.

Morning, 1888. HE *and* SHE *together in their new house. Something very nearly approaching the "light that was never on sea or land" envelopes them in its mystic splendor. It is, in fact, the rays of the honeymoon, in the first quarter, with liberal assistance from Venus, morning and evening star of their private heaven.*

HE (*with the pitiable indecision of the newly wed*)—It is no use, you siren, I must go!

SHE (*from the family circle—of his arms*)—Why will you go so early, love? It is only nine.

(*The clock promptly contradicts this statement by striking ten.*)

HE (*glad to be backed up even by a soulless thing like a clock*)—Ten, my darling, and I am due at the office at 8.30.

SHE—Ten, then; if you must be as accurate—as accurate as if you had been married ten years instead of ten days!

He (*ardently*)—Is it only ten days since I first called you mine! Ten days? Why, it is ten months—ten years—ten centuries!

SHE (*with the glance and demure pursing of the lips of one who expects tender contradictions*)—Does it seem so long a time?

HE (*after tender contradiction*)—Ten centuries of bliss! I date the beginning of my life from the hour you became mine; before that I did not live.

SHE (*with reproach in her eyes*)—Have you forgotten our courtship?

HE—No, my angel; I remember it, but as one remembers a lovely prelude to a far lovlier melody.

SHE—Will you always think so, I wonder?

HE—Always, my darling.

(*A long pause ensues, at the end of which the clock strikes the half-hour, and* HE *springs to his feet.*

HE—Half-past ten! I *must* go.

SHE—(*rising also, and hanging on his arm*)—Yes; you must go. There—go (SHE *winds one arm round his neck and leans towards him*). Yes; I will be heroic. Go! (SHE *adds her other arm to his necklace*). Go!

HE *faintly, and with a fatal note of indecision in his tone*)—Business, my dear one.

SHE (*interrupting*)—Oh, business, business, business! Why are'nt you something—*anything* except an American business man! Do you know what it means to be an American man of business, heart of my heart? No? It means to be a slave to hours, to early hours, to direful, hateful, aggravating, uncivilized, early hours!

(*They laugh as if this were a burst of originality*).

HE—That is what I am, a slave to business. Though Geoffrey said yesterday morning that I might as well have gone to Europe for all the good I have been at the office since we were married. He added, however, that he would give me six months to "get over it"; he says such an attack of spoons can't last!

SHE (*with flashing eyes*)—Can't last! I—

HE—Geoffrey is a fish in matters of sentiment.

SHE—He needn't think, because he is dull, ugly and soulless, without sentiment or delicacy, or depth of feeling, that all men (*here* SHE *pauses to drop a fervent kiss on the lapel of his coat*) are like him.

HE—What have I ever done to deserve the love of such a sweet woman!

SHE—You've loved her! Oh, do you think you will always love her just as well as you do now?

(*They sit down to discuss this momentous question in a few words and a good many kisses. After having answered it in the affirmative, with ten thousand variations,* HE *rises resolutely*).

HE—I must go.

SHE—(*with drooping face*)—How shall I live through this long day?

HE—I will come home early, love.

SHE—By two o'clock?

HE—Not quite as early as that, blossom, but by four.

SHE—Four! It is an eternity till then.

(SHE *rises with a long sigh, and puts up her face to be kissed.* HE *kisses her, and* SHE *kisses him; then they draw apart a few paces, amd* SHE *looks at him with a smile.*)

HE—Goo—

(*The word dies on his lips.* SHE *smiles again, and they rush into each other's arms. The clock strikes eleven. They look at the clock reproachfully, as if they suspected it of striking with the malicious intention of separating them.*)

HE (*with stern resolution on every feature*)—I must go. Good-by—

SHE—Oh, don't say good-by! It sounds as if you were never coming back.

HE—*Aufwiedersehn*, my darling. Can I bring you anything?

SHE—No, thank you.

HE—Have you any commissions?

SHE—No, dear. I never, never mean to weigh you down with errands and requests and commands, as some women do.

HE—Another proof that I have secured the most sensible little woman in the world, as well as the dearest and sweetest and prettiest.

SHE (*modestly*)—I don't know that I am all that, but when I have visited my married girl friends I have often noticed what pack-horses they make of their husbands, and I resolved that I never would treat you so.

HE—It is a pleasure to serve you, dear one.

(*They embrace, and* HE *leaves the room.* SHE *listens till the outside door closes, then runs to the window and kisses her hand to him till* HE *passes out of sight.* SHE *goes to a mirror, arranges her disarranged hair, smiles at herself, then goes to her own room to hold a silent parley with her wardrobe as to the most fetching gown in which to welcome "the only man in the world" on his return.*)

SCENE II.

Morning, 1889. The same room in their house. HE, *with the air of the typical American who believes in digesting the news of both hemispheres and his breakfast at the same time, is snapping up a few tariff trifles.* SHE *is writing notes and filling out checks, with the manner of a woman who has thoroughly mastered all the details of business. There is an atmosphere of restful calm over all, which shows clearly enough that the young couple are sailing in that zone of calms whose longitude and latitude in life's ocean are determined by the duration of the honeymoon. After swallowing the entire editorial page whole,* HE *rises, takes a few turns up and down the room, and pauses, rather expectantly, at her desk.*

SHE (*signing her name with a fine angular flourish, to her last note, and without looking up*)—Going, Frank?

HE—Yes.

SHE—Will you be home (*pauses to fold her note accurately*) to dinner?

HE—Didn't I tell you that I was going to dine out?

SHE—Oh, yes. Is the Hunts' number 882 or 884?

HE—I really can't tell you. Why don't you have a book for addresses?

SHE—I have; but I never find what I want until long after it has come to me.

He—(*in the tone of one who realizes to the full how futile it is to suggest anything practical to a woman*)—You might index it.

SHE (*with wifely determination to show him that she sees his drift*)—I might index it if I had a dozen clerks; and I might compile a pocket edition of the directory, but I am not likely to do the one or the other. (*A slight pause ensues, then* SHE *continues, reflectively*). I remember now—the Hunts' number is 884. (SHE *directs an envelope and encloses her note, and hands her husband six very large envelopes and four tiny ones.*) Don't forget to mail them.

HE (*distributing the envelopes over his person, not without difficulty*)—I am not likely to forget them!

SHE—You'd better carry one in your hand to remind you of the others. And, Frank, will you stop at the florists and order me a bunch—a large bunch—of violets? I am going out to dinner myself. Sweet ones, you know. Don't let them palm off those scentless things upon you.

HE—I'll get the right kind. (*Then with the easy smile of the husband who feels secure in his power to keep what he has won,* HE *goes on.*) I shall have to look into your repeated absences from home, my dear! There must be a magnet somewhere among our friends. I dare say I treat him regularly to my best cigars—the ungrateful beggar.

SHE—There won't be a man present this evening who is worth parting one's lips for. I think men have degenerated sadly in the past year; they never seemed so vapid and dull and generally tiresome before I was married. This is a duty dinner, anyway, a kind of half-mourning affair. The guests would rather stay away, and the hosts would rather have them, and neither side can help itself, so the dinner will begin and end with a poorly suppressed sigh! The fact is, there are so many dinners that everybody is surfeited nowadays. A result of the modern spirit of entertaining for the sake of displaying one's house and its appointments, and one's gowns! (SHE *ends her strictures with a touch of fine philosophic scorn in her voice*).

HE—Why do you aid and abet such a spirit? Why do you go?

SHE—That's just like you, Dear, to suggest my staying away, when you know I haven't worn half my trousseau gowns yet!

HE (*anxious to get off this tack*)—Speaking of duty visits, Leslie, we must call upon Jack Henshaw and his wife if we are going to. I say, I wish you'd leave my card and let it go at that. It will be equal to an emetic to have to sit under their honeymooning.

SHE—It may not be so bad. They must be over the worst of it; they've been married a month now.

HE—Ten to one, they are still in the thick of it; I don't know how people can make such idiots of themselves.

SHE—I'm sure *we* didn't; but you will find that nearly all of them do, Frank, and other people have to put up with it.

HE (*going toward the door*)—You leave my card, Leslie; then you can go in the daytime, and you'll only see Mamie, and it won't be so bad.

HE *goes into the hall, dons his top-coat and hat, and returns to the neutral ground of the threshold.* SHE *has begun some pen-and ink calculations.*

HE—Good-morning, dear.

SHE (*with a cheerful but abstracted smile, and with a hasty upward glance*)—Good morning, *dear.*

(*The front door closes after him*).

HE (*on the steps*)—By Jove, I forgot all about it.

HE *opens the door and returns to her side.*

SHE—What's the matter? Have you forgotten your handkerchief?

HE—I forgot to kiss you good-by.

(HE *bends down and kisses her with respectable, married-man's ardor*).

SHE—Look out for my hair, Clumsy! I wonder why a man can never kiss a woman without mussing her all up?

HE (*meekly*)—I don't know. I'm sure I try hard—and often enough—not to!

SHE (*accepting his pleasantry with a tolerant smile*)—I am glad you came back, Frank. I shall want some money to-night, if you please.

HE (*taking out a note book*)—I'll put it down, so I won't forget it.

SHE—And, Frank, won't you stop at Clipper's and order a brougham for me? It must be here at half-past seven; not a second later, for they dine at a quarter to eight. Oh, and can't you telephone for some coal from your office? And I wish you would find time to go to market and see how the grouse look. You needn't get any—I want to pick them out myself; I want to know if they are fat—that's all. While you are there you may as well order a saddle of mutton; that will save my going down to-morrow if

the grouse are not fat. Oh—and you really must call at Tiffany's and tell them to send my sapphire heart home to-day; I want to wear it. It can't take them more than a month to make a slight change in an ornament. That's all, dear. Don't forget: brougham, coal, grouse—don't order them—saddle of mutton, Tiffany's, money and—Oh, yes, the violets; don't forget, the *sweet* ones.

HE—Can't you think of some other little thing.

SHE (*smiling*)—You used to say that you only lived to serve me!

HE—I've found out, since then, that a man often speaks the truth unwittingly!

(HE *goes out, and* SHE *resumes her figuring without delay—it being unnecessary to watch a year-old husband out of sight or speed him on his way with blown kisses.*)

SHE Eighteen from fifty leaves—ten from fifty leaves forty, and eight from forty leaves thirty-two. If I pay $18 for that hat, I shall have $32 left out of this month's allowance. I don't need the bonnet, but it is time I had a new one. I don't want mother to think that Frank doesn't give me as much money as Jimmy gives Sue. A woman can't be too careful about these little matters, especially in the first year of marriage, when the eyes of her family are on her to see how it has turned out. I'll get the hat to show them that marriage isn't a failure!

(SHE *leaves the room with the step of a woman who knows her mind—and the world.*)

SCENE III.

Morning, 1890. HE *is alone in his den. As the clock strikes nine* HE *throws down the morning paper, rises, throws the end of his cigar in a cuspidor, lights a fresh cigar, goes into the hall, examines his necktie critically, and finally decides that it will do, puts on his hat and coat, then steps to the foot of the staircase.*

HE (*raising his voice to its highest domestic pitch*)—Good morning, Les, I'm off.

(HE *listens carelessly while he draws on his gloves. There is no reply, and he goes out, closing the door after him with an attempt at noiselessness. A second later* SHE *runs down the stairs and into his den.*

SHE (*gazing indignantly at his empty chair, and speaking with early morning volubility*)—

There, I knew I heard the front door speak! That forgetful thing has gone down town, and I wanted to ask him about Baby's carriage, and having her vaccinated, and the furnace, and a dozen other things. He knew it too. I told him in the night not to let me forget to remind him of something, but he forgot it, as usual. Oh, and there's Wagoner's bill for the piano lamp that I wanted to ask him about! And (*a faint wail comes floating down from the second story, and* SHE *pauses abruptly*) there's Baby!

(*The wail rises to a higher key, and* SHE *disappears up the stairway.*)

QUICK CURTAIN.

—*Lucile Lovell, in Kate Field's Washington.*

IN DE MORNIN'.

LIZZIE YORK CASE.

Good-by, chile! I ain't here for long,
  I'se a waitin' patient for de dawnin';
De angels dar is a pullin' mighty strong
  And I'll meet ye, honey! in de mornin'.

When de stars fell down, I 'member it well,
  Yet I don't know de year I was born in,
But I goes by a star dat neber has fell,
  So I'll meet ye, honey! in de mornin'.

I mind back yonder in old Tennessee
  How de speculators come without a warnin',
But now I'se a waitin for de Lord to come for me
  And I'll meet ye, honey! in de mornin'.

What hab I done dat de Lord let me stay
  A waitin' so long for de dawnin'?
The earth is gettin' dark and a fadin' away,
  But I'll meet ye, honey! in de mornin'.

Don't cry, chile! I must say good-night,
For your mammy's done had a warnin',
To close up de shutter and put out de light,
But I'll meet ye, honey! in de mornin'.

Detroit Free Press.

MY AIN JOE.

WILLIAM LYLE.

The laird and leddy o' the ha'
Hae flunkeys at their feet;
They bask in silks an' and satins braw,
And dazzle a' the street.
The leddy she's a stately quean
Her son a gallant fine;
But there's nae Joe like my ain Joe,
An' there's nae love like mine.

The laird's son lo'es a guid Scotch reel,
An' I lo'e ane mysel';
He vowed 'twad please him unco weel
Gin I wad be his belle.
Hoo ilk ane stared as han' in han'
We cantered down the line;
Yet there's nae Joe like my ain Joe,
An' there's nae love like mine.

The laird made bauld a kiss to try
Afore the gentles a'.
There,s ane before ye, laird, quoth I,
An' he's worth ony twa.
I ne'er kenned ony guid to come
Frae mixing o' the wine,
An' ne'er a Joe but my ain Joe
Can hae a kiss o' mine.

A LAST PRAYER.

HELEN HUNT JACKSON.

Father, I scarcely dare to pray,
So clear I see, now it is done,
That I have wasted half my day,
And left my work but just begun;

So clear I see the things I thought
Were right or harmless, were a sin;
So clear I see that I have sought,
Unconscious, selfish aims to win;

So clear I see that I have hurt
The souls I might have helped to save,
That I have slothful been, inert,
Deaf to the calls thy leaders gave.

In outskirts of thy kingdom vast,
Father, the humblest spot give me
Set me the lowliest task thou hast,
Let me repentant work for thee!

THE STORY OF DON.

MARIE MORE MARSH.

A woman lived alone with her dog. To the dog there was little in the world besides the woman—she fed him and kept him warm and comfortable, and he was grateful.

To the woman there was nothing in the world besides the dog. He stood guard over her poor possessions while she was away at her work, and when she came home at night he was glad to see her and barked with delight. He was a friend, loving, and kind, and true; what more could she ask?

She had had something more—or was it less? There had been a man, who was her husband, and she had fed him and kept him warm and comfortable, but he had not been grateful. He had not even guarded her possessions while she was away at her work. He had sold them and pawned them, until they were pitifully few—then he had gone away and left her.

And she had lost all faith in men and had come to be cynical and hard, for nature had somehow reversed things sadly in the man and the dog that she had known best—the dog was noble and the man was a cur.

There are bad dogs and good dogs just as there are bad men and good men, and this woman happened to have known a better class of dogs than of men, that is all.

One day the dog sickened His legs stiffened and his body grew rigid, the pupils of his great honest eyes dilated until there was neither sight nor recognition in them, and his breath came in quick, shuddering gasps. Then there

was a gradual relaxation of the tense muscles, and he lay limp and panting, trying by a feeble wag of his tail to show his dear mistress that he knew her.

Soon the paroxysms came again, and now and then a low, pitiful moan, almost human in its agony, told how the poor beast suffered.

Each convulsion left him weaker, until at last with a great effort he raised his head a little and licked his mistress' hands with a tongue already cold and stiffening, then his head fell back heavily and there was a rattling in his chest, and he was dead.

With a quivering sigh the woman drew the dog's head into her lap as she sat beside him on the floor. She did not weep. Her eyes were hot and dry. She took his soft ear between her fingers and stroked them as though he had been alive. He was the only thing she had had to love.

A shadow fell across the threshold and a man called her name. An angry look came into her eyes as she saw her truant husband before her.

His voice was gentle and his words were full of repentance. "I have come back to take care of you, Anne, if I may. We will go to some new country and put the old life behind us."

The woman spoke no word, and the man stooped down and patted the dog's neck. "Don, old fellow, you were more of a man than your master," he said. "Don was loyal and true, Anne, and I was not; but if he could he would plead for me now, for I feel that I am not humbling myself enough when I ask to take his—the dog's—place, Anne, in your heart. Poor, neglected little wife, will you let me try?

The stern lips trembled and the hard lines in the woman's face were softened by tears as she bowed her head; and there, over the faithful heart of the dead dog, their hands clasped in the new compact.

MUSIC.

THE KIVERED BRIDGE.

EVA WILDER MCGLASSON.

It's still an' shady onderneaf
The old roof's mossy spread,
An' throo the floorin's broken planks
Ye see the river-bed.
An' grass an' other weedy things
Is rooted 'long the wall;
It won't be no time skesly till
The kivered bridge 'll fall.

They ain't no travel on it since
They built the railroad bridge
From Meeks's paster-land across
To t'other side the ridge.
But, me! whilse ary plank stays firm,
To hold a critter's hoof
I'll drive my team to town beneaf
The kivered bridge's roof.

Fer what was good enough fer days
When I was young an' spry,
With life a-stretchin' out before
An' taxes nowhar nigh,
Ull do fer hair that's scant an' white
An' eyes that unly see
The back'ard hours of love, an' seen—
The years thet uster be.

I never strike the holler floor
Whar mouldy mosses bide
But whut bright smiles an' rosy cheeks
Seems flickerin' at my side.
We're comin' home f'om church agin,
Myse'f an' Sary—oh!
It 'peare ez real as life, an' yit
'Twas fifty year ago.

But, jest fer sake o' times thet's done
An'—folks I uster know,
The kivered bridge 'll ketch my trade
Ez long ez I'm below.
It may be resky travellin' thar
An' two mile out the way,
But mem'ry hallers things; an then—
Thar ain't no toll to pay.

BANNERMAN RODE THE GRAY

A. WERNER.

I rode through the bush in the burning noon,
Over the hills to my bride;
The track was rough and the way was long,

And Bannerman of Dandenong,
He rode along by my side.

A day's march off my beautiful dwelt,
By the Murray streams in the west,
Lightly lilting a gay love song,
Rode Bannerman of the Dandenong,
With a blood-red rose on his breast.

"Red, red rose of the western streams,"
Was the song he sang that day—
Truest comrade in hour of need—
Bay Mathinna his peerless steed—
I had my own good gray.

There fell a spark in the upland grass,
The dry bush leapt into flame;
And I felt my heart grow as cold as death,
And Bannerman smiled and caught his breath,
But I heard him name her name.

Down the hillside the fire-flood rushed
On the roaring eastern wind;
Neck and neck was the reckless race—
Ever the bay mare kept her pace,
But the gray horse dropped behind.

He turned in the saddle—"Let's change, I say."
And his bridle rein he drew.
He sprang to the ground—"Look sharp!" he said,
With a backward toss of his curly head,
"I ride lighter than you."

Down and up— it was quickly done—
No words to waste that day!
Swift as a swallow she sped along,
The good bay mare from the Dandenong—
And Bannerman rode the gray.

The hot air scorched like a furnace blast
From the very mouth of hell—
The blue gums caught and blazed on high
Like flaming pillars into the sky;
The gray horse staggered and fell.

For your life!" he cried—"For her dear sake, ride!"
Into the gulf of flame
Were swept, in less than breathing space,
The laughing eyes, and the comely face,
And the lips that named her name.

She bore me bravely, the good bay mare—
Stunned and dizzy and blind:
I heard the sound of a mingling roar,
'Twas the Lachlan river that rushed before,
And the flames that rolled behind.

Safe, safe, at Warranga gate,
I fell, and lay like a stone.
O love! thine arms were about me then,
Thy warm tears called me to life again,
But, O God! that I came alone!

We dwell in peace, my beautiful one and I, by the streams in the west,
But oft through the mist of my dreams along
Rides Bannerman of the Dandenong.
With the blood-red rose on his breast.

MERE COYNESS.

"G'way dah!
Jonofan Whiffles Smiff!
Yo' heah me,
Doa yo' came aneah me,
'Nless yo' want er biff
On de mouf
Knock yo' souf
'Bout er mile!
Don' yo' smile
When I say
'G'way!'
Jonofan Whiffles Smif,
Coz I feels
Jes mad from head ter heels!
No such pusson sips
De honey from dease lips!
Stop yo' teasin'
And yo' squeezin';
'G'way,
I say!
Ah!" Yap—Yup,
Callup!

Merchant Traveler.

THE DYING NEWSBOY.

MRS. EMILY THORNTON.

In an attic bare and cheerless, Jim, the newsboy, dying lay,
On a rough but clean straw pallet, at the fading of the day;
Scant the furniture about him, but bright flowers were in the room,
Crimson phloxes, waxen lilies, roses laden with perfume.
On a table by the bedside, open at a well-worn page,
Where the mother had been reading, lay a Bible stained with age.
Now he could not hear the verses; he was flighty, and she wept,
With her arms around her youngest who close to her side had crept.

Blacking boots and selling papers, in all weathers, day by day,
Brought upon poor Jim consumption, which was eating life away.
And this cry came with his anguish, for each breath a struggle cost,
"'Ere's the morning *Sun* and '*Erald*—latest news of steamship lost,
Papers, mister? Morning papers?" Then the cry fell to a moan,
Which was changed a moment later to another frenzied tone;
"Black yer boots, sir? Just a nickel! Shine 'em like an even-star.
It grows late Jack! Night is coming. Evening papers, here they are!'"

Soon a mission teacher entered and approached the humble bed;
Then poor Jim's mind cleared an instant, with the cool hand on his head.
"Teacher," cried he, "I remember what you said the other day;
Ma's been reading of the Saviour, and through Him I see my way.
He is with me! Jack, I charge you of our mother take good care
When Jim's gone. Hark! boots or papers, which will I be over there?
Black yer boots, sir? Shine 'em right up! Papers! Read God's Book instead.
Better'n papers that to die on! Jack—" one gasp, and Jim was dead.

Floating from that attic chamber came the teacher's voice in prayer,
And it soothed the bitter sorrow of the mourners kneeling there.
He commended them to Heaven, while the tears rolled down his face,
Thanking God that Jim had listened to sweet words of peace and grace.
Ever 'mid the want and squalor of the wretched and the poor,
Kind hearts find a ready welcome, and an always open door,
For the sick are in strange places, mourning hearts are everywhere,
And such need the voice of kindness, need sweet sympathy and prayer.

GOOD OLD MOTHERS.

Somebody has said that "a mother's love is the only virtue that did not suffer by the fall of Adam." Whether Adam fell or not, it is quite clear that the unselfish love of a good mother is the crowning glory of the race. No matter how long and how sorely it may be tried, its arms are ever open to receive the returning prodigal. One faithful heart never loses its affection for the wanderer who has strayed from the fold. Adversity and sorrow may come with all their terrible force, but the motherly affection clings to its idol closely. We never see a good old mother sitting in the armchair that we do not think of the storms which have pelted into her cheerful face without souring it. Her smile is a solace, her presence a benediction. A man may stand more exertion of some kinds than a woman, but he is apt to lose much of his laughter, his cheerfulness, his gentleness and his trust. Yet we rarely find a frail mother whose spirit has been worn threadbare and unlovely by trials that would have turned a dozen men into misanthropes and demons. A sweet old mother is common. A sweet old father is not so common. In exhaustless patience, hope, faith and benevolence the mothers are sure to lead. Alas, that their worth too often is not fully known and properly appreciated until they pass beyond mortal reach! God bless the good old mothers!

THE CURTAIN FALLS.

Clowns are capering in motley, drums are beaten, trumpets blown,
Laughing crowds block up the gangway—husky is the showman's tone.
Rapidly the booth is filling, and the rustics wait to hear
A cadaverous strolling player who will presently appear.

Once his voice, in tones of thunder, shook the crazy caravan;
Now he entered, pale and gasping, and no sentence glibly ran;
Sad and vacant were his glances, and his memory seemed to fail,
While with feeble effort striving to recall Othello's tale.

O'er his wasted form the spangles glittered in the lamp's dull ray;
Ebon tresses, long and curling, covered scanty locks of gray;
Rouge and powder hid the traces of the stern, relentless years,
As gay flowers hide a ruin tottering ere it disappears.

Not with age, serenely ebbing to the everlasting sea,
Calmly dreaming of past plasures, or of mysteries to be;
Nay, the melancholy stroller kept his onward pilgrimage,
Until death, the pallid prompter, called him from life's dusky stage.

Lofty hopes and aspirations all had faded with his youth,
And for daily bread he acted now in yonder canvas booth;
Yet there flashed a fire heroic from his visage worn and grave,
Deeper, fuller came his accents—Man was master, Time the slave.

And again with force and feeling he portrayed the loving Moor;
Told the story to the Senate—told the pangs which they endure
Who are torn with jealous passion, while delightedly the crowd
Watched the stroller's changing aspect, and applauded him aloud.

Was it but a trick of acting to depict a frenzied mood,
That there came a sudden silence, and Othello voiceless stood?
Ah, 'twas all Othello's story Nature left the power tell—
'Twas his own sad drama ending as the dark-green curtain fell.

While they shouted for the stroller, and the hero's fate would see,
He had made his final exit—joined a higher company.
With no loving kiss at parting, with no friend to press his hand,
The invisible scene-shifter had unveiled the Spiritland.

Huskier still became the showman as he forward came and bowed,
Vaguely muttering excuses to appease the gaping crowd;
Then he knelt beside the stroller, but his words were lost on air—
Never more uprose the curtain on the figure lying there.

One brief hour their cares forgetting, his old comrades of the show
Stood around his grave in silence, and some honest tears did flow.
Then the booth again was opened, crammed with many a rustic boor,
And another strolling player told the story of the Moor.

A SURE CURE.

"I believe you have a son, madam," said the seedy looking person who stood between the lady of the house and the back yard.

"Well, what consarn of your'n is it if I have twenty sons?"

"The interests of the human race, madam, are my interests. Your son is at this moment on the cigarette route to destruction. You have heard of Professor Koch's cure for consumption, I surmise?"

"I have."

The seedy one struck a Liberty-enlightening-the-world attitude and said: "And I, madam, have discovered a cure for cigarette consumption. It is a secret that I keep locked in my

overcoat breast pocket. But common humanity demands that I save your son from his fate. I am essentially an after dinner speaker, however."

The woman gave him a square meal, and after the chap had distended himself to a terrible degree he wrote a few magic words on a piece of paper, breathed on it, and gave it to his hostess with the monition: "Open it in three minutes. It is a sure cure. Good-by," Then he went away quickly.

The paper, when opened, disclosed the words, "Kill the boy."

But the philanthropist had drifted thence.

St. Joseph News.

THE PARTING.

BY ROBERT NICOLL.

My heart is sad and wae, mither,
To have my native land—
Its bonnie glens, its hills sae blue
Its memory-haunted strand.
The friends I loved sae long and weel
The hearts that feel for me;
But mither, mair than all I grieve
At leaving thee.

The hand that saft my bed has made,
When I was sick and sair,
Will carefully my pillow lay
And hand my head nae mair;
The e'en that sleeplessly could watch
Beside my couch of pain
Will ne'er for me from night to dawn,
E'er wake again.

There's kindness in the warld, mither,
And kindness I will meet,
But nane can be what thou hast been,
Nane's praise can be sae sweet;
Nae ither e'er can love thy son
Wi' love akin to thine,
And nane can love thee, mither dear,
Wi' love like mine.

I'll keep thee in my inmost soul
Until the day I dee,
For saft, saft is my mither's hand,
And kindly is her e'e;
And when God's spirits far away
To him my soul shall bear,
My deepest joy will be to meet
My mither there.

WHICH IS WHY.

GEORGE W. SLAUSON.

Wall, ov all the derned contraptions,
'Ith which we hev to do,
This highfalutin' votin' scheme's
The meanest ov the crew.

I used to make 'er heap-o-cash
Upon erlection days,
Er winnin' doubtful voters!
From the errors ov their ways.

End I count this importation
Ov dark Australian ways,
The hardest blow et liberty
Hez hed for meny days.

Down et the late erlection,
While standin' in er line,
'Ith half er dozen voters;
Erquaintances ov mine.

I watched er feller in the box
End wondered how he'd vote,
Ez I hed risked upon him
Er legil tender note.

While er nabor 'et stood by me
Kept strainin' ov his eyes,
Ez if his int'rest in him
Might ekal mine in size.

Thet is ter say, we watched his legs,
Ez showed below the door,
Er shuffliu' sort-o-nervous-like
Erbout the hemlock floor.

End then he slunk out to the polls,
'Ith ballots all complete,
The which he voted hasterly
End bolted down the street.

But, I couldn't help er thinkin',
Tho' he'd gobbled up my note,
'Et the question still uz open,
Ez to who hed got his vote?

End the chances for dishonsty
Ermong the floatin' trash
Will make the av'rage candidate
More keerful of his cash.

Which is why, or all contraptions
'Ith which we hev to do,
This highfalutin' votin' scheme's
The meanest ov the crew.

WHAT DAY WILL TO-MORROW BE?

BY MISS A. O. BRIGGS.

"WHAT day will to-morrow be?"—poor little Tommey
Lay groaning and moaning in accents of pain,
"What day will to-morrow be?"—restlessly turning,
He eagerly asked it again and again.

The Death Angel's shadow was hovering o'er him,
Throughout the long hours of that wearisome night,
Enshrouding the future in darkness before him,
Eclipsing the dawn of a morning so bright.

It seemed to us, hopelessly watching beside him,
A query, prophetic; the answer was this:
To us was the morrow a Sabbath of sorrow,
To Tommy, in heaven, a Sabbath of bliss.

"What day will to-morrow be?"—Problem momentous,
Whose proper solution no mortal may reach!
Life hath some stern lessons,—some unanswered questions,
Beyond the broad province of science to teach.

COOL AND COLLECTED.

IT was 11 o'clock at night, and I was going to my room in a Florida hotel, when a woman came out of her room, fully dressed, and asked:

"Do you belong to the hotel?"

"No, ma'am."

"Are there many people here to-night?"

"It is crowded."

And it won't do to start a panic. Let me say quietly to you that the hotel is on fire. I have known it for ten minutes, but did not want to create an excitement."

"Are you sure, ma'am?" I asked.

"Entirely sure, sir. I smelled the smoke while in bed. You go quietly down and tell the clerk, and I will knock on all the doors on this floor."

She was wonderfully cool and collected under the circumstances. Going down by the stairway, I beckoned the clerk aside and told him of the fire. He went to the elevator with me and ascended to the third floor, where we found about twenty half-dressed people in the halls. The woman who had given me the orders came up and said:

"Come this way. I don't think the fire has much of a start yet."

We followed her to her room and began to sniff and snuff. There was certainly a strong odor of something burning, but the clerk had taken only one sniff when he went out and rapped on the next door.

"Hello!" cried a voice.

"Are you smoking?"

"Yes."

"Smoking Florida tobacco?"

"Yes; what of it?"

"Nothing. Madam, you can go back to bed. Much obliged to you for your sagacity and wit, but both were a little too keen this time. The stingy old cuss in that room is smoking swamp tobacco, and it smells like a fire eating its way under a pine floor.—*Detroit Free Press.*

TO THOSE WHO FAIL.

NELLIE BARLOW.

COURAGE, brave heart, nor in thy purpose falter;
Go on and win the fight at any cost
Though sick and weary after conflict
Rejoice to know the battle is not lost.

The field is open still to those brave spirits
Who nobly struggle till the strife is done,
Through sun and storm with courage all undaunted
Working and waiting till the battle's won.
The fairest pearls are found in deepest waters,
The brighest jewels in the darkest mine;
And through the very blackest hour of midnight
The star of Hope doth ever brightly shine.

Press on! press on! the path is steep and rugged,
The storm clouds almost hide Hope's light from view;
But you can pass where other feet have trodden;—
A few more steps may bring you safely through.

The battle o'er, a victor crowned with honors,—
By patient toil each difficulty past,
You then may see these days of bitter failure
But spurred you on to greater deeds at last.

Chamber's Journal.

HE WORRIED ABOUT IT.

LYMAN ABBOTT.

"THE sun's heat will give out in ten million years more,"
And he worried about it;
"It will sure give out then, if it doesn't before,"
And he worried about it;
It would surely give out, so the scientists said
In all scientific books that he read,
And the whole mighty universe then would be dead,
And he worried about it.

"And some day the earth will fall into the sun,"
And he worried about it;
"Just as sure, and as straight, as if shot from a gun,"
And he worried about it;
"When strong gravitation unbuckles her straps
Just picture," he said, "what a fearful collapse!
It will come in a few million ages, perhaps,"
And he worried about it.

"The earth will become much too small for the race,"
And he worried about it;
"When we'll pay thirty dollars an inch for pure space,"
And he worried about it;
"The earth will be crowded so much, without doubt,
That there'll be no room for one's tongue to stick out,
And no room for one's thoughts to wander about,"
And he worried about it.

"The Gulf Stream will curve, and New England grow torrider,"
And he worried about it;
"Than was ever the climate of southernmost Florida,"
And he worried about it.
"The ice crop will be knocked into small smithereens,
And crocodiles block up our mowing machines,
And we'll lose our fine crops of potatoes and beans,"
And he worried about it.

"And in less than ten thousand years, there's no doubt,"
And he worried about it;
"Our supply of lumber and coal will give out,"
And he worried about it;
"Just then the Ice Age will return cold and raw,
Frozen men will stand stiff with arms outstretched in awe,
As if vainly beseeching a general thaw,"
And he worried about it.

His wife took in washing (a dollar a day),
He didn't worry about it;
His daughter sewed shirts, the rude grocer to pay,
He didn't worry about it,
While his wife beat her tireless rub-a dub-dub
On the washboard drum in her old wooden tub
He sat by the stove and he just let her rub,
He didn't worry about it.

THE FOUNTAIN OF TEARS.

IF you travel o'er desert and mountain,
Far into the country of sorrow,
To-day, and to-night, and to-morrow,
And maybe for months and for years,
You shall come with a heart that is bursting,
For trouble, and toiling, and thirsting,
You shall certainly come to the fountain,
At length—to the fountain of tears.

Very peaceful the place is, and solely
For piteous lamenting and sighing
And those who come, living or dying,
Alike from their hopes and their fears;
Full of cypress-like shadows the place is,
And statues that cover their faces;
But out of the gloom springs the holy
And beautiful fountain of tears.

And it flows, and it flows with a motion
So gentle, and lovely, and listless,
And murmurs a tune so resistless,
To him who hath suffered and hears,
You shall surely, without a word spoken,
Kneel down there and know you're heart-broken,
And yield to the long-curbed emotion,
That day by the fountain of tears.

HARRY'S ARITHMETIC.

[For a little boy, holding in his hand a slate and pencil.]

I'm glad I have a good-sized slate,
With lots of room to calculate.
Bring on your sums! I'm ready now;
My slate is clean, and I know how.
But don't you ask me to subtract,
I like to have my slate well packed;
And only two long rows, you know,
Make such a miserable show;
And please don't bring me sums to add;
Well, multiplying's just as bad;
And, say! I'd rather not divide—
Bring me something I haven't tried!

—*St. Nicholas.*

JACK THE EVANGELIST.

As related by Straw Garver, Historian.

I was on the drive, in eighty,
Workin' under Silver Jack,
Which the same is now in Jackson,
And ain't soon expected back;
And there was a chap among us
By the name of Robert Waite,
Kind o' cute, and slick, and tonguey—
Guess he was a graduate.

He could gab on any subject,
From the Bible down to Hoyle,
And his words flowed out so easy,
Just as smooth, and slick as oil.
He was what they called a skeptic,
And he loved to sit and weave
Hifalutin' words together,
Tellin' what he did'nt b'lieve.

One day while we were waitin'
For a flood to clear the ground,
We all sat smokin' nigger-head,
And hearin' Bob expound.
Hell, he said, was humbug,
And he showed as clear as day,
That the Bible was a fable,
And we 'lowed it looked that way.

Miracles, and sich like,
Was too thin for him to stand,
As for him they called the Saviour,
He was just a common man.
"You're a liar," some one shouted,
"And you've got to take it back."
Then everybody started;
'Twas the voice of Silver Jack.

And he cracked his fists together,
And he shucked his coat, and cried—
"It was by that thar religion
That my mother lived and died;
And although I havn't allus
Used the Lord exactly right,
When I hear a chump abuse Him,
He must eat his words, or fight."

Now this Bob he wer'n't no coward,
And he answered bold and free;—
"Stack your duds, and cut your capers,
For there ain't no flies on me."
And they fought for forty minutes,
And the lads would hoot and cheer,
When Jack spit up a tooth or two,
Or Bobby lost an ear.

Till at last Jack got Bob under,
And slugged him onc't or twic't,
At which Bob confessed, almighty quick,
The divinity of Christ;
And Jack kept reasonin' with him
Till the cuss begin to yell;—
And 'lowed he'd been mistaken
In his views concernin' hell.

So the fierce discussion ended,
And they riz up from the ground,
And some one brought a bottle out,
And kindly passed it round;
And we drank to Jack's religion,
In a quiet sort of way,
And the spread of infidelity
Was checked in camp that day.

MUSIC—VOCAL.

END OF COMPLETE PROGRAM.

Complete Program No. 8.

For School and Evening Entertainments.

MUSIC.

TRAUMERI.

LITTLE ROMANCE. (Instrumental.)

HOMESICK.

A MAN who was canvassing in Southern Dakota to raise money for the homestead monument, to be erected at Mitchel rode up to one of the sod houses on the prairie, and addressed a man sitting in front of it.

"Good morning, my friend."

"G'mornin'."

"Fine day."

"Wal, nuthin' extra?"

"How are times with you?"

"Poor, stranger, blame poor."

"What's the matter?"

"Oh, wheat's so orful low, an' I hain't got nun to sell."

"I'm canvassing for—"

"Don't want no hail insurance."

"But this isn't insurance of any kind; it is—"

"Got all the fruit trees I want."

"Yes, but I'm not a tree agent."

"Hain't got no use for litnin-rods."

"I'm not a lightning-rod vender."

"Don't 'bleve in patent medicin."

"Certainly not; I called—"

"You ain't a book-agent, be ye?"

"No, no, nothing of the kind. This is something that I'm sure you will like to have your name—"

"Never sign no papers for strangers."

"Of course, not, but let me explain. We are getting money to erect a monument to the Homestead law, and—"

"Is it dead, pardner?"

"No; the idea is to erect an imposing granite shaft, one hundred and sixty feet high, in the centre of a quarter section of land to perpetuate the memory of the untold benefits of the Homestead law."

"Yes; I calkilate they air untold. I don't hear much 'bout 'em in these 'ere parts."

"What! don't you think you have derived great benefits from the Homestead?"

"Not as I knows of."

"But it was free land for you."

"No, 'twasn't."

"Why not?"

"Had to live on it an' work an' starve to death."

"There was no use in starving."

"Might's well starve as t'kill m'self workin'."

"No need of either. But you could not have got a farm without the law."

"Didn't want none."

"What made you take any, then?"

"Cause some blame fool like you said 'twas nice."

"But it has given you a free home?"

"Had one afore."

"Then you haven't enjoyed life on your homestead?"

"No. Freeze ter death in ther winter 'an blow 'way in ther summer."

"But you can sell your land."

"Don't want ter beat any other poor cuss."

"I don't believe you like farming."

"Oh, farmin's all right when yer live in a civ'lized country—a place where a feller kin chop his own firewood and shoot a b'ar 'casionally or a coon. Why, stranger, there ain't a coon in this hul country, an yer know it. Coons is cunnin, they air—they know anuff to keep away."

"Where did you live formerly?"

"York State, in the northern part of York State."

"You can't give me anything for the monument?"

"Nary a cent. But I'll tell yer what, stran-

ger, ef you'll get up a collection ter build a 'sylum for cussed fools that come out here where they can't chop a stick of wood or bile maple sugar, or shoot a squirrel er trap a b'ar or hunt bee trees, er gather butnuts, er strip slippery ellum, er see a hoop pole or hear a coon for the hul blamed summer, why, I'll chip in the wuth uv a good hoss."

ON THE OTHER TRAIN.

BY THE DEPOT CLOCK.

"THERE Simmons, you blockhead! Why didn't you trot that old woman aboard her train? She'll have to wait here now until 1:05 A. M."

"You didn't tell me."

"Yes, I did tell you. 'Twas only your confounded stupid carelessness."

"She—"

"*She!* you fool! What else could you expect of her? Probably she hasn't any wit; besides, she isn't bound on a very jolly journey—got a pass up the road to the poor-house. I'll go and tell her, and if you forget her to-night, see if I don't make mince-meat of you!" And our worthy ticket agent shook his fist menacingly at his subordinate.

"You've missed your train, marm," he remarked, coming forward to a queer looking bundle in the corner.

A trembling hand raised a faded black veil and revealed the sweetest old face I ever saw.

"Never mind," said a quivering voice.

"'Tis only three o'clock now, you'll have to wait until the night train, which doesn't go up until 1:05."

"Very well, sir, I can wait."

"Wouldn't you like to go to some hotel? Simmons will show you the way."

"No, thank you, sir. One place is as good as another to me. Besides, I haven't any money."

"Very well," said the agent, turning away indifferently. "Simmons will tell you when it's time."

All the afternoon she sat there so quiet that I thought sometimes she must be asleep, but when I looked more closely I could see every once in a while a great tear rolling down her cheek, which she would wipe away hastily with her cotton handkerchief.

The depot was crowded, and all was bustle and hurry until the 9:50 train going east came due; then every passenger left except the old lady. It is very rare, indeed, that any one takes the night express, and almost always after I have struck ten, the depot becomes silent and empty.

The ticket agent put on his great coat, and bidding Simmons keep his wits about him for once in his life, departed for home.

But he had no sooner gone than that functionary stretched himself out on the table, as usual, and began to snore vociferously. Then it was that I witnessed such a sight as I never had before and never expect to again. The fire had gone down—it was a cold night, and the wind howled dismally outside. The lamps grew dim and flared, casting weird shadows upon the wall. By and by I heard a smothered sob from the corner, then another. I looked in that direction. She had risen from her seat, and oh! the look of agony on the poor, pinched face!

"I can't believe it," she sobbed, wringing her thin, white hands. "Oh! I can't believe it! My babies! my babies! how often have I held them in my arms and kissed them; and how often they used to say back to me, 'Ise love you, mamma,' and now, oh God, they're against me. Where am I going? To the poor-house! No! no! no! I cannot! I will not! Oh, the disgrace!" and sinking upon her knees she sobbed out in prayer: "O, God, spare me this disgrace—spare me!"

The wind rose higher and swept through the crevices, icy cold. How it moaned and seemed to sob like something human that is hurt! I began to shake, but the kneeling figure never stirred. The thin shawl had dropped from her shoulders unheeded. Simmons turned over and drew his heavy blanket more closely about him.

Oh, how cold! Only one lamp remained burning dimly; the other two had gone out for want of oil. I could hardly see it was so dark.

At last she became quieter and ceased to moan. Then I grew drowsy, and kind of lost the run of things after I had struck twelve, when some one entered the depot with a bright light. I started up. It was the brightest light

I ever saw, and seemed to fill the room full of glory. I could see 'twas a man. He walked to the kneeling figure and touched her upon the shoulder. She started up and turned her face wildly around. I heard him say:

"'Tis train time, ma'am. Come!"

"I'm ready," she whispered.

"Then give me your pass, ma'am."

She reached him a worn old book, which he took and from it read aloud: "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest."

"That's the pass over our road, ma'am. Are you ready?"

The light died away and darkness fell in its place. My hand touched the stroke of one. Simmons awoke with a start and snatched his lantern. The whistle shouted down brakes; the train was due. He ran to the corner and shook the old woman.

"Wake up, marm; 'tis train time."

But she never heeded. He gave one look at the white, set face, and, dropping the lantern, fled.

The up-train halted, the conductor shouted, "All aboard," but no one made a move that way.

The next morning, when the ticket agent came, he found her frozen to death. They whispered among themselves, and the coroner made out the verdict "apoplexy," and it was in some way hushed up.

They laid her out in the depot, and advertised for her friends, but no one came. So, after the second day, they buried her.

The last look on the sweet old face, lit up with a smile so unearthly, I keep with me yet; and when I think of the strange occurrence of that night, I know she went out on the other train, that never stopped at the poor-house.

IN SEARCH OF A JOB.

JEM B—— is a wag. A joke to Jem is both food and raiment, and whenever there is an opening for fun he "goes into" it.

Jem was recently in a drug store when a youth, apparently fresh from the "mountains," entered the store, and at once accosted Jem, stating that he was in search of a job.

"What kind of a job?" inquired the wag.

"Oh! a'most anything. I want to get a kind of a genteel job; I'm tired of farmin', an' kin turn my hand to a'most anything."

"Well, we want a man—a good, strong, healthy man—as sample clerk."

"What's the wages?"

"Wages are good; we pay a thousand dollars to a man in that situation."

"What's a feller got to do?"

"Oh! merely to test medicines, that's all. It requires a stout man—one of good constitution—and after he gets used to it he doesn't mind it. You see we are very particular about the quality of our medicines, and before we sell any we test every parcel. You would be required to take—we say, six or seven ounces of castor oil, some days, with a few doses of rhubarb, aloes, croton oil, and similar preparations. Some days you would not be required to do anything; but, as a general thing, you can count upon—say, from six to ten doses of something daily. As to the work, that does not amount to much; the testing department simply would be the principal labor required of you; and, as I said before, it requires a person of very healthy organization to endure it. But you look hearty, and I guess you would suit us. That young man (pointing to a very pale-faced, slim-looking youth, who happened to be present) has filled the post two weeks, but he is hardly stout enough to stand it; we should like to have you take right hold, if you are ready; and, if so, we'll begin to-day. Here's a new barrel of castor oil just come in. I'll go and draw an ounce—"

Here Verdant, who had been gazing intently upon the slim youth, interrupted him with:

"N-no, no; I g-u-e-s-s no-not to-day, anyhow. I'll go down and see my Aunt Hannah, and if I 'clude to come, I'll come up ter-morrer an' let yer know."

He has not yet turned up.

MUSIC.

"EHREN ON THE RHINE."

A soldier stood in the village street,
And bade his love adieu,
His gun and knapsack at his feet,
His company in view.

With tears she kiss'd him once again,
Then turned away her head,
He could but whisper in his pain,
And this is what he said:
"Oh love, dear love, be true,
This heart is only thine:
When the war is o'er,
We'll part no more
At Ehren on the Rhine,
Oh, love, dear love, be true:
This heart is only thine;
When the war is o'er,
We'll part no more
At Ehren on the Rhine."

2.

They marched away down the village street,
The banners floating gay:
The children cheer'd for the tramping feet
That went to war away!
And one among them turn'd him 'round
To look but once again;
And though his lips gave out no sound,
His heart sighed this refrain:
"Oh, love, dear love, be true, etc."

3.

On the battle field, the pale cold moon,
Is shedding her peaceful light:
And is shining down on a soul that soon
Will speed its eternal flight:
Amid the dying a soldier lay,
A comrade was close at hand:
And he said "When I am far away
And you in our native land,
And you in our native land,
Oh, say to my love, 'be true,
Be only, only mine!'
My life is o'er,
We'll meet no more
At Ehren on the Rhine,
At Ehren on the Rhine,
At Ehren on the Rhine."

BREAKING THE NEWS.

You say I'm pale and flustered and shivering in my shoes,
I reckon you would shiver if you had to break the news.
I suppose you've heard how Quimby lies on a bunk down there,
With a pint or more of his own blue blood mixed up with his auburn hair?

Well, they made me a committee to go to his wife and tell
Her all about the scrimmage and what to her man befell.

I went to the house up yonder, not mashed on the job, you bet,
And my classic blue-veined forehead was bathed in a quart of sweat.
The woman was in the kitchen a-singing a plaintive song,
But she dried up when she saw me—she knew there was something wrong.
Then I coughed and I hemmed and stammered and "Madam," said I, "be brave;
Your husband is now a-lyin'—" Good land! what a shriek she gave!
And she walked up and down a moaning and wringing her furrowed hands,
And her hair fell down like seaweed adrift the ocean sands.

"Oh, Heaven," she cried, "my husband! They've taken my love from me,"
And the way she reeled and staggered was a sight for a man to see;
"So brave, so kind, so noble! So loving, so grand, so strong!
And now I must wait his coming in vain all the dark day long!
And his children will wail in sorrow, and never again in glee
Troop down in the misty twilight and cluster about his knee."
And so she went on a raving; her screams for a block were heard,
And I, like a graven image, stood there without saying a word.

It seemed like my tongue was frozen or glued to my pearly teeth,
And hardly a breath came upward from the paralyzed lungs beneath,
But I braced up all of a sudden, and "Madam," said I, again,
"I'm sorry—I'm deuced sorry—to have caused you this needless pain;
Let up on your frenzied screaming; you need not weep and wail.
Your old man ain't dead, by a long shot; he's only locked up in jail."
She glared at me for a minute—for a minute or two and then,
Said she, "So the drunk old loafer is down there in the jail again?"

Then she picked up a tub and smashed it all over my princely head
And I saw she was getting ready to paint the landscape red ;
So I skipped through the gate and mizzled so fast that I tore my shoes,—
And they don't make me a committee in the future to break the news.

A TALE OF THE HOUSATONIC.

BY MISS A. O. BRIGGS.

IN the Housatonic valley, mid the grand old Berkshire hills,
Stands a large and thriving village with its shops and stores and mills ;
Through it flows a deep, broad river which, in accents sad and low,
Seems a mournful tale repeating of the buried Long-ago.
Oft I've listened to the story, as I strolled along the shore,
Heard the sobbing waters murmur, "Lovely, long-lost Leanore!"
She was but a village maiden—but a humble sewing girl—
He, a favored heir of fortune,—young and stylish Allen Earle,
Spending there the Summer season from the city's busy whirl.
In his morning walks he met her ; often, too, at close of day,—
Did he plan or did it happen?—they returned the selfsame way
Yet no word had either spoken—neither knew the other's name ;
So, the silence was unbroken till, at length, a crisis came.
All day long with throbbing temples, aching limbs and weary brain
Had she toiled at thankless labor till the eve had come again ;
On her homeward way returning through the stifling dust and heat
Everything grew dark before her—she sank fainting in the street.
Thoughtless people flocked around her, shutting out the needful air ;
He, in passing, thus had found her much in need of tender care ;
Hastily the crowd retreated as he motioned them aside,
Ordered water, bathed her forehead, till her eyelids opened wide
In mute, questioning amazement, noting which, he then replied :
"Please excuse a stranger's boldness. You had fainted by the way ;
You are ill and weak and weary on this sultry Summer day.
Rest you here—I'll call a carriage," and, ere she could answer nay,
He was gone ; then, soon returning, took her to her father's door—
Their acquaintance, how romantic! Would she ever meet him more ?
To herself she asked the question—pretty, artless, Leanore !
Days and nights of burning fever, tossing on a couch of pain,
Followed ere, with health returning, she resumed her tasks again ;
Met again the pleasing stranger—at the pleasant eventide,
Often, on her pathway homeward, he was walking by her side ;
Till the neighbors, smiling, whispered: "She will, some day, be his bride."
Thus the time passed on till Summer, with its wealth of blooming flowers,
Imperceptibly had ripened into Autumn's golden hours—
He must leave the charming valley—he had come to bid adieu,
And to breathe a tender story—often told, yet ever new—
Pleased she viewed the glowing picture which his ardent fancy drew.
She should leave the crowded workshop with its gloomy, prison walls,
Bid good-by to dreary drudging, enter learning's classic halls ;
He the needed means would furnish her expenses might demand
While he traveled for diversion in a distant foreign land,
Till the rosy-tinted future should their bridal morning bring ;
And he sealed the solemn compact with a sparkling diamond ring.
He was gone, but hope's bright rainbow spanned her sky from shore to shore—
Wealthy, talented, and noble—what could maiden wish for more ?

Thus she worshipped her ideal—truthful, trusting Leanore!
May remembrance of a schoolmate some befitting tribute pay:
Through the tangled paths of science, trace her steps from day to day,
As through mazes, most bewildering, with firm, undaunted mien,
She came marching forth triumphant with the bearing of a queen?
How the chapel exercises, when on dreaded muster days,
We were marshaled to encounter the world's scrutinizing gaze,
Were enlivened by her glowing thoughts, so eloquent and grand,
Or her mirth-provoking sallies which no stoic could withstand!
Ah! methinks e'en now I see her as in schoolgirl days of yore,
Her, for whom the brilliant future held such promises in store—
None than she were more deserving—bright, ambitious Leanore!
Letters oft with foreign postmarks, messages from distant lands,
Welcome tokens of remembrance, warmly clasped in eager hands—
How she prized the precious treasures! How she read them o'er and o'er!
Every night she dreamed about him; every day she loved him more.
It were sacrilege to doubt him—dreaming, doting Leanore!
There are moments in our lifetime, when our castles in the air,
Grown to beautiful proportions, most enchanting, bright and fair,
Crumble into shapeless atoms—in an instant overthrown—
And disconsolate we're sitting by the ruins all alone.
Desolate mid desolation! And the outlook, oh! how drear!
In a fleeting world of changes, what can prove substantial here!
Happy they, whose hopes are builded on the firm, enduring rock,
So above life's troubled billows they withstand the tempest's shock!
She had waited long his answer, grown impatient of delay,
O'er his strange, unwonted silence brooded sadly, day by day;
Till she could not linger longer in a labyrinth of fears;
And she penned another message through a blinding mist of tears.
Promptly came a cruel missive, in its coldness so unkind!
They must close their correspondence. He had, some how, changed his mind.
It was but a boyish fancy, but a vision, not to be;
He was soon to wed a lady whom he'd met across the sea:
Please accept his last remittance, and relinquish farther claim;
She was good and true and noble, and could tread the paths of fame;
Among earth's most honored women he would, some day, see her name
Followed other heartless praises; but she did not read them o'er—
The delusive dream had vanished—what had life to offer more?
Darkness settled round about her—lone, deserted Leanore!
'Twas a cold and snowy morning, but it ushered in the day
Through New England celebrated in its good old-fashioned way,
When the solemn church bells, chiming on the frosty, wintry air,
Summoned worshipers to gather in the sacred house of prayer;
And the merry, jingling sleighbells, with their winsome notes of cheer,
Waked responsive chords of gladness as they fell upon the ear.
There was bustle in the building; laughing schoolgirls, bright and gay,
Going home to spend Thanksgiving on this welcome holiday.
But to one, in silence sitting mid the solitude and gloom
Of an overwhelming sorrow, in her lone and cheerless room,
How the merry peals of laughter from the happy careless throng
Grated on her ears like discord in a solemn funeral song!
She had formed a settled purpose. She would, henceforth, dream no more—
Life, for her, had nothing hopeful—nothing bright for her in store.
She would end its painful struggles,—doomed, despairing Leanore.

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On that cold November midnight, how the piercing wind did blow!
Forth she wandered, in the darkness, through the deeply drifting snow,
Onward where the Housatonic, bound in icy fetters lay,
'Neath a covered bridge which spanned it, through whose gloom she groped her way.
Near this bridge she found an air-hole, where the current swifter ran;
Then she paused to gather courage—strength to carry out her plan—
One mad plunge—O, God forgive her! Reason was dethroned before,
One wild wail of hopeless anguish, drowned beneath the water's roar—
Thus she sought the land of shadows—lost, lamented Leanore.
Does this fickle heir of fortune, when expecting it the least,
Meet, among his gathered household, an intruder at the feast,
Gliding in unheard, unbidden? Does he shudder with affright?
Does he hear the plashing water on each cold Thanksgiving night?
Does there haunt his troubled vision from that far-off, mystic shore
Where the living ne'er may enter, whence the dead return no more,
One with wan, upbraiding visage?—wronged, heart-broken Leanore!

QUESTIONS.

BY C. E. BACKUS.

Mamma, is the sky a curtain
Hiding heaven from our sight?
Are the sun and moon but windows
Made to give the angels light?
Are the stars bright flashing diamonds
Shining from God's hand afar,
And the clouds but veils of vapor
Dropped from Heaven floating there?
If the sun's a window, mamma,
Don't the angels through it peep?
Ere it kisses earth at even
Watching o'er us while we sleep.
Is the rainbow just a ribbon
Girding heaven and earth about?
Or a railing made of roses
So the angels won't fall out?
Are the sighing in the tree tops
Sounds of praise some angels sing?
And the snowy flakes of winter
Feathers falling from their wings?
Are the dewdrops brightly shining
In the early morning hours
Kisses left by elves and fairies
Where they slept among the flowers?
Is the lightning rockets flying
When the Prince of Glory comes?
And the thunder but the rattle
Of the baby angel's drums?

MUSIC.

STEPHANIE GAVOTTE.

INST. DUET.

COLLOQUY.

HOW SHE CURED HIM.

FOR A GENTLEMAN AND TWO LADIES.

Characters.

Uncle Joseph,	*An Invalid.*
Theodora,	*His Niece.*
Mrs. Perkins,	*The Housekeeper.*

SCENE I. *To represent a kitchen. Mrs. Perkins is washing dishes—Theodora paring apples.*

Mrs. Perkins. It's a burning shame—so it is—the cross old curmudgeon! Nothing ails him but the hypo. He's jest as well as any body if he only thought so. He keeps the house stirred up all the time;—and you, Miss Dora, are just killing yourself waiting on him.

Dora. Uncle is getting very nervous, it is true, but perhaps he is sicker than we think, Mrs. Perkins.

Mrs. P. Land sakes! who wouldn't be nervous shet up in the house all the time? The old tyrant manages to keep us hopping and bounding. If he only took half as much exercise as he gives us, he would be well enough, I'll warrant! There it goes again—that old cane thumping on the floor! What now, I wonder?

Dora. Yes, that's uncle calling—I must run up stairs and see what he wants.

Mrs. P. (*To herself.*) That girl makes a perfect little ninney of herself, humoring all his whims. I'd like to see myself doing it for anybody.

SCENE 2. *The sick room. Uncle Joseph in an easy chair with his feet on a footrest. Enter Dora.*

Uncle Joseph. Well, you have come at last, have you? I've been rapping on the floor till my arms are ready to fall out of their sockets. Are you all deaf down stairs, or has old Perkins forgotten that there is anybody here but herself and her snuff box?

Dora. I'm very sorry, uncle.

Uncle J. Actions speak louder than words.

Dora. How do you feel now, uncle Joseph?

Uncle J. I'm worse.

Dora. Are you?

Uncle J. Flesh hot, pulse high, skin flushed—of course I'm worse. This confounded hot room is enough to throw anyone into a fever. Open all the doors and windows—quick! (*She obeys and then returns to receive his next orders.*) Uh! do you want to freeze me to death—to blow me away?

Dora. You told me to air the room, uncle.

Uncle J. Shut the doors—put down the windows—draw the curtains, the sun hurts my eyes.

Dora. Yes, uncle. (*Goes out and returns.*)

Uncle J. (*Hears a knocking.*) Who's that battering down that door?

Dora. It's only a gentle knocking, uncle.

Uncle J. Then I'm nervous. Go and see who's there.

Dora. (*Returns.*) It is Major Crowfoot, uncle, he sends his compliments and wants to know how you are.

Uncle J. Tell him to go to the deuce.

Dora. Yes, uncle. (*Goes out and returns soon.*)

Uncle J. Well, what did he say?

Dora. He seemed very much offended, uncle.

Uncle J. Offended? At what, pray!

Dora. At being told to go to the deuce, I suppose.

Uncle J. Girl, you didn't tell him that?

Dora. Yes I did. You said yourself, "tell him to go to the deuce!"

Uncle J. Dora, you're a fool.

Dora. I'm very sorry, uncle.

Uncle J. Get me some water gruel, and be quick about it too. A man must eat even if he is at death's door. Oh dear! Oh dear! what a senseless pack I've got around me! (*Dora leaves.*) I wonder if that girl is getting crazy. Told Major Crowfoot that stuff. I'll bet he's hopping mad—don't blame him. Dora must be either a fool or a lunatic. Well, I can't help it now. Here I've got to lie day after day—never'll be any better as long as I must be agitated all the time by such pig-headed people as live under this roof.

Dora. (*Returns with the gruel.*) Here's your gruel, uncle.

Uncle J. (*Tastes and throws down the spoon.*) Trash! trash! insipid as dishwater! Throw it to the pigs.

Dora. Yes, uncle. (*Starts off with the gruel.*

Uncle J. Where are you going, Theodora?

Dora. To the pig pen, uncle.

Uncle J. Girl, are you an idiot? The gruel is well enough, only Mrs. Perkins forgot the nutmeg.

Dora. (*Tasting.*) But, uncle, it is as insipid as dishwater.

Uncle J. Will you allow me to have an opinion of my own? It will be all right if that old crone, down stairs, will only add the nutmeg and give it another boil.

SCENE 3. *Dora enters the kitchen with the gruel.*

Mrs. P. Well, what's wanted now, Miss Dora?

Dora. Uncle wishes you to boil the gruel a little more and add some nutmeg. His appetite is very poor, you know. He thinks he feels worse to-day.

Mrs. P. He does, hey? Wal, hand it here, I'll see if I can fix it to his liking. The fussy old thing; nobody can please him. (*Stirs the gruel over the fire, then hands it to Dora.*) I wonder if it will do now?

Dora. I hope so. Oh dear! (*Leaves the room*).

Mrs. P. (*To herself.*) I should think it was "Oh, dear!" I'd like to know how many times she's run up and down stairs to-day! She will wait on him herself because she thinks I s'pose, nobody else could stand it with him

Wal, I'm glad of it. I couldn't have the patience that dear child has, I'm sure.

SCENE 4. (*Dora Enters.*)

Dora. Here's your gruel, uncle.

Uncle J. Why didn't you stay all day? I never saw such a snail in all my life!

Dora. Indeed, uncle, I hurried just as fast as I could.

Uncle J. It's too late now. I've lost all my appetite.

Dora. Won't you have the gruel, uncle?

Uncle J. No, I won't. I can't eat anything now.

(*Dora takes the dish from the room and returns without it.*)

Uncle J. Theodora!

Dora. Sir.

Uncle J. I'll try just a spoonful of that gruel before it gets cold.

Dora. Why, uncle, I threw it away.

Uncle J. Threw my gruel away?

Dora. Yes, uncle, you told me you didn't want it.

Uncle J. I told you so? Furies and fiddle strings! you might know by this time that I didn't mean half I say. Get me some more. If I hadn't been bed-ridden for more than a year I could go faster than you do. Oh dear! to think I shall never walk again!

Dora. Uncle Joseph, the doctor said yesterday that he really thought that if you were to try you could walk as well as anybody.

Uncle J. The doctor's a fool and you may tell him so with my compliments.

Dora. I will, uncle, next time he comes.

Uncle J. Theodora, if you do I'll disinherit you.

Dora. Very well, uncle. (*Leaves the room.*)

Uncle J. (*To himself.*) What can ail Dora? I never saw her half as stupid. She'd tell the doctor that. Any half-witted simpleton might know better.

(*Dora returns with the gruel.*)

Dora. There's your gruel, uncle, all smoking hot.

Uncle J. Theodora, you'll have to feed me. This annoyance has weakened me dreadfully.

Dora. Yes, uncle. (*Commences to feed him.*)

Uncle J. Stop! stop! it's hot! You're choking me! Stop, I say! Didn't I tell you to stop? Do you want to burn me to death? I don't believe there's an inch of skin left in my throat.

Dora. You told me yourself, uncle, that you don't mean half you say. How did I know that the gruel was really burning you?

Uncle J. What's that smoke?

Dora. I think it is Mrs. Perkins putting some more wood on the kitchen fire.

Uncle J. No it isn't. The house is on fire.

Dora. (*Rushes from the room screaming*). Fire! fire! fire! fire! help! murder! thieves! help! help!

Uncle J. Oh! oh! fire! fire! oh, dear! oh, dear! oh! help! help! Will nobody come to help me out of the burning house? Oh, dear, do help, quick! quick! (*raps with his cane*). Come, come, come now. Do come. (*Jumps up—curtain falls*).

SCENE 5.

(*Uncle Joseph runs into the kitchen*).

Mrs. P. Goodness! if here isn't master a'most scart to death?

Uncle J. Where's the fire? Where's the fire?

Mrs. P. There isn't any fire that I know of only in the stove here. It always smokes jest so when it is first kindled.

Uncle J. Where did you see the fire, Dora?

Dora. I didn't see any fire, but you said the house was on fire and I supposed it must be so. Do go back to bed, uncle; it was only a false alarm, you see.

Uncle J. I won't go back. Theodora, I won't go back *to that bed to-day.*

Dora. But you are very sick, uncle, and this *excitement will surely* kill you. Do go back.

Uncle J. No, I'm not so very sick, child.

Dora. Do you really mean it uncle Joseph? Can you walk as well as ever?

Uncle J. Yes, I can, Dode, I guess the scare limbered up my old stiffened limbs a little.

Dora. Well, then, uncle, let's go into the sitting-room. You need rest, come. (*They leave the stage*).

Mrs. P. (*Alone*). Didn't I tell her it was only the hypo? It's a good thing something started him. The old man finds he can walk, after all. I b'leve Dora did it a purpose,—the little trollop—I seen her a laughin' to herself. And this is how she cured him. Wal, wal, she's cute, no mistake.

MUSIC.

EVERYBODY'S DARLING.

Instrumental.

REALISTIC.

SOME POWERFUL PORTRAITURES WITH BRUSH AND PENCIL.

"Do you—ahem!—do you ever print any art items in your paper?" asked a rather seedy looking man with long hair, a slouch hat, and paint on his fingers, softly edging into the Post's inner sanctum the other day.

The managing editor glanced savagely up from his noonday sandwich, and evidently repressing a desire to add the long haired party to his viands, replied in the affirmative.

"Because," continued the young man, scowling critically at a cheap chromo on the wall, "because I thought if you cared to record the progress of real æsthetic art culture on this coast you might send yonr art critic around to my studio to take some notes."

"Might, eh!" said the editor between chews.

"Yes, sir. For instance, there's a mammoth winter storm landscape I've just finished for Mr. Mudd, the Bonanza king. It's called 'A Hailstorm in the Adirondacks,' and a visitor who sat near it the other day caught a sore throat in less than fifteen minutes. The illusion is so perfect, you understand. Why, I had to put in the finishing touches with my ulster and Arctic overshoes on."

"Don't say?"

"Fact, sir; and then there's a little animal gem I did for Governor Glerkins the other day—a portrait of his Scotch terrier Snap. The morning it was done a cat got into the studio, and the minute it saw the picture it went through the window like a ten inch shell."

"Did, eh?"

"Yes; and the oddest thing about it was that when I next looked at the canvas the dog's hair was standing up all along his back like a porcupine. Now how do you account for that?"

"Dunno."

"It just beats me. When the Governor examined the work he insisted on my painting on a post with the dog chained to it. Said he didn't know what might happen."

"Good scheme," growled the President maker.

"Wasn't it though? My best hold, however, is water views. You know George Bromley, and how abstracted he is sometimes. Well, George dropped in one morning and brought up before an eight by twelve view of the San Joaquin River, with a boat in the foreground. I'm blessed if George didn't absent-mindedly take off his coat and step clear through the canvas trying to jump into the boat—thought he'd go out rowing, you know."

"Have they carried out that journeyman with the smallpox?" said the editor, winking at the foreman, who had come in just then to swear for copy.

"Smallpox? That reminds me of a realistic historical subject I'm engaged on now, entitled 'The Plague in Egypt.' I had only completed four of the principal fixtures when last Tuesday the janitor, who sleeps in the next room, was taken out to the hospital with the most pronounced case of leprosy you ever saw, and this morning the boy who mixes the paints began to scale off like a slate roof. I don't really know whether to keep on with the work or not. How does it strike you?"

"It strikes me that you'd better slide," said the unæsthetic moulder of public opinion gruffly.

"Don't care to send a reporter round, then?'

"No, sir."

"Wouldn't you like to give an order for a life-sized 'Guttenberg Discovering the Printing Press,' eh?"

"Nary order."

"Don't want a seven by nine group of the staff done in oil or crayon?"

"No," said the editor, as he again lowered himself into the depths of a leader on the Roumanian imbroglio, "but if you care to touch up two window frames, some desk legs, and the fighting editor's black eye for four bits and a lot of comic exchanges you can sail in."

"It's a whack!" promptly ejaculated the disciple of æsthetic culture, and borrowing a cigarette from the dramatic critic on account, he drifted off after his brushes.—*San Francisco Post.*

WEALTH AND WORK.

ALL that is said of the peril of riches does not go for much when the opportunity offers for one to improve his worldly condition. Poets sometimes chant the beauties of poverty, but not those who write in a cold garret, with only a crust of bread and a jug of water to keep them alive. They are too familiar with the bitter reality to make it the subject of laudatory song. When a man has a snug little cottage of his own, with a cosey corner looking out upon the trees and flowers, where he can sit and write in peace, sure that his frugal board will be furnished with "convenient food," he may romance to his heart's content about the vanity of riches.

Savages never acccumulate wealth ; if they did they would be sure to be robbed of it. They live from hand to mouth ; mainly by hunting and plunder. The tribe is everything and the individual nothing. No person has any private right of property which the tribe is bound to respect ; and no tribe has any rights which another tribe will not wrench from them if they are strong enough to do so. The rule is for everyone to take whatever he can lay his hand on, and consume it, if possible, before anyone else can steal it from him. In such a state of things as that there is no danger of anyone's getting rich.

As soon as men begin to lay by something which they can call their own, the first step in civilization is taken, and the days of absolute barbarism are over.

When a man is ready to sacrifice everything else for the sake of making himself rich, he deserves to be scorned ; but if the desire after riches should all at once die out in the community—of which there is at present very little danger—the wheel of progress would cease to move.

It is this desire that incites men to labor, which is another token which distinguishes civilization from barbarism.

Savages are always lazy. The men make the women work, and the women do as little work as possible.

The propensity to accumulate wealth has done more than anything else to check the insane passsion for war, which has always filled the world with violence, and to do away with the habit of private revenge.

When men have money on deposit they are not likely to settle a disputed claim by knocking their adversary down, or sticking a knife into his ribs as was the custom in the dark ages, when property was held by a very precarious tenure.

It is a good thing that war is every day getting to be more and more expensive, and when the nations feel that this costly luxury must plunge them into utter bankruptcy, they will learn to respect the rights of others and let them alone.

It is an immoral thing to take the property of others without rendering a fair equivalent. Burglars, and all sorts of professional thieves, do this without scruple.

There is no hypocrisy in their transactions. All kinds of gambling come under the same head, and this does sometimes put on the garb of hypocrisy, as the soft and gentle names by which it is called indicates.

There are men in high standing who become rich without rendering the slightest return to the world at large.

To trade upon the chances of the future, with nothing in hand to trade with, is the same thing in principle that it is to risk all upon the hazard of a die.

There are others who fail to render a *fair* equivalent for the money which they receive, giving short weight and poor measure, and selling an unsound or adulterated article knowing it to be so. Better to die in poverty than to become rich by such device.

Others become rich by accident. They wake up poor in the morning and go to bed millionaires at night. A great fortune drops upon them suddenly, as if it fell from the skies, and unless the man can keep his head, the wealth that is thus attained is very apt soon to take to itself wings, and fly away.

It is another thing when wealth is gradually acquired by the honest labor of the hands and the brain. Then society is likely to be benefited as well as the prospered man himself. It is this which dignifies wealth and makes its possessor honorable.

RECITATIONS.

THE MASTER AND THE REAPERS.

THE master called to his reapers:
"Make scythe and sickle keen,
And bring me the grain from the uplands,
And the grass from the meadows green;
And from off of the mist-clad marshes,
Where the salt waves fret and foam,
Ye shall gather the rustling sedges
To furnish the harvest home."

Then the laborers cried: "O master,
We will bring thee the yellow grain
That waves on the windy hill-side,
And the tender grass from the plain;
But that which springs on the marshes
Is dry and harsh and thin,
Unlike the sweet field grasses,
So we will not gather it in."

But the master said: "O foolish!
For many a weary day,
Through storm and drought ye have labored
For the grain and the fragrant hay.
The generous earth is fruitful,
And the breezes of summer blow
Where these, in the sun and the dews of heaven,
Have ripened soft and slow.

"But out on the wide bleak marsh-land
Hath never a plough been set,
And with rapine and rage of hungry waves
The shivering soil is wet.
There flower the pale green sedges,
And the tides that ebb and flow,
And the biting breath of the sea wind,
Are the only care they know.

"They have drunken of bitter waters,
Their food hath been sharp sea sand,
And yet they have yielded a harvest
Unto the master's hand.
So shall ye, O reapers,
Honor them now the more,
And garner in gladness, with songs of praise,
The grass from the desolate shore."

—*Zoe Dana Underhill in Harper's Magazine.*

THE COMMONPLACE WOMAN.

WE have read, as you know, for ages and ages,
Of a willow maiden devoid of a spine,
A fabulous, prehistoric young person,
Who on white of an egg and cracker could dine.

But I write to you now of a commonplace woman,
Who's shockingly healthy and fearfully fat,
Who never has headache or nervous prostration,
Commonplace! what could be more so than that?

She doesn't "do" Kensington cat-tails or rushes,
Nor has she a screen with a one-legged stork;
She doesn't adore Charlotte Russe or blanc-manges,
But prefers unromantic commonplace pork.

She hasn't a gift for the art decorative,
Pasting Japanese monsters on Yankee stone jar
That stands in a corner to look so æsthetic,
But that grieves to the soul the old household Lar.

She cannot write poems that glow like a furnace,
Nor sonnets as cold as the Apennine snow;
For if she chops up her ideas into meter,
There's a rush in the ebb and a halt in the flow.

She doesn't believe she was born with a mission,
Unless, it may be, to be happy and well;
Nor does she at all understand protoplasm,
And looks upon women who do as a "sell."

But there's worse to be told of this commonplace woman,
Who owns neither bird nor dog, nor pet cat;
They say that she's really in love with her husband.
Commonplace? what would be more so than that?

And when we all stand at the last dread tribunal,
Where great and where small are assigned each a part,
May the angels make room for the commonplace woman,
Who knows naught of literature, science or art.

Good Housekeeping.

"THE GIPSY COUNTESS."

(DUETT.)

Gipsy—Oh! how can a poor gipsy maiden like me,
Ever hope the proud bride of a noble to be?
To some bright jewell'd beauty thy vows will be paid,
And thou wilt forget her, the poor Gipsy maid.
And thou wilt forget her, the poor Gipsy maid.

Earl—Away with that thought, I am free, I am free,
To devote all the love of my spirit to thee;
Young rose of the wilderness, blushing and sweet!
All my heart, all my fortune, I lay at thy feet,
All my heart, all my fortune, I lay at thy feet.

(2.)

Gipsy—Go, flatterer, go! I'll not trust to thine art:
Go, leave me and trifle no more with my heart!
Go, leave me to die in my own native shade,
And betray not the heart of the poor Gipsy maid,
And betray not the heart of the poor Gipsy maid.

Earl—I have lands and proud dwellings, and all shall be thine.
A coronet Zillah, that brow shall entwine:
Thou shalt never have reason my faith to upbraid,
For a countess I'll make thee, my own Gipsy maid!
For a countess I'll make thee my own Gipsy maid!

A JUNIOR PARTNER WANTED.

(BY M. E. SANDFORD.)

There's a junior partner wanted
By Will Succeed & Co.,
Who do a rushing business
Way up in Fortune Row.

I've seen their advertisement—
"No capital required;"
But boys with pluck and courage
Are just the kind desired.

They want a boy who has no fear
Of steady, plodding work;
Who does not wait for luck or fate,
Who scorns a task to shirk.

Who slowly, surely digs his way
Through problems hard a score,
And still has grit and courage left
To try as many more.

Who can view a two-foot column
Of figures undismayed,
And through a tough analysis
Or conjugation wade.

Who takes each school-time lesson
And makes it all his own,
Thus laying up his future
On good foundation stone.

Who does not wait for help to come
From fairy, witch or elf.
But laying hold on Fortune's wheel
Turns it around himself.

And if it grinds and will not move
With all his care and toil,
He rubs each shaft and gearing well
With "perseverance oil."

Who knows that luck is but a myth,
And faith is but a name,
That plod and push and patience
At last will win the game.

And lads like this are just the kind
For Will Succeed & Co.,
Who are wanting junior partners
Way up on Fortune Row.

LITTLE DOT.

The touching incident that gave rise to the following lines occurred in one of our large cities. Crouched upon the curbstone in a blinding snow storm there was a little match-girl apparently not more than six years old. Attracted by her sobs, an old gentleman approached her, and kindly asked, "Who are you, my little girl, that you are here in this storm?" Raising her large brown eyes, brimming with tears, she sobbed, "Oh, I'm only little Dot!"

Crouching on the icy pavement,
Sobbing, shivering with the cold,
Garments scant around her clinging
All her matches yet unsold;
Visions of a cheerless garret,
Cruel blows not soon forgot,
While through choking sobs the murmur
"Oh, I'm only little Dot!"

Deeper than the icy crystals,
Though their keenness made her start;
Is the hungry, aching longing
In the little match-girl's heart.
No kind voice to cheer and comfort;
Ah! by fortune quite forgot,
Who can wonder at the murmur,
"Oh, I'm only little Dot!"

Far above the clouds and snowstorms,
Where the streets have pearly gates,
In that home a sainted mother,
For the little match-girl waits.
By the throng of waiting angels,
Little one you're ne'er forgot,
In the home of many mansions
There is room for little Dot.

THE TOLL-GATE OF LIFE.

We are all on our journey. The world through which we are passing is in some respects like a turnpike—all along where vice and folly have erected their toll gates for the accommodation of those who choose to call as they go—and there are very few of all the hosts of travelers who do not occasionally stop a little at one or the other of them, and consequently pay more or less to the tax-gatherers. Pay more or less we say, because there is a great variety, as well in the amount as in the kind of toll exacted at these different stopping places.

Pride and fashion take heavy tolls of the purse—many men have become beggars by paying at their gates—the ordinary rates they charge are heavy, and the road that way is none of the best.

Pleasure offers a very smooth, delightful road at the outset; she tempts the traveler with many fair promises, and wins thousands; but she takes—without mercy; like an artful robber, she allures till she gets her victim in her power, and then she strips him of wealth and money, and turns him off a miserable object, into the worst of our most rugged roads of life.

Intemperance plays the part of a sturdy villain. He is the very worst toll-gatherer on the road, for he not only gets from his customers their money and their health, but he robs them of their very brain.—The men you meet on the road, ragged and ruined in fame and fortune are generally his visitors.

And so we might go on enumerating many others who gather toll from the unwary. Accidents often happen, it is true, along the road, but those who do not get through at least tolerably well, have been stopping by the way at some of these places. The plain, common-sense men who travel straight forward, get through without much difficulty.

This being the state of things, it becomes every one at the outset, if he intends to make a comfortable journey, to take care what kind of company he keeps in with.—We are all apt to do as companions do—stop where they stop, and pay toll where they pay. The chances are ten to one but our choice in this particular always decides our fate.

Be careful of your habits, these make men. And they require long and careful culture, ere they grow up to a second nature. Good habits we speak of. Bad habits are easily acquired—they are spontaneous weeds, that flourish rapidly and rankly without care or culture.

NEIGHBOR JONES.

I'm thinking, wife, of neighbor Jones, the man with the stalwart arm—
He lives in peace and plenty on a forty-acre farm;
When men are all around us with hearts and hands a sore,
Who own two hundred acres, and still are wanting more.

He has a pretty little farm, a pretty little house;
He has a loving wife within, as quiet as a mouse;
His children play around the door, their father's heart to charm,
Looking just as neat and tidy as the tidy little farm,

No weeds are in the cornfield, no thistles in the oats;
The horses show good keeping by their fine and glossy coats;

The cows within the meadow, resting 'neath the beechen shade,
Learn all their gentle manners from a gentle milking maid.

Within the field on Saturday, he leaves no cradled grain
To be gathered on the morrow, for fear of coming rain;
He lives in joy and gladness, and happy are his days;
He keeps the Sabbath holy; his children learn his ways.

He never had a lawsuit to take him to the town,
For the very simple reason there are no fences down;
The barroom in the village for him has not a charm:
I can always find my neighbor on his forty-acre farm.

His acres are so few that he ploughs them very deep;
'Tis his own hands that turn the sod, 'tis his own hands that reap;
He has a place for everything, and everything in its place;
The sunshine smiles upon his fields, contentment on his face.

May we not learn a lesson, wife, from prudent neighbor Jones,
And not sigh for what we haven't got—give vent to sighs and groans?
The rich aren't always happy, nor free from life's alarms,
But blest are those who live content, though small may be their farms.

[*Atlanta Constitution.*

SOMETHING GREAT.

The trial was ended—the vigil past;
All clad in his arms was the knight at last,
The goodliest knight in the whole wide land,
With face that shone with a purpose grand.
The king looked on him with gracious eyes,
And said: "He is meet for some high emprise."
To himself he thought: "I will conquer fate:
I will surely die, or do something great."

So from the palace he rode away;
There was trouble and need in the town that day;
A child had strayed from his mother's side
Into the woodland dark and wide.

"Help!" cried the mother with sorrow wild—
"Help me, Sir Knight, to seek my child!
The hungry wolves in the forest roam;
Help me to bring my lost one home!"

He shook her hand from his bridle rein:
"Alas! poor mother, you ask in vain.
Some meaner succor will do, maybe,
Some squire or varlet of low degree.
There are mighty wrongs in the world to right:
I keep my sword for a noble fight.
I am sad at heart for your baby's fate,
But I ride in haste to do something great."

One wintry night when the sun had set,
A blind old man by the way he met;
"Now, good Sir Knight, for Our Lady's sake,
On the sightless wanderer pity take!
The winds blow cold, and the sun is down;
Lead me, I pray, till I reach the town."
"Nay," said the knight; "I cannot wait;
I ride in haste to do something great."

So on he rode in his armor bright,
He sword all keen for the longed-for fight.
"Laugh with us—laugh!" cried the merry crowd.
"Oh weep!" wailed others with sorrow bowed.
"Help us!" the weak and weary prayed.
But for joy, nor grief, nor need he stayed,
And the years rolled on, and his eyes grew dim
And he died—and none made moan for him.

He missed the good that he might have done,
He missed the blessings he might have won.
Seeking some glorious task to find,
His eyes to all humbler work were blind.
He that is faithful in that which is least,
Is bidden to sit at the heavenly feast.
Yet men and women lament their fate,
If they be not called to do something great.

FLORENCE TEELY.

MUSIC.

INSTRUMENTAL.

"MAIDEN'S PRAYER,"

OR

WELCOME, PRETTY PRIMROSE.

Welcome pretty primrose flow'r
That comes when sunshine comes.
When rainbows arch the silver show'r
Of every cloud that roams,

Of every cloud that roams.
I joy to see thy promise bloom
That tells of Spring's new day,
And in my thoughts afar I roam
O'er sunny haunts away.
Welcome; Welcome;
Welcome, primrose flower
Welcome, pretty primrose flow'r.
To me thy coming seems
To wake again the Springtime hour
With sunshine in the dreams.
Ah! Ah!
Welcome, pretty, pretty, pretty, pretty primrose flow'r
With sunshine in its dreams.

Gazing on the early flow'r
I seem to hear the Spring,
That calls the sunshine ev'ry hour
And tells the bird to sing;
Aud as I dream, my dream is rife,
With thoughts akin to these,
Of glad Spring life, a sweet Spring life,
That's very dear to me.
Welcome; Welcome;
Welcome, primrose flow'r;
Welcome, pretty primrose flow'r,
To me thy coming seems
To wake again the Springtime hour,
With sunshine in its dreams.
Ah! Ah!
Welcome, pretty, pretty, pretty, pretty primrose flow'r
With sunshine in its dreams.

COLLOQUY.

THROUGH THE BREAKERS.

(For two ladies and two gentlemen.)

CHARACTERS:—*Captain Barker, a retired sea captain; Betsy, his housekeeper; John Barker, his son; Mrs. Barker, his son's wife.*

SCENE:—*A nicely furnished room. Captain Barker, seated in an easy chair, reading a letter, shifts about uneasily, scowls, stamps his foot upon the floor as though greatly excited.*

Capt. Barker (*Talking to himself.*) Blast his hide! (*Striking his fist upon the table.*) The boy is enough to wear the life out of a man! If I had him here I'd give him a sound thrashing, as sure as my name is Obed Barker, and I'd put him on double duty and half rations to boot! Betsy! Betsy! Betsy!

Betsy. (*Rushes into the room.*) Well, Captain Barker?

Capt. B. Why, it's that blasted boy of mine! What do you suppose he's done now?

Betsy. Nothing dreadful, I hope.

Capt. B. Well, 'tis, Betsy.

Betsy. O, Captain Barker! What is it, for pity sake?

Capt. B. It's perfectly awful! He's married!

Betsy. Married?

Capt. B. Yes, married! There's his letter—only two or three lines in the whole of it! He's off, skylarking around on his wedding tour—

Betsy. Wedding tour?

Capt. B. Yes, wedding tour; and he'll be here with his wife this week.

Betsy. This week?

Capt. B. Yes, this week, you mummy! Can't you say anything but what I say?

Betsy. I'm so surprised, Captain, I don't know what I do say. But what are you going to do with John?

Capt. B. Do! do! I'll disinherit him. I'll make a beggar of him. I'll kick him out of the house and I won't let him step a foot inside of it. The scoundrel! I'll flog him! I'll—I'll—Oh! I wish I had him here now!

Betsy. Why, Captain Barker, he's your own boy!

Capt. B. No, he ain't! I won't own him. He's gone just contrary to my wishes. I've told him, time and again, that I had a wife all picked out for him.

Betsy. Did you tell him who it was?

Capt. B. Blast it all! don't everybody know I want him to marry that Maria Edgerly? Oh, I wish I had him here! (*Springs to his feet and commences slamming the chairs around. Betsy starts to leave the room.*) Here, here, Betsy, what are you sneaking off in that style for?

Betsy. (*Looking around cautiously.*) I was getting out of the way of those chairs. When you get to slashing things around like that, it's time for me to go. You act like a crazy man. I won't stir another step into the room until you get into that chair and promise to stay there!

Capt. B. Well, well, Betsy, don't be scared child. Come in. Bless my stars, come in, I wont hurt you. There, now, I'll tell you. I'm going to shut up the house and let John pick for himself. I want you to go, too.

Betsy. I won't stir a step with you, Capt. Barker.

Capt. B. Nobody wants you to! All I ask of you is to go away from here so we can shut the house up. You can go East and visit your sister and I will go West on a prospecting tour. How's that, eh?

Betsy. Capt. Barker, you are crazy.

Capt. B. Crazy or not crazy, it has got to be just as I say, so there's the end of it. Get your duds ready for the next train. We'll have to step lively. (*Leaves the room.*)

Betsy. What a man—bound to have his own way, right or wrong! Well, I'm glad of a rest, that's certain, but it will be such a disappointment to John! I must fly around and set things to rights, then change my dress, pack my satchel and be off.

SCENE 2. *Captain Barker lying on a couch, is just regaining consciousness after being badly hurt in a railroad accident. His face is patched in several places with healing salve. Raises himself on his elbow and stares about.*

Capt. B. Blast it all! what does this mean? Avast there! (*Anna, the nurse, enters and goes to the couch.*) Where the dickens, am I, and who are you, madam?

Anna. (*Smiling pleasantly.*) You are in the village of Medford, and I am Anna, your nurse.

Capt. B. Thank you for the information but how came I here?

Anna. It was a bad railroad accident and you have had a very narrow escape, sir. What is your name, please?

Capt. B. Obed Barker, madam.

Anna. Very narrow, Mr. Barker, how do you feel now?

Capt. B. Hanged if I know. What's the matter with me anyhow? Anything broke?

Anna. I hope not, sir, the doctor pronounced your bones all whole, but you have some bad bruises. (*Brings him a hand-glass. He takes it and surveys himself.*)

Capt B. Well, I should think so! You don't pretend to say that there's a bruise under every one of them patches?

Anna. (*With difficulty restraining her mirth.*) Oh, yes. Some of the larger patches have a good half dozen bruises under them.

Capt. B. Half a dozen? Why, it couldn't have been worse if a patent harrow had run over my face. But what did it? How did it happen?

Anna. Why, sir, in a collision. Don't you remember you were on the cars?

Capt. B. Oh, yes! and such tumbling and scratching. I knew we should find breakers ahead, but it seems just like a dream. How long have I been here?

Anna. About three hours.

2d Patient. (*Calling from another room.*) Anna! Anna!

Capt. B. Hello! What's that?—who's that? Ahoy, there!

Anna. Only another patient, sir, I must go to him now, but I'll be back soon. (Starts to leave.)

Capt. B. Hold on! wait! let him yell.

2d P. Anna! Anna! Anna!

Capt. B. (*Shouts to him.*) Stop your noise! I say Anna, that chap ain't dangerous, I know, for he's got a voice like a crocodile, so just wait a minute. How many invalids have you got on your hands?

Anna. Only you two, Mr. Barker.

Capt. B. That's good, but how is that other chap? Is he hurt much? How is his face! Does it look any worse than mine?

Anna. There is but very little choice. If there's any advantage, I think you have it, Mr. Barker. But I must go now. (*Leaves the room.*)

Capt. B. (*To himself.*) I've got the advantage, have I? I'm plaguey glad of that, for that woman is the trimmest built craft I've spoken this many a cruise. I wonder if she's got a consort? I wouldn't mind sailing with her the rest of my voyage. By gum! wouldn't it be neat on John? I could almost forgive him. I'll try it, too. Blast it! There's that other chap! Hear him talk to her—the pirate. (*Listens.*)

2d P. Anna, who is that chap in the next room?

Capt. B. (*To himself.*) None of your business!

2d P. Well, whoever he is, I want him out of there just as soon as he's able to be moved.

Capt. B. (*To himself.*) Which won't be very soon. I've got just as good a right here as he has, and I'll stay till I get ready to go. (*Listens but can't hear anything.*) Blast it all! I wonder what they're saying! It will never do—I must stop that. Let's see, what's her name? Oh, I've got it now, Anna! Anna! come quick—do come!

Anna. (*Hurrying in with the camphor bottle.*) What's the matter, sir?

Capt. B. Don't dash the camphor in my eyes, I'm not fainting. I only wanted to talk with you a little. You shouldn't give all of your attention to one patient. It's very lonesome in here without you. There's another thing, Anna, and I say it for your own good. You know nothing about that person in there. He may be the veriest villain on earth. If I were you, I wouldn't go near him.

Anna. But that wouldn't be right, Mr. Barker, he's suffering. He needs care and there is no one else to attend to his wants.

Capt. B. Let him take care of himself then, or send for his friends.

Anna. Do unto others as ye would others should do unto you. Mr. Barker, that is the golden rule by which we shoud live.

Capt. B. Blast the golden rule? that is, for the present. It wouldn't work well in this case at all. It would be lost on such a fellow as he is. He ain't what he ought to be, and I don't want you to go near him again. You've been very kind to me, Anna, and I've taken a liking to you. I can't bear the thought of your speaking to that fellow, and you will promise me you won't? (*Speaking low and earnestly.*)

Anna. But I must see him just once more, sir.

2d P. Anna! Anna! Hurry up, I want you!

Anna. There, he's calling now. I won't stay long and if you want anything speak to me.

Capt. B. (*To himself.*) Blast his eyes! I wish I was where I could see him. I wonder if he is a younger man than I am. But then I ain't so very old—only forty-nine last July. If Anna knows when she's well off she will never marry a man who is a day younger than that. (*Stops and Listens.*)

2d P. Anna, why do you remain so long with that fellow in the other room? It is certainly very indiscreet. What is his name? Where is he from?

Capt. B. (*To himself.*) Don't you wish you knew?

Anna. Poor old man, he has enough to think of without telling me his affairs!

Capt. B. (*To himself.*) "Poor old man!" Just hear that! I will have a wig for that bald spot and some hair dye that won't turn foxy I'll bet! (*Listens.*)

2d B. Old or young, I tell you Anna, once for all to keep away from there. If the man is sick, let him hire a nurse and done with it. I want you myself and if I were able I'd lock that door and keep you, too. But I hope I shall have no more trouble about him.

Capt. P. Such insolence! Why don't she cuff him? Wait till I get well. I'll teach him to abuse a poor, defenceless woman. That is all the thanks the dear child gets for waiting on such a scamp! (*Listens but all is still.* The brute has got mad and gone to sleep. I wonder if I can't hail Anna without waking him, I'll try, anyway. (*Calls faintly.*) Anna! (*A little louder.*) Anna, (*Louder.*) Anna! Anna!

2d P. Hold your tongue, old man!

Capt. B. Blast your hide, I won't!

2d P. Will you attend to your own affairs?

Capt. B. I'll not lie here and have a lady abused as you have been abusing that one. Anna, Anna, come in here and leave that villain to himself.

2d P. Anna, don't you stir a step.

Capt. B. Oh, if John were only here long enough to thrash that impudent rascal, I would freely forgive him! Why am I tied here? Anna! Anna! Don't stay with that brute another minute. Come to me, darling!

2d P. There! I can't, I won't stand this any longer! Anna, give me that revolver. Now the cartridges and a cap. I'll stop that fellow's insolence if I have to blow the whole partition down, and swing for it the next minute.

Capt. B. (*Loading a revolver.*) Fire away, you villain, your very first shot will be your death knell, for I'm covering your head with a three ounce ball. Oh! If I could only get at him!

2d P. Ditto, old man. If I could get in there I wouldn't give much for what would be left of you. Anna, just give me a description of that man.

Capt. B. Don't you do it. If he wants to

know how I look, let him come and see me if he dares. I'll shoot him the minute he puts his head inside my door.

Anna. (*Enters.*) Hush! hush! Your injuries have made you both half crazy, and I'm going to leave you till you get better natured. There now, quiet yourselves down and go to sleep. (*Leaves the room.*)

Capt. B. Sleep! with such a villain as that in the next room! Why, I'm afraid he would cut my throat!

2d P. You would, eh! Anna, just hear the threat he's making!

Capt. B. Oh, dear! I'm all alone! If John were only here or Betsy!—I knew there were breakers ahead but I never dreamed of this. (*Lies down.*) Oh, dear! Oh, dear! Why did I leave my comfortable little home! I'm so tired I must try to get a little rest. (*Falls asleep and snores very loudly—the man in the next room snores also. Anna waits a few minutes and then comes in with the Captain's supper on a tray. The Captain wakes.*)

Capt. B. Sh! easy, my dear, that brute has gone to sleep and I wouldn't wake him for the world. Hear him snore—a perfect pig! I never could endure a man that snores. There, that's a dear; just set the tray right here on the stand, and pull your chair right up beside. We'll have a nice long talk while the beast is asleep. Uh! how he does snore! Did you cook this supper, Anna?

Anna. Yes, sir.

Capt. B. Well, it is capital; and I'm as hungry as a bear. Just help me to a little of that toast, please. Thank you. Now I'm going to tell you how I'm situated. A little cream, please. (*Puts some in his tea.*) Well, I'm a retired sea-captain, and I've got a snug little pile laid away, and I'm all alone in the world—just a taste of those berries, please. (*Helps him to some.*) Yes, I am all alone. I had a boy, John, but I've disowned him. He married a woman—well, I won't say anything against her for I never saw her, but he married her against my wishes, and now he's cruising 'round the country on his wedding tour. Another cup of tea, please; it is delicious. (*She pours the tea.*) Well, when I heard of John's marriage I told Betsy—she's my housekeeper—that we'd shut up the house and let John pick for himself; and I'm going to do it, too.

Anna. Don't you think you ought to have waited until you saw his wife?

Capt. B. I don't know—do you?

Anna. Yes, Mr. Barker, I do.

Capt. B. Well, perhaps I had. I am a little hasty sometimes. But, Anna, I'll tell you what I'll do; I'll forgive John and take him back, wife and all, if—hark! what is that? (*Hears a rustling in the next room.*) Blast me if that land-lubber ain't awake again!

2d P. Anna! Anna! where are you? Are you going to starve me to death?

Capt. B. Hist! Don't speak a word and he won't know where you are.

2d P. Anna! Anna! Anna!—I say, you in the other room, is that woman there?

Capt. B, (*Shouting.*) None of your business.

2d P. I'll let you know whether it is any of my business or not. (*Moves about the room.*)

Capt. B. Well, Anna, I'll forgive John if you will marry me.

Anna. Oh! Mr. Barker! (*With surprise.*)

Capt. B. There! there, dear, I know you will. (*Takes her hand and puts it to his lips.*) O, darling, I know you will.

2d P. I know she won't. (*Rushes into the room and gives the Captain a good shaking.*) Take that! and that! and that! you black-hearted villain! If you ever so much as lay a finger on my wife again I'll blow daylight through you. (*Starts back in surprise.*) Oh, my stars! (*Anna hurries from the room.*)

Capt. B. It's John, or I'm a fool! Blast it, how came you here, my boy?

John. It's father by all that's great and good, Anna. (*Anna stands peeking in, laughing heartily.*)

Capt. B. John, you villain! (*Grasping his hand.*)

John. Father, you grey-haired destroyer of my domestic peace!

Capt. B. There, there, John, don't say another word. If Anna will forgive me I'll forgive you and we'll go home and be as happy as a school of mackerel. Ahoy, there, Anna!

Anna. (*Smothering a laugh enters with Betsy.*) Well?

Betsy. Why, Captain, I heard of the accident and took the first train. And, John, you here too? My, how you are banged up!

Capt. B. Had a tough time steering through.

Betsy. So it seems. I'm glad to find you both safe and together once more.

Capt. B. (*Taking Anna by the arm.*) And this is John's wife, Betsy, the best little woman on earth. (*They shake hands.*)

Capt. B. Will you forgive me, Anna?

John. And me, too?

Anna. Yes, I'll forgive you both if you'll promise to mind the helm hereafter.

Capt. B. Hurrah! Thank God, my children, we are through the breakers to a safe port at last! (*Springing up and clasping them both by the hand. Betsy stands beside Anna —all facing the audience.*) And that you may all ride as safely through the breakers on life's voyage and reach a haven of peace at last is the earnest wish of yours truly. (*They bow to the audience and the curtain falls.*)

MUSIC.

WARBLINGS AT EVE', INST.

OR

"NOT A SPARROW FALLETH."

NOT a sparrow falleth but its God doth know,
Just as when His mandate lays a monarch low;
Not a leaflet waveth but its God doth see,
Think not, then, O trembler, God forgetteth thee!
Far more precious surely, than the birds that fly
Is a Father's image to a Father's eye;
E'en thine hairs are numbered; trust him full and free;
Cast thy care before Him, and He'll care for thee!
For the God that planted in thy breast a soul
On his sacred tables doth thy name enroll;
Cheer thine heart then, trembler, never faithless be
He that marks the sparrow will remember thee! will remember thee!

THE UNBIDDEN GUEST.

IT is in Youth that we choose the companions of our age. No new friends, be they ever so kindly, can fill the place which belongs to those who have known us all our lives.

But there is one guest who *will* come to see us, unbidden, in the twilight hours of life; one guest against whom we cannot bar the door, who will sit with us at our lonely firesides, and recall to us dead days and by-gone hopes;—this intrusive guest is Memory.

A man who had not lived, to outward observation, a worse life than most others was begging his friend to come and see him.

"Come often and stay late," he said; and then he repeated in a tone which sounded as sad as a sob, "Above all, stay late.—I have bad company in the midnights."

The next week his friend went to visit him, and the two men sat together late into the night. They had talked cheerfully enough at first, but, at length, they fell into a long silence, which suddenly the visitor broke:

"You said you have bad company in the midnights."

"Yes," answered the other. "All the memories of my past life come back to me, and they are bad company. It might have been otherwise. I might have lived for better things and found in Memory a genial friend instead of a bitter taunting enemy. I might, but I did not.

I did not rob, nor steal, nor lie—at least, not much. I *was* over-sharp in business sometimes, and I said some things I did not quite mean; but the harm wasn't in the special acts of my life so much as in the whole principle and spirit of it. I did not try to see how much good I could do, but how much money I could scrape up, and how I could push myself on. And now it's all over and the things I worked so hard for seem less than nothing. I find Memory very bad company."

"But there are books. It's the one compensation, I take it, for living a good deal alone, that a man has time enough to read such things as he's wanted to read all his life."

Ah! but there it is again. *I haven't* wanted to read, and I don't want to, now. Books are among the friends a fellow has to make in youth, if ever. If I had formed a habit of reading, I *should* like it now. I should have furnished Memory with something to do beside holding all my old mistakes up before me as if they were written on parchment. "No: there's no getting away from the consequences of the life we chose for ourselves. I chose mine—and the cup my youth brewed is a bit-

ter draught for my age to drink. If only youth *would* or old age *could*—didn't somebody write a verse about that?"

Ah yes, if youth would! If the experience of age could serve as youth's warning! Memory is the unbidden guest to whom none of us can say, "Not at home!" How terrible a thing it is if we arm this guest against us—if when Memory comes to us in solitude her presence fills our souls with fear and shame.

SOMETIME, SOMEWHERE.

(BY ROBERT BROWNING.)

UNANSWERED yet! The prayer your lips have pleaded
In agony of heart, these many years?
Does faith begin to fail, is hope departing,
And think you all in vain those falling tears?
Say not the Father hath not heard your prayer;
You shall have your desire, sometime, somewhere.

Unanswered yet? though when you first presented
This one petition to the Father's throne,
It seemed you could not wait the time of asking,
So urgent was your heart to make it known.
Though years have passed since then, do not despair;
The Lord will answer you sometime, somewhere.

Unanswered yet? Nay, do not say, ungranted!
Perhaps your part is not yet wholly done.
The work began when first your prayer was uttered,
And God will finish what He has begun.
If you will keep the incense burning there,
His glory you shall see, sometime, somewhere.

Unanswered yet? Faith cannot be unanswered,
Her feet are firmly planted on the Rock;
Amid the wildest storms she stands undaunted,
Nor quails before the loudest thunder shock.
She knows Omnipotence has heard her prayer
And cries, "It shall be done, sometime, somewhere."

A SUNSHINY HUSBAND.

A sunshiny husband makes a merry, beautiful home, worth having, worth working for. If a man is breezy, cheery, considerate, and sympathetic, his wife sings in her heart over her puddings and her mending basket, counts the hours until he returns at night, and renews her youth in the security she feels of his approbation and admiration.

You may think it weak or childish if you please, but it is the admired wife who hears words of praise and receives smiles of recommendations, who is capable, discreet, and executive. I have seen a timid, meek, selfdistrusting little body fairly bloom into strong, self-reliant womanhood, under the tonic of the cordial of companionship with a husband who really went out of the way to find occasion for showing her how fully he trusted her judgment, and how tenderly he deferred to her opinion.

In home life there should be no jar, no striving for place, no insisting on prerogatives, no division of interest. The husband and the wife are each the complement of the other. It is just as much his duty to be cheerful, as it is hers to be patient; his right to bring joy into the door, as it is hers to keep in order and beautify the pleasant interior. A family where the daily walk of the father makes glad the hearts of those around him, is constantly blessed with a heavenly benediction.

THE LITTLE KID IN THE HOP-YARDS.

SOME folks think there ain't no roughs this side the Rocky Mountains,
Where agents hold up tenderfeet beside them Geyser fountains.
But I have worked in York State, and found hearts just as stony
Growin', around these eastern farms, as out in Arizony.

Perticklers are ye askin'? Well, I'm half ashamed to tell 'em;
Though I could slide off some incidents as slick as slippery ellum:
For instance:—I was pickin' hops once up in Franklin County
When a little boy came likewise to partake the deacon's bounty.

Father 'n mother both was dead; an' the kid
was left to tussle
With Deacon Greybeard an' the world without no
bone nor muscle.
His grit was good though; tell ye what, there
wan't no better picker,
Nor none that worked more patiently; nor none
that worked no quicker.

But Deacon Greybeard never thought that no
one did his level
Unless he kep' a pickin', every minute like the
—dickens!
From half-past four in the mornin' until half-past
seven at night,
You'd got to dust yourself to keep him anyway
polite.

One day 'twas dark and cloudy, an' the wind was
blowin' chill,
An' the little kid looked peaked, like he must be
feelin' ill;
But the deacon never noticed that so long's he
kep' a workin'
An' I swan, the plucky little chap had no idea
o' shirkin.

By-and-by it begun to rain an' kep a growin'
colder,
An' every minute seemed as if that boy grew ten
year older.
I couldn't stand it no how; so I traveled to the
shed,
An' carried in the little kid; (he ought ter been
in bed.)

'Twant five minutes by the clock when we heard
old Greybeard holler.
The boy was scart, an' started out; I held him
by the collar.
Up come the deacon swearin' mad; "Gol darn
ye, go to pickin'!"
'You tetch that little kid," says I,—"one on us,
takes a lickin'."

'You ain't no Christian man, says I, "he's sick,
an' see how's rainin'."
"None o' your business," says he,—"The orphan
aint complainin,"
With that he raised his cowhide boot to empha-
size his meanin',
An' would have kicked the little kid, but for my
intervenin'.

I hit him harder than I meant. I hadn't oughter
done it;
But when he kicked the orphan boy, 'twas he
himself begun it.—
When they picked him up next mornin' he was
cold and stiff and whitnin'.
An' the coroner fetched a verdict, "Accident—
death by lightnin'.

DAN'S WIFE.

Up in early morning light,
Sweeping, dusting, "setting aright,"
Oiling all the household springs,
Sewing buttons, tying strings,
Telling Bridget what to do,
Mending rips in Johnny's shoe,
Running up and down the stair,
Tying baby in her chair,
Cutting meat and spreading bread,
Dishing out so much per head,
Eating as she can, by chance,
Giving husband kindly glance.
Toiling, working, busy life—
Smart woman—
Dan's wife.

Children meet him at the door,
Pull him in and look him o'er,
Wife asks how the work has gone,
"Busy times with us at home!"
Supper done, Dan reads with ease;
Happy Dan, but one to please!
Children must be put to bed,
All the little prayers be said,
Little shoes are placed in rows,
Bedclothes tucked o'er little toes,
Busy, noisy, weary life—
Tired woman,
Dan's wife.

Dan reads on and falls asleep—
See the woman softly creep;
Baby rests at last poor dear,
Not a word her heart to cheer;
Mending-basket full to top,
Stockings, shirt and little frock;
Tired eyes and weary brain
Side with ugly darting pain;
Never mind, 'twill pass away,
She must work and never play,
Closed piano, unused books,
Done she walks to cozy nooks;
Brightness faded out of life—
Saddened woman,
Dan's wife.

Up-stairs, tossing to and fro,
Fever holds the woman low;
Children wander free to play
When and where they will to-day;
Bridget loiters—dinner's cold;
Dan looks anxious, cross, and old;
Household screws are out of place,
Lacking one dear patient face;
Steady hands, so weak, but true,
Hands that knew just what to do,
Never knowing rest or play,
Folded now and laid away;
Work of six in one short life—
Shattered woman,
Dan's wife.

ANGELS UNAWARES.

(J. F. WALLER.)

In the hours of morn and even,
In the noon and night,
Trooping down they come from heaven,
In their noiseless flight,
To guide, to guard, to warn, to cheer us,
'Mid our joys and cares
All unseen are hovering near us
Angels unawares.

When the daylight is declining
In the western skies,
And the stars in heaven are shining
As the twilight dies,
Voices on our hearts come stealing
Like celestial airs,
To our spirit sense revealing
Angels unawares.

O, faint hearts, what consolation
For us here below!
That angelic ministration
Guides us where we go.
Every task that is before us
Some blest spirit shares,
Watchful eyes are even o'er us,
Angels unawares.

THE COBBLER'S SECRET.

A WAGGISH cobbler once in Rome,
Put forth this proclamation,
That he was willing to disclose
For due consideration,
A secret which the cobbling world
Could ill afford to lose;
The way to make in one short day
A hundred pairs of shoes.
From every quarter soon there came
A crowd of eager fellows;
Tanners, cobblers, bootmen, shoemen,
Jolly leather sellers,
All redolent of beef and smoke,
And cobbler's wax and hides;
Each fellow paid his thirty pence
And called it cheap besides.

Silence! The cobbler enters
And casts around his eyes,
Then curls his lips—the rogue!—then frowns,
And looks most wondrous wise;
"My friends," he says, "'tis simple quite,
The plan that I propose;
And every man of you, I think,
Might learn it if he chose.
A good sharp knife is all you need
In carrying out my plan;
So easy is it none can fail
Let him be child or man.
To make a hundred pairs of shoes,
Just go back to your shops,
And take a hundred pairs of boots
And cut off all their tops!"

THE "COWARD" IN BATTLE.

THERE is a regiment with its right flank resting on the woods—its left in an open field near a group of haystacks. Three pieces of artillery in front have been playing in the pine thicket half a mile away for the last ten minutes, but without provoking any reply.

Watch this man—this Second Lieutenant of Company F. He is almost a giant in size. He has a fierce eye, a roaring voice, and men have said that he was as brave as a lion. When the regiment was swung into position and the battery opened he said to himself: "How foolish in us to attack the enemy when he was seeking to retreat! This blunder will cost us many lives. Our fire will soon be returned, and it will be good-by to half our regiment. I shall be one of the first to fall. If I was one of the rear-rank privates, I'd give all the money I hope ever to have."

As three—five—ten minutes pass away and the fire is not returned, the coward begins to

pluck up heart He blusters at the men, tries to joke with the officers on his right, and says to himself: "This may turn out all right after all. We are in no danger thus far, and if the enemy retreats we shall share the credit. I must try and make everybody believe that I am disappointed because we have not been ordered to advance."

Boom — shriek — crash! Now the enemy open fire in reply. They have six guns to answer three. In two minutes they have the range and a shell kills or wounds five or six men. The coward's cheeks grow pale. He whispers: "Great heavens! we shall all be slaughtered! Why doesn't the colonel order us to retire? Why are men kept here to be shot down in this way? What a fool I was not to go on the sick list last night! If it wasn't that so many are looking at me, I'd lie down to escape the fire!"

Another shell—a third—fourth—fifth, and thirty or forty men have been killed. Men won't stand that long. They must either retreat or advance.

"We shall advance," whispers the coward. The order will come to dash forward and take those guns. Shot and shell and grape will leave none of us alive. What folly to advance! I hope I may be slightly wounded, so I shall have an excuse for seeking cover in some of these ditches."

An aid rides up to the Colonel and gives an order. The Colonel rides to the head of his line and orders the lines dressed for an advance. The men dress under a hot fire, and the coward groans aloud: "It is awful to to die this way! How idiotic in me to accept a commission—to enter the service—to put myself in front of certain death! Oh, dear! If I could only get some excuse for lagging behind!"

The lines dash forward into the smoke—the enemy's fire grows more rapid—the dead and wounded strew the ground. Where and what of the coward? Three days later, the colonel's report will read:

"I desire to make special mention of Lieutenant——. As the regiment advanced, the Captain and First Lieutenant of Company F. were killed by the same shell, leaving the second lieutenant of Company F. in command. He was equal to the emergency. Springing to the head of the company, he encouraged the men, led them straight at the guns, two pieces of which were captured by the Company."

A month later the coward was a captain.

THE TWO BROTHERS.

In Palestine, long years ago,—
So runs the legend old,—
Where Kedron's sparkling waters flow
Across their sands of gold,
And Mount Moriah lifts his head
Above the sunny plain,
Two brothers owned—as one—'tis said,
A field of golden grain.
And when the Autumn days had come,
And all the shocks and sheaves
Stood waiting for the harvest home,
Among the withering leaves,
The elder brother said one night,
"I'm stronger far than Saul,
My younger brother, 'tis but right
That I should give him all
These sheaves that grew upon the plain
We own together, so
I'll put with his my stacks of grain,
And he will never know."
Scarce had he left the sheaves of wheat
When quietly there came
Across the field with stealthy feet,
And errand just the same,
The younger lad who said, "I see
My brother Simon's need
Is greater far than mine, for he
Hath wife and child to feed;
And so, to him I'll give my sheaves,
It is but right, I know,
And he will never think who leaves
These wheat stacks on his row."
Next morning when the brothers twain
Began to count their store,
Behold! each found his stacks of grain
To number as before!
"Why! how is this?" in great surprise
Each to himself then said,—
"I'll watch to-night and see who tries
These tricks when I'm abed!"
And so, half way across the plain
They met—each one bent o'er
With shocks and sheaves of golden grain
To swell his brother's store!
Good Saul and Simon!—Would to-day
More brothers might be found
Who seek each other's good alway
And in kind deeds abound.

A FOWL SLANDER.

BY EUGENE J. HALL.

ONCE on a time, in Goshen town,
A doctor, long and lathy,
Cum with intent to settle down
An' practice allopathy.
He spread his shingle in the breeze,
Prepared his pills and 'intment,
And yet, like many other men,
Was doomed to disapp'intment.
Though full of *patience* in the hope
Of finally succeedin';
No mortal *patients* could he find
For physickin' or bleedin'.
One night, while waitin' for a call,
He heard a sudden clatter,
An' hurried quickly teu the hall,
To ascertain the matter.
"A case o' life and death," he thought,
"I must not make a blunder,"—
He opened wide the entry door
An' started back in wonder.
Some village "buck" had caught a duck
An' tied it teu the handle;
The door flew back, the duck cried *quack*,
The wind blew out the candle.

* * * * *

No more the doctor's swayin' sign
Swings in the land o' Goshen;
The duck is dead, its slayer is fled
From such a *fowl* commotion.

ONE MORE.

BY THERON BROWN.

WHEN man and time itself were peers,
In the far days before the flood,
And living souls had flesh and blood,
Five hundred or a thousand years,
Till birthdays grew a misty guess,
What signified one more or less?

Ah me! no thought may now contemn
The unit of the lives of men,
Whose dwindled years are one to ten
Of Adam and Methusalem,
And one hath all the cares that grew
In twenty when the world was new.

A year! 'tis nature's morn and night,
The lifetime of a plant with dower
Of seed and sprout and leaf and flower;
And yet before its snows are white
We claim the next, and plan to run
Another journey 'round the sun.

Our course of being hath no goal—
Alone in passing youth or age
The onward step, the further stage,
Is counted by the insatiate soul,
That haunts the Future's open door
And cries for one to-morrow more.

And though the new to-morrow's beam
On thankless slight and willful waste
And greed of mortals crazed with haste
Who strive and scheme and wish and dream
Still, added to life's growing sum,
In mercy one by one they come.

One more reprieve from sorrow's stress,
One more delay for duty's stent
One more probation to repent
One more condition of success
We ever crave. The boon is lent,
We take—but we are not content.

Do New Years rise and set in vain
Because uneasy spirits fret?
Not so; the world hath wisdom yet,
And punctual sense of present gain,
And faith, whose patience waits so long
Its yearning doeth time no wrong.

And Heaven, that chides the rash and blind,
Relents when love of life entreats,
And still with granted seasons meets
The common prayer of all mankind,
And gives eternity—whose store
Of years forever yields one more.

HIS FLYING-MACHINE.

AN enterprising saloon-keeper on Grand River avenue is always on the lookout for any novelty that may draw customers, and perhaps this fact may have been known to a bland-faced old man who entered the place the other day and confidentially began:

"If I could draw a crowd of one hundred men to your place here, what sum would you be willing to give me?"

"What do you mean?" asked the saloonist.

"If it was known that I had in my possession

a flying-machine and that it would fly from your door here on a certain day and hour wouldn't the novelty be sure to collect a thirsty crowd."

"Yes, I think so. If you have a flying-machine and want to show it off here to-morrow night, I'll give you a dollor and if the machine is a success, perhaps I'll buy it."

"Well, sir," continued the old man in a whisper, "I've got the boss! She flies from the word go! All I've got to do is to toss her into the air, and away she sails. It's right down fine —no chance for a failure. I'll be on hand at seven o'clock to-morrow night."

The matter became noised about, and the next evening a crowd had collected around the saloon to witness the experiment. The old man arrived on time having some sort of a bundle under his arm. He collected his dollar and several treats from the crowd. When everything was finally ready, he went out into the street a short distance from the eager spectators, and said:

"Gentlemen, I warrant this thing to fly. I did not invent it myself, but I am now acting as State agent to dispose of county rights. Hundreds of men have spent years of anxious thought and thousands of dollars in seeking to invent flying-machines, but this one leads them all. Please stand back and give her a chance to rise. One—two—three—all ready! There she goes."

The crowd fell back, and the man let fall the cover enclosing this wonderful invention and gave it a toss into the air. A dismal squawk was heard, an old speckled hen sailed this way and that, bumped against a telegraph post and finally settled down on the roof of a low shed, cackling in an indignant manner at being turned loose in a strange neighborhood.

The old man took advantage of their bewilderment to make good his escape.

ABILITY.

WEBSTER tells us that ability implies not only native vigor of mind, but that ease and promptitude of execution which arise from superior mental training. This would seem to indicate that the learned lexicographer believed that ability is an exceedingly rare quality; and, in its highest sense, this is true.

But there is a business ability that is possible without the unusual advantage of superior mental training,—an ability that is recognized, admired and emulated by all. It is a natural capacity and shrewdness, combined with business experience and energy—an adaptability to circumstances, a readiness and boldness in emergency, all regulated by a proper degree of caution. Still, men of this stamp are too rare for the needs of our natural growth.

While we, unquestionably, have much ability among us, yet, for the work before us, for the places to be filled—we speak always in a commercial sense—it is a matter of great difficulty to find capable men.

Good material for lawyers, doctors, judges, editors, ministers, farmers, and mechanics abounds among us; but men to whom we can commit a large sum of money with perfect confidence in their ability to invest it in some undertaking that is likely to pay, and manage that undertaking with prudence, sagacity, and honesty, are extremely scarce.

There is, however, and we presume always will be one great difficulty in this matter of ability. There are too many people out of place. If it were possible to reconstruct the various communities of the world with due regard for the fitness of things, thereby placing each person in his true position, socially and commercially, we would be surprised at the amount of mediocrity that would develop into ability; but such a state of things would render impossible the oft-quoted reproach, "The world knows nothing of its greatest men."

The boy, just from school, is generally pushed into the first opening—(we admit this is usually a necessity) and by hard work and prudence saves a little money. He has no special ability, or apparent adaptability for the business, but in course of time, he branches out on his own account. He takes no thought of local trade necessities; forgets, if he ever knew it, that success is extremely difficult to win; but he starts in business because others have done so, because it is the way of the world, because he is expected to do so; his venture terminates in helping to keep good the average of the ninety-odd per cent. of failures, which block the progress of the business world. But ability, in its right place, properly applied to honest ends, is irresistible and will force its way in spite of obstacles to ultimate success.

Complete Program No. 9.

For School and Evening Entertainments.

:o:

MUSIC.

HER BRIGHT SMILE HAUNTS ME STILL.
(Instrumental.)

COLLOQUY.

FLORAL OFFERINGS.

FOR ONE LARGE GIRL AND THREE SMALLER ONES.

Characters.

Teacher, *Anna,*
Lillie, *Blanche.*

SCENE I. *A nicely furnished room. Teacher standing by a small table covered with moss, on which she is arranging shells and geological specimens.*

Teacher. Here I stand awaiting them—
Lonely, sad, and solitary,
Till the little maidens come
From the seaside and the prairie,
From the mountain, steep and high,
Where their little feet are straying,
Gathering blossoms they may spy
Out among the wood-nymphs playing.

(*Enter Anna with a basket of flowers.*)

O, my little seaside girl,
What is in your garden growing?

of the mules it kicked at him. And both of them kept braying and that dog never for a single instant stopped that hollow, consumptive bark of his.

Once he fell down, and the dog tore along over him and then came back at him as he got up and started the other way.

Mr. Dollinger stood on the fence and

Teacher. O, my little prairie girl,
What's in bloom among your grasses?

person and trying to bark louder than the mules were braying or Mrs. Dollinger was screaming.

Then the dog got hold of his coat-tail and Mr. Dollinger started across the lots for his fence again with the dog streaming out behind, three feet from the ground and barking out of both corners of his mouth. Just as he passed the wagon two tall, rawboned Missourians came

the trot

Teacher. O, my little mountain girl,
Have you anything to gather?

Tige!"

"Ye bet he has! Count the things an' see if the cussed hoss thief got anything while I pepper him!" and he jerked a double-barrelled shot-gun out of the front end of the wagon. "There, take that! and that! you ornery pup!" and he blazed away first with one barrel and

Anna. (*Presenting her flowers.*)
We have gathered them for you.
On the sea-shore these were growing.

Lillie. (*Presenting her flowers.*)
On the prairies mine were found.

Blanche. (*Presenting her flowers.*)
On the mountain mine were blowing.

Lillie, Blanche and Anna. (*In Concert.*)
Take them, keep them, pledges fond
Of our friendship and devotion,—

Blanche. Floral offerings from the mount,
Lillie. From the prairies—
Anna. and the ocean.

Teacher. O, my little maidens three,
I will place your pretty posies,
Ocean-nourished, cloud-bedewed,
Prairie grasses, mountain roses,
On a bed of shells and moss.
Come and bend your bright heads nearer,
Though your blossoms are so fair
You three human flowers are dearer.

MUSIC.

RUBY. (Vocal.)

I OPENED the leaves of a book last night,
The dust on it's covers lay dark and brown;
Recalling an hour from the vanished years.

Once more I was watching her deep-fringed eyes
I gathered the flower and I closed the leaves,
And folded my hands in silent prayer,
That the reaper, Death, as he seeks his sheaves
Might hasten the hour of our meeting there.

READINGS.

MR. DOLLINGER HAS FUN.

A PLAYFUL DOG WHOSE COUNTENANCE BELIED HIS CHARACTER.

MR. Dollinger, who lives on Twelfth street, is one of the kindest hearted men in Sioux Falls. Nothing touches him so quickly as the sufferings of a poor dumb beast.

A few days ago a couple of men who were traveling overland in a "prairie schooner," anchored their craft on some vacant lots back of Mr. Dollinger's barn. They had come from Missouri and were going up into the Mouse River country and stopped in the city for rest and relaxation. They picketed out their mules, and every day went down town where rest and relaxation retails at 15 cents a glass, two for a quarter.

Every time they went away they left a large, lean, meek and sorrowful-looking dog chained under the wagon. He was not one of those savage appearing dogs, with his forelegs far apart and nose in the air, but seemed mild and gentle and accustomed to better things. He had a tender gray eye, a weak and undecided lower jaw and a narrow chest that gave him the appearance of having the consumption. He had a procession of ribs on either side like a picket fence; he never barked or growled, and sometimes he would cough with a hollow, consumptive sound and hold a forepaw up in front of his mouth in a way which convinced Mr. Dollinger that he had been used to good society.

"I believe those fellows stole that dog somewhere," said Mr. Dollinger to Mrs. Dollinger. "He is some good old family dog that they have enticed away from home and are dragging around the country with them."

"That's just what I think," she replied. "I noticed the poor thing to-day under the wagon all alone. What a slender nose and high forehead it has."

"Yes, and such a kind eye. There is a great difference in dogs, but it all shows in their eyes. Anybody could see that this dog wouldn't harm a child just by his eye. I have thrown him some feed several times lately."

"But don't you think the poor thing ought to be untied so it can run around and get some exercise and play with the other dogs a little?"

"I never thought of that—I believe I'll go right out and let it loose and see it express its gratitude by playing around me."

So Mr. Dollinger went out to the wagon. The dog wagged his tail feebly and the lid of his left eye kept drooping down as if he had lost control over it.

"Poor doggie!" said Mr. Dollinger, as he slipped down [illegible] necessities; forgets, if he ever knew it, that success is extremely difficult to win; but he starts in business because others have done so, because it is the way of the world, because he is expected to do so; his venture terminates in helping to keep good the average of the ninety-odd per cent. of failures, which block the pro- was on the ground and picked it up with the intention of hanging it on a spoke of the wheel so it wouldn't get rusty. When he first started to raise up again he thought a Florida alligator

had crawled up without being seen and taken hold of the calf of his leg. He was confident that he could hear the bones cracking. Then he thought of the dog. He managed to look around with one eye and saw that it was the dog.

"The poor thing is trying to play with you," called Mrs. Dollinger from the back fence.

"Don't I know it!" replied Mr. Dollinger as he felt the blood begin to run into his shoe. He worked himself slowly around, and the dog's forelegs remained planted firmly but his head swung with Mr. Dollinger's leg, and his body raised up a little and swung around in the opposite direction with little jerks.

"Nice doggie! Nice doggie!" and he reached down his hand. "That's a nice doggie—let go, and we'll run and have some fun."

This idea seemed to please the dog, and he let go and they ran. Mr. Dollinger started for the fence, and the dog headed him off with two bounds and chased him back past the wagon, all the time barking with a voice which sounded as if it came out of a cave that ran back under the ground to the Nebraska state line.

"Great thunder!" yelled Mr. Dollinger, and dodged as the dog leaped up and tried to get him by the throat.

"Don't go near the wagon—he thinks you're trying to steal something!" screamed Mrs. Dollinger, as she climbed up on the fence.

Mr. Dollinger wasn't going near it—the dog headed him off again. Then Mr. Dollinger tore around in a circle and the dog leaped at him from all sides at once.

He bit him in twenty different places. Part of the time he was up on his back gnawing at the back of his neck and trying to climb up further by scratching with his hind feet and so get over at his throat.

And every time Mr. Dollinger went near one of the mules it kicked at him. And both of them kept braying and that dog never for a single instant stopped that hollow, consumptive bark of his.

Once he fell down, and the dog tore along over him and then came back at him as he got up and started the other way.

And Mrs. Dollinger stood on the fence and screamed for help. The neighbors came out around their back doors and smiled, and a man on a load of hay with a pitchfork in each hand stood and yelled: "Fight him! Why in blazes don't you turn around and fight him?"

"Look him in the eye! Look him steadily in the eye!" yelled a man who had beaten Mr. Dollinger in a lawsuit the day before.

And all the time the dog was right up next to Mr. Dollinger biting pieces out of his person and trying to bark louder than the mules were braying or Mrs. Dollinger was screaming.

Then the dog got hold of his coat-tail and Mr. Dollinger started across the lots for his fence again with the dog streaming out behind, three feet from the ground and barking out of both corners of his mouth. Just as he passed the wagon two tall, rawboned Missourians came up on the trot.

"I'll be doggoned, Bill, ef the durned sneak hain't been tryin' ter steal something! Sic him, Tige!"

"Ye bet he has! Count the things an' see if the cussed hoss thief got anything while I pepper him!" and he jerked a double-barrelled shot-gun out of the front end of the wagon. "There, take that! and that! you ornery pup!" and he blazed away first with one barrel and then with the other, but not till Mr. and Mrs. Dollinger had disappeared around their corner of the barn.

"When I go out to play with another blamed cur to make it home-like for him, you'll know it—where are them other clothes of mine?" said Mr. Dollinger when he got into the house. —*Dakota Bell.*

BOB'S MOTHER-IN-LAW.

SHE meeteth her son-in-law at the door when the new clock tolleth fourteen and he essayeth to let himself into the hall by unlocking the front gate with his watch-key. And for this ofttimes he feareth her.

She knoweth his ways, and his tricks are not new unto her. She is up to all his excuses, and when he sayeth he was detained down at the bank until the next morning;

Or, that the last car had gone, and he had to walk;

Or, that he was sitting up with a sick friend;

Or, that he was looking for his collar button;

Or, that he was drawn on the jury;

Or, that he had joined the astronomy class;

Or, that his books wouldn't balance;

Then doth she get on to him with both feet, for she sayeth within herself: "All these things hath his father-in-law said unto me for lo, these many years. Lo, this is also vanity and vexation of spirit."

And for this he feareth her yet more and more.

Why, what this country needs, to keep it from going to the bow-wows, is a few more mothers-in-law of the good old-fashioned school, to stand between young housekeepers and a greedy world. A home without a mother-in-law is a home without its guardian angel.

There never was but one home established without a mother-in-law. And that seems to have been a mistake. That mother-in-lawless home walked right into trouble, as the sparks fly upward. It went right out into the orchard, and ordered fruit for two, and got all the rest of us into more trouble than all the good mothers-in-law of to-day can ever get us out of. Away with all this outrageous abuse of the mother-in-law. Have you no sense of gratitude, young man? Do you love your wife? Oh, most devotedly. Well, then, where would you have got your wife, had it not been for your mother-in-law?

And another thing, young man. Some day, when you are saying smart things about your mother-in-law, sit down and fasten the tackle of your brilliant intellect upon the subject, and do not let go of it until you have calmly, honestly, impartially studied the question in all its bearings:

"My wife—how about her mother-in-law?"

A WORD FOR THE BOYS.

JUST one word of advice, my lively young friend,
(And one word, as you know, is not two).
Down a terrible path your footsteps now tend,
For whiskey will beat the best fellow, depend,
And the dream of to-day, life's to-morrow may end;
Believe me, 'tis fearfully true, my young friend,
Believe me, 'tis fearfully true.

I know how the tempter assails you, dear boy,
Alas, none knows better than I!
But the gold of the wine cup turns soon to alloy,
And woe follows quick in the footprints of joy,
For the pain of to-morrow will rack and annoy;
The tempter's best vow is a lie, my dear boy,
Believe me, each vow is a lie.

I know that the boys whom you meet, my dear lad,
Are hale, good companions each one,
With many an impulse that's not of the bad,
And they join in the mirth with an ecstacy mad,
But the bright sun of hope (O, 'tis terribly sad!)
Often sets ere the day is begun, my dear lad,
Often sets ere the day is begun.

I have known several "boys" in my time, dear young man,
And royal good fellows were they,
With brain which God meant in his infinite plan,
For the noblest of deeds; but they fell as they ran,
And the hopes which we cherished, no longer we can;
But fond hearts will mourn as they may, dear young man,
Fond hearts are breaking to-day.

Ah! then, for the sake of the mother, dear boy,
Who loves you as mothers will do,
Forswear, while you may, the wine cup's alloy;
Do naught that fond heart to disturb or annoy;
Encircle her face with the halo of joy,
And life will be fairer for you, my dear boy,
All life will be fairer for you.

MUSIC.

THE MUSIC-BOX. (Instrumental.)

THE COUNTRYMAN IN TOWN.

IT was a stalwart Jerseyman,
A "hayseed" and a "jake"
With garments all of homespun stuff
And truly rural make—
In fact, as countrified a chap
As you would care to meet,
Who came to town awhile ago
And walked up Baxter street.

The enterprising clothiers there
Right quickly struck his gait,
And knew that he was just the sort
For which they lie in wait.
A puller-in made fast to him
In front of Cohen's store,
And hustled him in lively style
Inside the open door.

The smiling Cohen said, "You vants
A bair of bants, I see;
I sells you now dis lofely bair
As sheap as sheap can be.
Fife tollar fur dem all-wool bants,
Der best you effer saw,
Yoost let me wrap dem up fur you."
The stranger answered, "naw!"

"You vants a goat? I shows you den
Dis fine Brince Alpert here,
Und sells it to you sheap like dirt,
Vay under gost, mine dear."
"I dunno," said the countryman;
"I kinder like your shop,
And mebbe we kin make a trade
If you would keer to swap."

"To schwop? Vot's dot?" "I want to change
This coat of mine off hand
Because—for reasons I have got—
Well, don't you understand?
And so, if your Prince Albert there
My form and style will suit,
I'm keen to swap, and I will give
A dollar, say, to boot."

They haggled then about the price;
The countryman was firm;
In vain did Cohen plead his cause
And twist and writhe and squirm.
The trade was made, the dollar paid,
The bargain well to bind,
The stranger took away the coat,
And left his own behind.

Ten minutes passed; the countryman
Came running in the store
And bumped against old Cohen as
He trod the greasy floor.
"I want that coat of mine!" he cried
With eager anxious air;
"There's something in it I forgot;
I left some papers there."

Old Cohen knew a thing or two,
And this was in his mind:
The man's a thief, and plunder's in
The coat he left behind.
"No, no, mine frient," he said aloud,
"Don't try to play dot game,
I bought dot goat yoost like it vas,
Mit all dings in der same."

"I'll buy it back!" the stranger cried,
"What is it worth to you?
One dollar? Two? Three dollars? Five?
Come now, that ought to do."
He took the coat, and handed out
A twenty-dollar bill,
And Cohen made the change and dropped
The greenback in the till.

"A fine trade, dot," old Cohen said;
"Dem goundrymens is geese."
Just then he picked that greenback up,
And wildly yelled, "Bolice!
Run Isaac! Ketch dot raschal man!
I'm schwindelt! Oh, I'm bit!
Dot dwendy-tollar bill I shanged
It vas von gounderfeit!"

The stranger, more than satisfied,
Had shaken well his feet,
And put a block or so between
Himself and Baxter street.
Though Isaac wildly ran about,
And loudly Cohen swore,
That truly rural countryman
They saw not any more.

CORMAC O'GRADY'S COURTSHIP

BY THOS. F. WILFORD.

Och! Cormac O'Grady, do cease your wild talkin',
Your likes at the blarney I niver did see;
Your tongue's a machine that is always a-goin'
And grindin' out nonsinse you're givin' to me;
Your brain is asthray, and faith it's no wondher,—
Now will you behave yoursel', Cormac, I say?
Take your arm from my waisht—no' do; do you hear me?
If you don't 'pon me word I'll be goin' away.

That's right now; be aisy,—hush! don't begin talkin'
But listen,—I think I should now say a word;
With your blather, and foolin' and nonsinse and capers,
I can't find the manes for to make meself heard.

Sit still now,—don't move,—if you do I'll be goin';
If you want to come 'round here come dacintly pray;
You ought to get some one to teach you good manners;
Faith whin you are married you'll not be so gay.

Aha! but it's thin you will sit in a corner
Wid niver a word comin' out of your mouth;
If your wife don't conthrol you I'm greatly mistakin,
And larrup, and bate you, and bang you about;
Ha! ha! What a figure you'll make—gracious goodness!
You mane man! how dar' you? how dar' you, I say?
To kiss me so bouldly—well, well! but that's, awful;—
How dar' you act in such a heathenish way?

Get up off your knees, you will soil your new throusers;
What! marry you? well but that bates all in all;
Don't you know you are axin an impidint questhion?
But I'll think, and I'll tell you the next time you call.
Why! where are you goin'? Now sure you're not angry,—
You know 'twas but jokin' the words that I said;
Here's me hand if you wish it, and Cormac, me darlin',
I'll be yours till the sod closes over me head.

Why, Cormac,——he's gone;--he has left me in anger,—
I've druv him away;—Oh, what shall I do!
But sure, he'll come back—Saints in heaven forgive me!
Oh yes, he'll come back, he's too honest and thrue:—
Who's that at the dure? 'Tis himself! O, me darlin',
Forgive me,—'twas wrong for to plague you, I know;
But I'll marry you now, and o'erjoyed and continted
I'll be as your spouse through life's journey to go.

BE KIND TO THY SERVANT.

BY MISS A. O. BRIGGS.

Be kind to thy servant,—permit her to share
In thy home and thy friendship a part.
'Twill lighten her burden of labor and care
To feel she's a place in thy heart.

For lonely and sad is the pathway, at best,
The daughters of Poverty tread—
Condemned by misfortune to toil without rest,
For a pittance of clothing and bread.

Her hands may be hard and her features uncouth,
Her manners uncultured may be;
But her heart may contain precious gems in the rough
To be fashioned and polished by thee.

Be not of the number delighting to roam,
In public their alms to bestow,
While the poor, lonely servant that's toiling at home,
Is a stranger to kindness below.

But, true to thy mission of womanly love,
Let all that benevolence share,
The servant at home and the stranger abroad,
As far as thy bounty can spare.

Scatter blessings around thee with liberal hand;—
The seeds of thy sowing shall bloom
Into unfading flowers in the morning lit land,
Beyond the dark night of the tomb.

MUSIC.

LONGING. (Instrumental.)

READINGS.

CARL DUNDER.

HE IS RAPIDLY LEARNING THE WAYS OF THE COUNTRY.

"VELL, sergeant," saluted Mr. Dunder in a lively way as he entered the Central station yesterday to pay his respects to Sergt. Bendal. "Oh, it's you?"

"Yes, she vhas me. I like to haf some talk mit you."

"Anything wrong?"

"No, sir. Everythings vhas all o. j., ash der Yankee says."

"O. k. you mean. Been away?"

"I vhas in Cleveland. Yes, sir, I go down to Cleveland und come back alone."

"And didn't get swindled? Well, I declare!"

"Sergeant, vhas I green as grass? Vhas I some idiots? Vhas I crazy? Vhas I der greenest Dutchmans in all Amerika?"

"I've sometimes thought so, Mr. Dunder."

"Vhell, maype I vhas green sometime ago, but dot vhas all gone. I haf to learn der country und der peoples, you know! Maype I vhas not some razors, but I know how to take care of myself shust like a Yankee—ha! ha! ha!"

"You feel pretty jolly."

"Vhell, dot's so! Maype I vhas sharper ash a Yankee. Hey?"

"Tell me all about it."

"Vhell, pefore I goes avhay eaferpody tells me to look oudt for some confidence man. I keep dot in mind. Vhen I vhas in Toledo a man comes by me und says: 'She vhas a werry hot day!' I shpot him for a confidence man so queek ash dot, und I tells him: 'If you doan' fly avhay I'll knock you oafer to last week!' He goes. He finds oudt dot I vhas no haystack."

"That was good."

"Vhen I goes by der train from Toledo a shentleman takes a seat beside me. He vhas an awful nice man, but he haf some bad luck. Somepody robs him of $300 in a sleeping car. Dot makes him dead broke, und maype he doan' get oudt of Cleveland. Vhell, dot vhas too badt, und pooty soon he says he shall pawn his diamond pin."

"The one you have on?"

"Dot vhas her. He buys her in California for $600, but if somepody lend him $30 he can hold it two weeks. If he doan' come mit der money dot pin vhas mine."

"I see. It's very old."

"Old? Vhas dot diamond old? It makes no deeference how old he vhas."

"Well?"

"Vhell, dot secures me, und I vhas all right. If I hold $600 he vhill come und pay me $30. It vhas singular dot he trust me so, but he says he can read my face like some books."

"So can I. Did you tell him you lived in Detroit?"

"I—I—maype I said Toledo," stammered Mr. Dunder.

"I presume so. You wanted that pin for $30?"

"Vhell, if he doan' come, of course. Pooty soon he goes oudt to speak mit der engineer aboudt running so fast, und some ouder man comes in. He vhas a shentlemans, too. He knows me right away. He says: 'Vhell! vhell! but how vhas you, Mr. Dunder, und did you see my fadder lately?' His fadder vhas Mr. Hurdlebacker, who owns der First National bank."

"Oh! he does! Go on."

"Vhell, his fadder sends him $2,000 by express, but he doan' get her. He owes a party on der train $40, und if I like to take a check for $50 and lend him $40 he was so mooch obliged dot he can't keep still."

"And you did?"

"Doan' I like to make ten dollar? Do you pelief dot nopody but a Yankee likes money? I makes ten dollar by dot check und more ash $500 on dot diamond. Greenhorns, eh? Hayseed, eh? Maype I can come in vhen she rains—ha! ha! ha!"

It took the sergeant a quarter of an hour to convince Mr. Dunder that he had "let go" again, and, when he fully realized it, he said:

"Sergeant, gaze by my eye! You vhas right. I vhas so green dot somepody shteals off my eye winkers. I doan' know so much as cabbages. In der morning"——

"What?"

"Please see dot der papers say dot I vhas an eminent citizen, a great patriot und a friend of humanity, und dot I died happy. Farewell, sergeant! I go hence!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

MY NEIGHBOR AND I.

I AM mad at the man on the southwest corner of the block, and he is mad at me, and its all on account of nothing at all. We bought a mantel and grate just alike and costing the same price. We had things just of the same pattern, laid down by the same man. For five

years we were like brothers. If I had a sick horse, I consulted him. We went over to his house to play old sledge, and his family came over to my house to play croquet. I'd have turned out of bed at midnight of the darkest night you ever saw and walked twenty miles through mud thirty feet deep, to bring a doctor in case of sickness, and I'm certain he'd have done fully as much for me.

In an unfortunate hour my brother-in-law from Chicago paid me a visit. He said the mantle was very handsome and the grate a perfect beauty, and added:

"But you want a brass fender?"

"No!"

"Certainly you do. It will be an immense improvement."

A day or two after he returned home he sent me a brass fender from Chicago. He not only sent it as a present, but paid the express charges. Some one told the man on the south west corner that I had a brass fender.

"It can't be!"

"But he has."

"I'll never believe it!"

"But I've seen it!"

"Then he is a scoundrel of the deepest dye! Some folks would mortgage their souls for the sake of showing off a little!"

When this remark was brought to me I turned red, clear back to the collar-button. I called the southwest corner man a liar and a horse thief. I said that his grandfather was hung for murder, and that his oldest brother was in state prison. I advised him to sell out and go to the Cannibal Islands, and I offered to buy his house and turn it into a soap factory.

The usual results followed. He killed my cat and I shot his dog. He complained of my alley, and I made him put down a new sidewalk.

He called my horse an old plug, and I lied about his cow and prevented a sale. He got my church pew away by paying a higher price, and I destroyed his credit at the grocery. He is now maneuvering to have the city compel me to move my barn back nine feet, and I have all the arrangements made to buy the house next to him and rent it to an undertaker as a coffin ware-room.—*M. Quad in Trade's Traveller's Magazine.*

AN AFFECTING SCENE.

From John B. Gough's new book, "Platform Echoes."

THESE children are very impressible. A friend of mine, seeking for objects of charity, reached the upper room of a tenement house. It was vacant. He saw a ladder pushed through a hole in the ceiling. Thinking that perhaps some poor creature had crept up there, he climbed the ladder, drew himself through the hole, and found himself under the rafters. There was no light but that which came through a bull's eye in the place of a tile. Soon he saw a heap of chips and shavings, and on them lay a boy about ten years old.

"Boy, what are you doing here?"

"Hush, don't tell anybody, please, sir."

"What are you doing here?"

"Hush, please don't tell anybody, sir; I'm a-hiding."

"What are you hiding for?"

"Don't tell anybody, please, sir."

"Where's your mother?"

"Please, sir, mother's dead."

"Where's your father?"

"Hush, don't tell him. But look here." He turned himself on his face, and through the rags of his jacket and shirt my friend saw that the boy's flesh was terribly bruised, and his skin was broken.

"Why, my boy, who beat you like that?"

"Father did, sir."

"What did he beat you for?"

"Father got drunk, sir, and beat me 'cos I wouldn't steal."

"Did you ever steal?"

"Yes, sir; I was a street-thief once."

"And why won't you steal any more?"

"Please, sir, I went to the mission school, and they told me there of God and of heaven and of Jesus, and they taught me, 'Thou shalt not steal,' and I'll never steal again, if my father kills me for it. But please don't tell him."

"My boy, you mustn't stay here. You'll die. Now you wait patiently here for a little time. I'm going away to see a lady. We will get a better place for you than this."

"Thank you, sir; but please, sir, would you like to hear me sing my little hymn?"

Bruised, battered, forlorn, friendless, mother-

less, hiding from an infuriated father, he had a little hymn to sing.

"Yes, I will hear you sing your little hymn."

He raised himself on his elbow and then sang:—

"Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child,
Pity my simplicity,
Suffer me to come to thee.

"Fain would I to thee be brought
Gracious Lord, forbid it not:
In the kingdom of thy grace,
Give a little child a place."

"That's the little hymn, sir. Good-bye."

The gentleman hurried away for restoratives and help, came back again in less than two hours, and climbed the ladder. There were the chips, there were the shavings, and there was the little motherless boy with one hand by his side and the other tucked in his bosom—*dead*. Oh, I thank God that he who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me," did not say "respectable children," or "well-educated children." No, he sends his angels into the homes of poverty and sin and crime, where you do not like to go, and brings out his redeemed ones, and they are as stars in the crown of rejoicing to those who have been instrumental in enlightening their darkness.

MUSIC.

"DO THEY MISS ME AT HOME?"

I.

Do they miss me at home? Do they miss me?
'Twould be an assurance most dear
To know at this moment some loved one
Were saying "I wish he were here,"
To feel that the group at the fireside
Were thinking of me as I roam;
Oh, yes 'twould be joy beyond measure
To know that they missed me at home.

II.

When the twilight approaches, the season
That ever is sacred to song
Does someone repeat my name over,
And sigh that I tarry so long;
And is there a chord in the music
That's missed when my voice is away,
And a chord in each heart that awaketh
Regret at my wearisome stay?

III.

Do they set me a chair near the table,
When evening's home pleasures are nigh?
When the candles are lit in the parlor,
And the stars in the calm azure sky!
And when the "good-nights" are repeated,
And all lay them down to their sleep,
Do they think of the absent and waft me
A whispered "good-night" while they weep?

IV.

Do they miss me at home? Do they miss me,
At morning, at noon, or at night?
And lingers one gloomy shade round them,
That only my presence can light?
Are joys less invitingly welcome,
And pleasures less hale than before,
Because one is missed from the circle,
Because I am with them no more?

COLLOQUY.

A SLIGHT MISUNDERSTANDING.

BY MRS. G. S. HALL.

FOR A GENTLEMAN AND LADY.

A LOUD knocking is heard at the door. Deaf old lady, with her knitting, glances at the clock.

Old Lady. Peers to me that clock ticks louder'n common to-night. (*A Tramp opens the door and walks in.*)

Tramp. Good evening, kind lady.

Old Lady. How-de-du? What's wantin'?

Tramp. Please ma'am can you give me some bread?

Old Lady. Dead? Who's dead?

Tramp. (*To himself.*) A little hard of hearing I reckon! (*Aloud.*) Can you give me a piece of bread, please?

Old Lady. Leteesa Pease? Tom Peases oldest darter! That's sorrowful news, to be sure, and they took pains to send word tu me though I wan't much acquainted with 'em! When did she die? What was the matter on her?

Tramp. (*To himself.*) I've put my foot in it now! I'll bet she's as deaf as an adder. (*Speaks up louder.*) I asked for something to eat.

Old Lady. Her feet? Earsiplus? That's tu bad! Didn't take it in time, I 'spose. Wonder

if they tried cramberries?—they're powerful good for infermation!

Tramp. You don't understand.

Old L. Oh dear! her hands tu! Poor creature! It made an entire cripple on her—don't 'spose she could help herself one atom. Must a ben a great care tu her folks.

Tramp. I might as well talk to a grindstone, I suppose.

Old L. Her nose? Cancer? Oh! that's awful! They say misfortens never come single. Earsiplus and cancer, tu, was enough to break anybody's constitution. Must a suffered everything! Her folks can't wish her back, but it must be a terrible blow to 'em (*Wipes her eyes.*) Excuse me sir, I allus was so sympathetic!

Tramp. Have you got any cake?

Old L. She'd shake! Reg'lar ager chills! I guess anybody'd shake ef they had tu bear the pain she did. Quinine is good for chills; but I don't 'spose there was no help for the poor child!

Tramp. (*Yelling.*) Old Flint Ears, I would like some *pie—a piece of*—PIE.

Old L. Yis that's true, we've all got tu die, but don't get so narvus and go inter spasums about it, 'twon't du no good. We mought as well be resignated.

Tramp. Can't you give me some money? *money*? MONEY?

Old L. Honey? No, we don't keep no bees. I don't keer for honey; besides, bee stings is awful pizen tu me. I had one sting me on the nose onse and it made a lump as big as a butnut and shet both eyes.

Tramp. And ears, too, I reckon! I'll try something else. (*Takes a paper from his pocket and hands it to her.*)

Old L. (*In disgust.*) I don't want any of your old, greasy papers. I know what you be now. You're one of these ere tramps, 'round beggin' your livin' out'en honest folks—ben burnt out, shipwrecked, and blowed to pieces in a powder mill, hain't ye? Mebbe you're hungry—I allus make it a pint to give stragglers suthin 't'eat, 'cause I never could stand by and see a feller critter a starvin' tu deth afore my face and eyes and not give them nothin' tu squench their hunger. (*Gives him slice of bread.*) There, I guess that'll du without any honey. And now I'd like to give you a leetle piece of advice. I think you'd better go tu work and arn an honest livin' instid of walkin' intu folkses houses, tellin' yarns; and mebbe there ain't a word of truth in anything you've said.

Tramp. I'd like to give *you* a little advice. I think you'd better put a pistol to your ears and blow a hole through your head so you can hear something, and I'd like to furnish one to do it.

Old L. You need'nt mutter to yourself. Clear out or I'll set the dog on ye. Here, Tige here Tige! (*Exit Tramp.*) I guess I'll fasten the back door afore anybody else cums in without even duin' as much as tu knock. (*Exit Old Lady.*)

MUSIC.

BEAUTIFUL BLUE DANUBE WALTZ.

OVERWORK.

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Up with the birds in the early morning—
The dewdrop glows like a precious gem;
Beautiful tints in the skies are dawning
But she's never a moment to look at them.
The men are wanting their breakfast early,
She must not linger she must not wait,
For words that are sharp and looks that are surly
Are what men give when the meals are late.

Oh, glorious colors the clouds are turning,
If she would but look over hills and trees;
But here are the dishes and here is the churning—
Those things must always yield to these.
The world is filled with the wine of beauty,
If she could but pause and drink it in;
But pleasure, she says, must wait for duty—
Neglected work is committed sin.

The day grows hot and her hands grow weary;
Oh for an hour to cool her head,
Out with the birds and winds so cheery!
But she must get dinner and bake her bread.
The busy men in the hay field working,
If they saw her sitting with idle hand
Would think her lazy and call it shirking
And she never could make them understand.

They do not know that the heart within her
Hungers for beauty and things sublime,
They only know that they want their dinner,
Plenty of it, and just on time.
And after the sweeping and churning and baking
And dinner dishes are all put by,
She sits and sews, though her head is aching,
Till time for supper and chores draws nigh.

Her boys at school must look like others,
She says, as she patches their frocks and hose,
For the world is quick to censure mothers
For the least neglect to their children's clothes.
Her husband comes from the field of labor,
He gives no praise to his weary wife,
She's done no more than has her neighbor—
'Tis the lot of all the country life.

But after the strife and weary tussle,
When life is done, and she lies at rest,
The nation's brain and heart and muscle—
Her sons and daughters—shall call her blest.
And I think the sweetest joy of heaven,
The rarest bliss of eternal life,
And the fairest crown of all will be given
Unto the wayworn farmer's wife.

A MODEL WOMAN.

I KNOW a woman wondrous fair—
A model woman she—
Who never runs her neighbors down
When she goes out to tea.
She never gossips after church
Of dresses or of hats;
She never meets the sewing school
And joins them in their spats.
She never beats a salesman down
Nor asks for pretty plaques;
She never asks the thousand things
Which do his patience tax.
She never makes a silly speech,
Nor flatters to deceive;
She utters no sarcastic words,
Nor false, to make believe,—
These statements may seem very strange—
At least they may to some—
But just remember this, my friends,
The woman's deaf and dumb.

SOME OTHER DAY.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

OF all the words that grown folks say
The saddest are these: "Some other day."
So easily, carelessly, often said,
But to childish ears they are words of dread,
To hope a knell, and to wish a doom,
A frost on expectancy's tender bloom;
For even the baby who scarce can crawl
Knows a promise like that is no promise at all,
And that out of sight and of mind alway
Is that mocking mirage, "Some other day."

The years flit by, and wishes fade,
The youth in the grave of age is laid,
And the child who bent his youthful will
Is a child no more, but is waiting still
For the pleasure deferred, the left-out game,
Though it come at last, is never the same;
The bubble has dried on the mantling cup,
The draught is dull as we drink it up;
And old hopes laugh at us as we say:
"At last it has come, that 'other day.'"
Ah! little hearts which beat and fret,
Against the bounds by patience set,
Yours is but universal fate;
And the old and the young all have to wait.
You will learn, like us, to be stout in pain.
And not to cry when your hopes prove vain,
And the strength that grows from a thwarted will,
And that service is done by standing still,
And to bravely look up to Heaven and say:
"I shall find it all there 'Some other day.'"

MUSIC.

"ROCKED IN THE CRADLE OF THE DEEP."

ROCKED in the cradle of the deep
I lay me down in peace to sleep;
Secure I rest upon the wave,
For thou, O Lord, hast power to save.
I know thou wilt not slight my call,
For thou dost mark the sparrow's fall!
And calm and peaceful is my sleep,
Rocked in the cradle of the deep,
And calm and peaceful is my sleep,
Rocked in the cradle of the deep.

And such the trust that still is mine,
Tho' stormy winds sweep o'er the brine,
Or tho' the tempests fiery breath
Roused me from sleep to wreck and death,
In ocean cave still safe with Thee,
The germ of immortality!

GEOLOGY AND 'TATERS.

"I DIDN'T use to believe nothin' in eddecashun," he said, as he heaved a sigh like the groan of a sick horse. "My boy Dan'l he got holt of books an' things and branched out as a geologist. He got so he could talk of stratas and formashuns, and belts and dips and indicashuns, and one day he sez to me, sez he,

'Dad, there's a coal mine on our land.'

'How d'ye know?' sez I.

'I've prospected and found indicashuns. That hull hill is chuck full o' coal,' sez he.

'Und that hull 'tater patch is chuck full o' weeds,' sez I. You see I sold short on geology and went long on 'taters, and I missed it. One day a feller cum along with a squint in his eye und offered me $800 fur my land, and away she went."

"And——?"

"Waal, they've took half a millyon dollurs wuth of coal out o' that hill and hain't reached the middle yet."

"And——?"

"Dan'l said I was a blamed fule for sellin' of it, and I gess Dan'l waz about right."

"And now?——"

"Waal, I'm a-drivin' a mule team for a livin'; and all the indicashuns Dan'l kin find is that I orter be sent to a lunatic asylum."

"And you think Daniel is about right there, don't you?"

"Waal, Boss, I guess that's jest about the size of it. Dan'l's got a good eddecashun and he orter know."

A DEPOT SCENE.

IT is worth a good sum of any man's money to be on the Virginia City evening train just before it leaves the depot. You are always certain to see three or four families leaving the city for a day or so, and all their friends and relatives are on hand to say good-by.

In the first place, the family just on the eve of leaving is surrounded by a group of acquaintances who want to shake hands and help get the baggage on the cars. Then there is a great scramble and jostle and kissing as the engine blows off steam, and when they find it is a false alarm, they talk a few minutes and then another kissing carnival begins.

Occasionally an outsider, perhaps a Comstock reporter or a San Francisco drummer, seeing how promiscuous things are getting to be, rings in and kisses a pretty girl, and she, thinking that it must be some old friend whose face has temporarily escaped her memory takes it in good part, and smiles on him sweetly.

After four or five false alarms, the family gets on board the rear car, and then for ten minutes there is a crowd jammed in the aisle like a pack of terriers in a ratpit, and the ceremony of saying "Good-by" begins again. First they kiss the old lady, and then they shake hands with the old man and kiss him a few times, but don't overdo it.

Then they all stand around and begin to cry as they wait for the train to move. When a brake slips they fall to work to kiss for the last time, but the train doesn't start and they begin to talk.

"Now, Flora, don't forget to write."

"Say, Johnney, what did you say your address is?"

"Oh, my, I forgot to bring down that little hood for the baby. I'll send it by express."

"Land sakes, but you forgot those ginger snaps for ma!"

"Oh, gracious, where in the world are those keys?"

"Have you got that lunch-basket all right?"

"With the pickled peaches?"

"And the preserves?"

"And the bottle of milk?"

"And the hard-boiled eggs?"

"And the grape jelly?"

Then the engine bumps the smoking-car up against the passenger coach and the fun begins.

"O, Auntie, must you go?" and they fall upon aunty with a shower of smacks.

"Now, be sure and write, (*smack*). Give my love to Jenny and Cousin Sara," (*smack*).

"Just let me have one more for luck," (*smack*).

"Oh, I forgot to kiss the baby; here,

quick,"——(*train jolts and she misses the smack*). Then the women folks make a rush for the door, and half a dozen men rush in to pay their parting compliments and drop off the rear of the train, all except the last, who makes a sudden spring for the platform, decides that it is not safe to jump, and saunters back to ride beside the pretty girl of the family as far as Gold Hill, while the others climb slowly up Union street, and are heard to say :

"Well, we're rid of that crowd at last," and the old dame in the lead says: "Thank God for that!"

BRACE UP.

"BRACE up!" We like that slang phrase. We like it because there is lots of soul in it. You never knew a mean, stingy, snivel-souled man to walk up to an afflicted neighbor, slap him on the shoulder and tell him to brace up. It is a big-hearted, open-handed, whole-souled fellow that comes along when you are cast down and squares off in front of you and tells you : "That won't do, old fellow, brace up!" It is he that tells you a good story and makes you laugh in spite of yourself. He lifts the curtain that darkens your soul and lets in the cheering sunlight. It is he that reminds you there never was a brilliant sunset without clouds. He may not tell you so in just such words, but he will make you "brace up" and see the silver lining for yourself.

Have you been engaged in risky speculation, and just when you expected to gather in your golden gains, stocks fell and you found yourself a bankrupt? Don't get discouraged, take to drink to drown your troubles, or commit any other rash act prompted by force of adverse circumstances; brace up! You have gained wisdom from experience, strength from the struggle, brace up and go ahead!

There is no tonic like this to restore the dormant energies, no course of gymastics equal to it for strengthening nerve and muscle;—don't drug the system with patent nostrums, don't fool away time with dumb-bells, brace up! brace up! and health, strength and enthusiasm will urge you on to still greater achievements and to ultimate success.

"Look up—not down! The mists that chill and blind thee
Strive with pale wings to take a sunward flight;
Upward the green boughs reach; the face of nature,
Watchful and glad, is lifted to the light.
The strength that saves never from the ground
But from the mountain-tops that shine around.

Look forward, and not back! Each lost endeavor
May be a step upon thy chosen path;
All that the past withheld, in larger measure,
Somewhere, in willing trust, the future hath—
Near and more near the ideal stoops to meet
The steadfast coming of unfaltering feet."

Brace up! Brace up!

MUSIC.

SMITH'S GRAND MARCH—INST.

COLLOQUY.

MRS. LESTER'S SOIREE.

ADAPTED BY MISS A. O. BRIGGS.

FOR TEN LADIES AND TEN GENTLEMEN.

Characters.

LADIES :—*Mrs. Lester, Mrs. Warren, Polly Carline Warren, Mrs. Cranston, Miss Reed, Mrs. Lovell, Mrs. Gregg, Jerushey, Biddy, Peggy.*

GENTLEMEN :—*Mr. Lester, Mr. Warren, Koshie Warren, Mr. Cranston, Mr. Singleton, Tom Black, Dr. Gray, Mr. Hazleton, Pete, Hannibal.*

Scene I.

PLANNING FOR THE PARTY.

Mrs. Lester. We are at last comfortably settled in our new house, our furniture is the richest and most elegant in town, and now, Henry, is just the time to give a party.

Mr. Lester. The weather is too unsettled, Anna dear, do not think of it.

Mrs. L. But indeed I shall, Henry. When so many have entertained us, the past season, how will it look not to return the compliment? They will expect it, you know.

Mr. L. I don't know any such thing, Anna.

Mrs. L. Well I do, if you don't. I'm dying, moreover, to let Mrs. Cranston, the envious creature, have a peep at our new china set, and the elegant chandeliers—She'll be sick for a fortnight afterwards, I know, but she deserves a come-down once in a while, the little upstart!

Mr. L. Well, really, Anna, I am disgusted with the whole business. Our friends all know they are welcome, at any time, without the fuss and formality of an evening party.

Mrs. L. Pshaw! Henry, don't be such an old fogy! People will think us odd and stingy. One might as well be out of the world as out of fashion.

Mr. L. Oh for a lodge in some vast wilderness where all the social follies that torment my life might never haunt me more!

Mrs. L. Your parody is more eloquent than reasonable, my dear. It is but an act of common courtesy; and although you may not particularly enjoy such fashionable festivities, you'll give your consent for this once to please me, I know you will.

Mr. L. I suppose I must say "Yes," to this as to every other foolish whim of yours. You are a perfect little household tyrant; and to keep peace in the family I must do your bidding—so go ahead, Mrs. Caudle.

Mrs. L. Now Henry, I would be ashamed! How can you compare me to that old vixen? No husband, I am sure, gets fewer curtain lectures than you do. But we'll let that drop and proceed to business. Now whom shall we invite to our party?

Mr. L. There are the Moreleys, very intelligent and neighborly people——

Mrs. L. The Moreleys! Why, Henry, how can you think of such a thing? They are good neighbors enough, for that matter, but Mr. Moreley is only a mechanic and barely makes a living for himself and family.

Mr. L. And what of that? They are people of good common sense and sterling integrity. It is not so much what a person *has* as what he *is;* and Mr. Moreley is one of Nature's noblemen.

Mrs. L. You are too democratic,—it will never do in the exclusive society in which we move.

Mr. L. Exclusive fiddlesticks!

Mrs. L We must take the world as it is, Henry, and not as our own peculiar taste might wish to make it—but let's hurry up and make out our list. There are Mr. and Mrs. Lovell from New York, Mr. Burlingham and daughter from Boston and the Hazletons from Philadelphia, I think it a good plan to cultivate the acquaintance of people from the larger cities. They will not fail to return the compliment and give us a party.

Mr. L. How absurd, Anna! Country villagers have foolish ideas on this subject.

Mrs. L. Well, no matter, we'll invite them just the same. There are Tom Black and his sisters, Mr. and Mrs. Cranston, the Reeds—one and all, Mr. and Mrs. Gregg and Dr. Gray and his two forlorn old girls—they'll be sure to be on hand punctual to a minute, before the lights are lit or the servants ready, and they'll wear their everlasting old silk gowns which seem to be an heirloom in the family; but the doctor is worth a million, at least, so it isn't best to be fastidious about the eccentricities of such people. The Hon. Fernando Singleton, from Washington, is Gen. Putnam's great grandmother's aunt's second cousin, and true nobility, we must count him.

Mr. L. And Mrs. Woodland and daughters, of course.

Mrs. L. Of course not. The girls are nothing but schoolmistresses and their mother is a milliner.

Mr. L. And what has made them such? Misfortune. Oh, when will the time come that true merit shall receive its just reward and the reign of money be less omnipotent?

Mrs. L. Pray don't preach. We can't reform society and even if we could, what would be the sense of introducing into the first circle people who are too poor to appear in it? Let them be where Providence has placed them. I've a notion, however, to call on the Warrens——they are so enormously rich and the daughter looks so Frenchified.

Mr. L. Ha! ha! The Warrens! They'll bear cultivating, that's certain. The old man is a regular old Deacon Homespun, the old woman a second Mrs. Partington, "Koshie" is as green as an unfledged gosling, and "Polly Carline," though a little more civilized, is far from being brilliant.

Mrs. L. But they are so very wealthy——

Mr. L. Certainly, my dear, fortune does

seem to favor some queer specimens. "Daddy struck ile" on his old stoney farm in Pennsylvania where he could raise nothing but catnip and Canada thistles. In less than no time it was gobbled up by speculators and he found himself a millionaire. He came to our village, built a large house and furnished it regardless of taste or expense, and so the rural rustics are admitted into our exclusive circle.

Mrs. L. So much the better. They'll do to laugh at. Tom Black and the girls will half kill themselves, I know.

Mr. L. A very laudable reason for inviting them!

Mrs. L. When we are with the Romans we must do as the Romans do.

Mr. L. There is decidedly too much of this ——too little individuality of character!

Mrs. L. Why, Henry, you are in great danger of becoming a crank. I believe you delight in being odd just to torment me.

Mr. L. Since the weight of the money bags seems the surest passport to popular favor, wouldn't it be a good plan to consult the assessors' roll before completing our list of invitations?

Mrs. L. You are so sarcastic! Just as though you don't know as well as I do who belong to our set and who do not. I've some calls to make and must leave you to prepare the invitations—but what shall we call our party? We must give it a French name, of course—ah! I have it now—a Soirée; accent over the first e. Yes, and put an R. S. V. P. in the lower left hand corner—that is so stylish! Au revoir. (*Leaves the room.*)

Mr. L. That's the French, I take it, for "good-bye." I wish she would be contented to talk plain English.

SCENE II. *The Warrens Receive the Invitation.*

Mr. Warren. (*Reading a newspaper, his daughter enters with a card.*) What's that you've got, Polly Carline? A bid to a getherin'?

Polly C. "A bid to a gathering!" Why, Pa, it's an invitation to Mrs. Lester's soirée. How very attentive! It was only yesterday she called on us for the first time!

Mr. W. The visit was bad enough, dear knows, and I'll not answer for the consequences of the invite. The old woman, I'll warrant, will run stark, starin', crazy, mad now. Mammy was allus an excellent critter for sarvice but dreadful easy upsot in the intellect, howsomever. But I shan't go to any of your sore-eyes or what you call um. My foot's too bad for one thing, and I don't wanter go for another; so I shall stay to hum. Wal, I must go out and see what Koshie is up to. Dear-a-me! how I do hate to be laid up so long with this ere lame foot! (*Leaves.*)

(*Enter Mrs. Warren with her mending basket.*)

Polly C. O, Ma, we have just received invitations to Mrs. Lester's soirée!

Mrs. Warren. La me! Polly Carline, du tell! What in the name of common sense is that? I never hurd of sich a thing afore.

Polly C. An evening party, Ma. The French name, soirée, is all the style in New York, and Mrs. Lester is very stylish, you know.

Mrs. W. Good thing you studied French, Polly Carline, I'll be blamed if I should have guessed the meanin' on't ef you hadn't a told me.

Polly C. O, Ma, Polly Carline is so old fashioned! Please call me Mary Carleen. We are some of the "upper ten" now, and must drop off our old fashioned ways. It won't be convenient for you and Koshie to attend, will it Ma? Pa says he isn't going.

Mrs. W. I don't keer ef he don't! He never wants to go nowheres. Du you think I'd be so cruel as to stay away and disappint Miss Lester? I shall go ef I've got a leg to go on.

Polly C. But we'll ride, of course.

Mrs. W. What! jest around the corner?

Polly C. Certainly. It is very vulgar to walk, and they never do it in the city.

Mrs. W. Oh dear! I'm sorry, for it's sich orful hard work to squeeze into that kivered carrege,—Daddy sez he'll git an ominus for me when he goes down to York again.

Polly C. An omnibus, Ma,—and oh, for pity sake, do not say "Daddy;" it is very bad taste and vulgar in the extreme.

Koshie. (*Enter whistling.*) By jingo, Marm, I'm goin' to ask Dad to let me take old Pacer and drive out to Tamarack Swamp this afternoon. I hain't had no gum that's wuth chawin' in a dog's age. Say, Polly Carline, don't you want to go along with me?

Polly C. I've no time to go for gum, Koshie,

I've an invitation to Mrs. Lester's soirée and shall have all I can do to get ready.

Koshie To go to a what, Polly Carline?

Polly C. A party, you goosey.

Koshie. Wal, why didn't you say so in the fust place, then, instid of jabberin' hog latin that nobody can't understand? Did I have an invite, too?

Polly C. Yes, our whole family are invited; but Pa isn't going and I wouldn't go if I were you. It is to be a very swell affair, and you haven't been out into society much yet, you know.

Mrs. W. Now, Polly Carline, I'd jest be ashamed of myself! You want Koshie to stay in the chimbley corner the whole durin time. How is he ever goin' out inter sarsiety, as you call it, ef he don't make a biginnin' some time?

Koshie. Polly thinks me a youngster, I 'spose, jest fit to tend garding, milk old Brindle, do chores 'round the house or run of arrents——Wait till you see the mustache I'm raisin'.

Polly C. I haven't a microscope, Koshie, and besides, you are so bashful you won't enjoy yourself. Wait till you've been away to school a term or two and get the rough edges worn off a little.

Koshie. Ha! ha! ha! Polly Carline, that beats the Dutch! I'm goin', so now, and you can't help yourself. I've jest as good a right there as you have. They'll have ice cream, plum cake and all the fixins'; and I'm bound to have my share.

Mrs. W. So you shall, Koshie, and that settles it.

Koshie. I'm goin' to rig up to kill—'nuff sprucer than that little spider-legged chap that waits on you, Polly. See ef I don't cut a dash! (*Goes out whistling.*)

Polly C. That's just the trouble, Ma, he'll be sure to do some outlandish thing.

Mrs. W. Land sakes, child, no he won't neither. He's too bashful to say much, and it will do him all sorts o' good to git out and see suthin' of the world. Bless my stars! he's goin' on nineteen!

Polly C. But what are you going to wear to the party—I would advise a rich black velvet—large bodies look so dignified in velvet.

Mrs. W. Wal, I'd like disputly to have one, but I'm afard there ain't none good enough in town, howsomever, let's go to the stores and see.

SCENE III:—*At Mr. Cranston's. Mr. Cranston reading a paper, Mrs. Cranston crocheting. Door bell rings. Enter colored boy with a basket on his arm, presents Mrs. Cranston a note and sets down the basket.*

Black Pete. Heah's a note, Missus, from Missus Lester. I'se gwine below heah on an errant—will call when I comes back. (*Leaves stage.*)

Mrs. Cranston. (*Opens the note and reads.*) Ha! ha! just as I expected, Charlie! Mrs. Lester wants to borrow my new glass bowls. No common glassware will do for her swell party, and so she specifies: "Your new cut glass bowls, please,"—There's assurance for you! I wonder if she supposes I bought those elegant bowls to lend on all occasions. I shall do no such thing—so there!

Mr. Cranston. Why, Nellie, don't be so unladylike as to refuse a neighbor, and especially when we are so highly honored as to be included among her guests.

Mrs. C. Honored! I don't consider it very much of a condescension on her part. I guess we are as good as they are, any day, and much better off in the world, if the truth were known, if we don't put on quite so many airs.

Mr. C. Mrs. Lester is somewhat airy, it is true, but we shouldn't notice such little faults. It is her nature—she can't help it.

Mrs. C. Well, she can have the old ones. Borrowers should not be choosers.

Mr. C. Your old ones are quite out of style, or at least, so you said when you ordered the new—We men don't keep much track of such things—I presume Mrs. Lester would be indignant, were you to send them.

Mrs. C. She might have spared a little from her other extravagancies and bought a set of cut glass, with extra bowls for extra occasions, instead of depending on her neighbors. So stylish and aristocratic with her nurse, her first girl and second girl and colored waiters!—I don't believe Mr. Lester can afford such extravagance.

Mr. C. It isn't Mr. Lester's idea, Nellie. Mrs. Lester is a very proud and selfwilled woman, and he is the most indulgent of husbands. I esteem him very highly. If he has

been so unfortunate as to choose unwisely in the matrimonial mart, that does not justify us in refusing to be neighborly—I should lend the bowls.

Mrs. C. Well I suppose I must, then, for Mr. Lester's sake and to keep peace in the neighborhood, but I don't at all fancy lending things to that haughty woman to make a show upon. (*Brings the bowls and packs them in the basket.*) There! if that darky don't break them before he gets home it will be a wonder!

Mr. C. I wouldn't borrow much trouble about them, my dear; Mr. Lester will probably stand between us and all damages.

Mrs. C. Undoubtedly; but these bowls came from New York and it would be impossible to find any more like them. They could not be replaced for twice the money. The pattern is so artistic! I could never get any others I should like so well.

Mr. C. You are making much ado about nothing, Nellie. They'll come home all right—Don't worry! Here comes the boy. (*Enter Pete.*)

Black P. Is dese yeah de articles, Missus?

Mrs. C. Yes, these are the bowls. Be careful, don't break them.

Pete. I'se suah footed, Missus, nebber stumble—No feah fo' me!

Mrs. C. Take them to Mrs. Lester with my compliments, and tell her I shall be most happy to lend her anything she may wish.

Pete. Yes, Missus, I'll tell huh. Good-day.

Mrs. C. Good-day. (*Exit Pete.*) Oh, dear! how many little deceptions one is obliged to practice to keep peace in the neighborhood!

SCENE IV. *Preparing for the party. Mrs. Lester arranging a vase of flowers. Enter Jerushey, the nurse girl, swinging her hat and singing.*

Jerushey. Baby has gone to By-lo-land,
By-lo-land, By-lo-land,
Baby has gone to By-lo-land,
To see the sights so grand.——

Mrs. Lester. Why, Jerushey, you back so soon! Where did you leave the baby?

Jerushey. On top of the veranda, Mam.

Mrs. L. On the roof of the veranda! (*With great surprise.*)

Jerushey. Yes'm. You told me to shake up the pillows and give them a good airing on the roof, and didn't you tell me to give the baby an airing too? So I shook her up and put her on the roof with the pillows, Mam.

Mrs. L. Are you a complete idiot? Come with me, this minute, or the baby will fall off the roof and break its neck—the poor little darling! When this affair is over I'll try and find another nurse girl—one that is half witted at least. (*They leave the room.*)

Biddy. (*Enters and throws herself into a chair to rest.*) Oh, dear! Oh, dear! I'm out me breath intirely! Bad luck to the ice cream! Me arrums bees most worked out of jint! The nasty stuff'll niver pay for the throuble, sure.

Mrs. L. (*Enters talking to herself not seeing Biddy.*) Such a fright! In another instant the little precious would have fallen off that roof. I boxed Jerushey's ears—couldn't help it—and shut her up in the nursery with the baby for the day. That's some satisfaction. Well, Biddy, is that ice cream frozen yet?

Biddy. Sure and it don't show no signs of freezing, Mum, its most come into butter.

Mrs. L. Did you do as I told you—put the freezer into a tub and pack ice and salt around it?

Biddy. Yes'm, I put the ice and salt around the sides uv it—but where's the use of all that thrubble? it gits mixed with the crame all the same, sure, I moight uv chucked it right in to wunst and done wid it.

Mrs. L. Why, you stupid dunce! Did you put the ice and salt into the freezer?

Biddy. To be shoore I did, and faith, where else should I put it? What's the use uv salt but to saizon things, and who iver heerd uv saltin' a wash-tub? Its a moighty quare way of doin' things.

Mrs. L. Don't let me hear any of your sauce, Miss Impudence. I thought you told me you knew how to make ice cream.

Biddy. And so I did, sure, but it seems we both have different ways of doing it.

Mrs. L. I should hope so. Go this instant and turn that stuff out and wash the freezer thoroughly. If Pete ever gets back I'll send him for some more cream. Dear-a-me! it will be impossible to have it frozen in time!

Pete. (*Enters with the basket.*) Heah's youah bowls, Missus. She sends her 'specks und says she's willin' to lend you suthin' moah ef yo' wants it.

Mrs. L. Yes, here are the bowls (*Looking at them.*) all safe and sound at last,—but why didn't you stay all day? It does seem to me you might step a little quicker when you know we have so much to do.

Pete. I had to carry dese yere bowls kinder stiddy like, you know, Missus; I come jis as quick as I could 'thout stumblin' an' fallin' down wid um.

Mrs. L. Biddy has put ice and salt into the cream and spoilt that whole freezer full. You'll have to go to Farmer Hastings for more, and be quick about it, do. I must go and see where Biddy has poured that delicious compound. (*Leaves the room.*)

Pete. (*Goes and uncovers the cake helping himself to a big slice*) Help yoosef, Mr. Huggins, thankee suh, guess I will, (*Eats some.*) Golly! dis yeuh's good, dat's a fact. Guess I'll lay in fo' a shah. (*Puts several pieces in his pocket.*) Hain't took no reglah meal to-day. Wondah 'f she 'specks me to break my neck running clean out inter de country fo' moah cream. Thinks my legs is run by steam, I reckon—only has to be wound up in de mawnin' and set a-goin'. I hain't had no peace sense dis yeah party was heerd on. Bobbin' 'roun fum mawnin' to night, day in an' day out— and to-night I'se got to put on my bess bib an' tuckah an' wait on de gintry.

Mrs. L. (*Enters.*) You here yet! I thought I told you to hurry off for the cream.

Pete. Yes, Missus, I'se gwine right away—only stopped to take bref.

Mrs. L. Well, well, for pity sake, don't stop any longer—you can take breath as you go along—I'm in such a hurry!

Pete. All right, missus, I'se off like a toad in a shouah! (*Leaves the room.*)

(*Enter Peggy followed by a colored man.*)

Peggy. Mrs. Lester, here's a gintleman what wants to see you. (*Colored gent scrapes his foot and makes a low bow.*)

Hannibal. How-de-do Missus?

Mrs. L. How do you do, sir? Are you the gentleman who is to assist in waiting this evening?

Hannibal. Mr. Petuh Huggings tole me to call an see you 'bout de mattah.

Mrs. L. Peter mentioned two waiters—one, a Mr. Dunkins, and the other—I have really forgotten the name.

Hannibal. Julius Cæsar Hannibal is my name, missus.

Mrs. L. Ah, yes, now I recollect. You are from New York, I believe.

Hannibal. Yes, I'se jest from de city.

Mrs. L. Are you an experienced waiter?

Hannibal. Laws Missus, I'se waited on all de hypocracy on Fifth Avenue.

Mrs. L. Really! You must understand your business then.

Hannibal. Truss me fo' dat!

Mrs. L. Well then, Mr. Hannibal, you may consider yourself engaged for the evening.

Hannibal. Thankee Missus. You may depend on me for shuah—good-day. (*Mrs. Lester bows and he leaves the room.*)

(*Enter Peggy with a cake burnt black.*)

Peggy. O, Mistress Lester, jest look o' here! Your nice froot cake is all burnt oop! I only set it in the oven to hate it oop a leetle before I put on the frostin' and Biddy made oop sich a hot fire while I was busy in the panthry its all burnt to a crisp—just look at it noo!

Mrs. L. What shall I do? You blundering blockhead! Why didn't you have your wits about you and take it out in time?

Peggy. It's all Biddy's fault to be sure—

Mrs. L. No, it isn't Biddy's fault either. Biddy hasn't been near the fire. She has been attending to quite another affair. It wasn't enough for her to spoil all that cream, sugar and flavoring extract; she must follow it up by another stupid blunder and pour it out at the back door where it has run the whole length of the path to the flower garden. I don't believe I could find another such a pig-headed set if I should look the world over. Go and throw it away and call Biddy to help you set the table. (*Goes and lifts up the cover over the cake on the table.*) Why, what has become of all this fancy cake? (*Enter Biddy.*) Do you know anything about it Biddy?

Biddy. Most loikly it's that thavish naiggar's done it. He's allus snorpin' inter things. I'd as soon trust a fox in a hen-roost as him when there's any cake around where he can git his dirty black paws on it.

Mrs. L. We shall have a pretty slim affair, I'm thinking; with the fruit cake burnt to a cinder, the ice cream half frozen, and the other cakes nearly eaten up.

Biddy. The dirty black naigger! He's jest

loik a tame crow—you can't kape noothin' where he is.

Mrs. L. My head aches as though it would burst, my nerves are completely unstrung. I must lie down a few minutes and rest. Tell Peggy to fix the cream when Pete gets back and let him freeze it. Oh dear! I feel more like having a good cry than anything else. (*Leaves the room—Pete enters.*)

Pete. (*Alone.*) Lucky fo' me, ole Hastins was jest comin' down to de creamery wid a whole lot o' fresh cream. Dis yeah darkey didn't hab to drag his weary bones clean out to de fahm an tote all de cream back. Bress my stahs de coast am cleah!—Dat cake's putty good, no mistake. Guess Mistuh Huggins 'll take some moah. (*Uncovers the cake—Biddy enters.*)

Biddy. There Mister Peter Huggins, I caught you this time! Shame on you! You jist go down cellar and freeze that ice cream; and don't you ate it all oop while you're freezin' it naither. Budge; I tell you, or I'll call Mistress Lester.

Pete. Ef you do, Miss Biddy McGluggerty, I'll tell huh 'twas yo' eat de shuggah cake—yo' tell-tale bog trotter yo'!

Biddy. Naigur! Naigur! Yoo coal black Naigur! Be off this minute or I'll throw the shovel at yoo.

Peter. Yah! Yah! Yah! Yoo nice one to make ice cream yo' is! Yah! Yah! Bettuh set up a cookin' school fo' green hawns—Yah! Yah! Yah!

Biddy. (*Seizes a broom.*) Be off, I say, or I'll give yoo a rap that 'll put moore sinse inter yoor thick skull then yez iver had afore. Peggy's got the crame ready be this time; and yoo go and freeze it or I'll call the mistress.

Pete. Do yo' take me fo' a lump o' ice? How can I freeze it? Guess I'll sweeten it wid salt like yo did. Yah! Yah! Yah!

Biddy. (*Rushes for him.*) Be off wid yez, I say! (*A heavy fall and crash of breakables is heard in an adjoining room.*) Oh, my! what's that?

Pete. Guess de house is commin' down fo' suah dis time! (*Enter Mrs. Lester looking frightened.*)

Mrs. L. Biddy, Pete, what is the matter? What was that noise? Dear me! I'm all of a tremble. (*Enter Peggy wringing her hands in agony.*) What is it Peggy? For pity sake, what is it?

Peggy. Oh! Oh! I'm so sorry! I'm so sorry! I didn't go to do it, sure. Oh me heart's broke intirely!——

Mrs. L. What have you done Peggy? What have you done?

Peggy. Indade, Mum, the side table's tipped over and all the dishes is broke in a hape on the flure. Bad luck to the nasty big lafe on it!

Mrs. L. How did it happen, Peggy—You are so heedless! I never saw such a blunderbuss as you are! How did you do it?

Peggy. I loaded too many dishes on the lafe of it, Mum, when I took them out of the china closet. Mrs. Cranston's glass bowls was on the table, too, and they are broke into the bargain. The plates wuz on the other table and the cups and saucers I hadn't took out yet and them's all there is left of the china set. (*Cries.*) Oh, ho! ho! I can never forgive meesel! Oh! ho! ho! ho! ho! what can I do!

Mrs. L. Do! I should think you had done enough! I have told you, time and again, not to pile dishes onto that leaf; now you see what has happened. Go into the dining-room and pick up the pieces! This caps the climax! (*Exit Peggy and Biddy.*) Pete, run over to the office and tell Mr. Lester I want to see him. (*Exit Pete.*) Did any one ever have so much trouble as I am having! (*Sinks into a chair and buries her face in her handkerchief. Enter Mr. Lester.*)

Mr. Lester. Why, Anna, dear, what's the matter? Are you sick? (*Goes to her and puts his hand on her shoulder.*)

Mrs. L. Yes, yes, Henry, I *am* sick. Has Pete *told you of the latest catastrophe?*

Mr. L. He said some dishes had been broken. But don't go wild over that. I believe in making the best of things.

Mrs. L. But we've no dishes to set the table and there's no time to send for more. What *can* we do?

Mr. Lester. We can simply pass the refreshments if there are enough dishes left for that, and let it be an informal affair. It might have been worse. I guess we shall all live through it, my dear.

Mrs. L. How coolly you take things, Henry! We shall be the laughing stock of the whole town!

Mr. L. Let them laugh, then, who cares? I wish you were a little more independent, Anna.

Mrs. L. Mrs. Cranston's bowls are in the general smash-up. She'll have a great time over them. When I had planned for the grandest party of the season, to be put to the blush in this manner—it is really too humiliating! (*Enter Biddy with some cards.*)

Biddy. There be ladies in the parlor that wish to see you.

Mrs. L. Oh horror! Those Philadelphians! And did you have the impudence to go to the door in that trim after I have so frequently forbid your answering the bell? I'll dismiss you to-morrow, you good-for-nothing. Go to your room, this moment, and put yourself into a more presentable garb for the occasion. Henry, you'll be obliged to entertain the ladies while I dress for the evening.

SCENE V. *The Party. Guests all seated. Koshie Warren sits beside Miss Reed.*

Mr. Lester. Well, Mr. Singleton, a sojourn in our quiet village must seem quite restful after an exciting term in Washington.

Mr. Singleton. Delightfully so, sir. I find it a charming retreat from the cares of office and the clash and clamor of political factions.

Miss Reed. You haven't lived here long enough, Mr. Warren, to have formed very many acquaintances.

Koshie W. No, I don't know many folks here yet, but I'm calkerlatin' to go 'round some afore long.

Miss Reed. You mustn't keep yourself so much in the background.

Koshie W. I du spend a good deal of time in the back grounds, that's a fact, tendin' garding and sich; but I've got a good stiddy hoss and a kivered kerridge—jest big enough for two—and I'm goin' out a-ridin' every once in a while—mebby I shall take a gal along sometimes, ef I can find anybody to ride with me.

Miss Reed. Indeed! It is really delightful to ride out into the country. I'm sure, Mr. Warren, you'll find plenty who will be only too glad to go.

Mrs. Warren. (*Draws her chair across the stage and seats herself by Mrs. Gregg.*) How du you du, Mrs. Gregg? It's a long while sense I've seen you—Where 've you kept yourself all this time?

Mrs. Gregg. I've been on a visit to my daughter at Jerico on Long Island.

Mrs. Warren. Jerico! Wy, bless me, I want to know if there raley be sich a place! I allus thought it fabblesome when I read it in my Bible—but it's live and larn now-a-days, that's a fact. Ain't this a charmin' beauty of a house though!—sich nice furniture and sich splendid salamanders!—they give a light that beats even day itself. Have you seen the grounds out in the back yard?

Mrs. Gregg. No, really, I haven't called on Mrs. Lester since my return.

Mrs. Warren. My Polly says there's the beautifulest turpentine walk that ever she seen, distendin' from the pentituch at the back door clean down to the stable and flowers of every perscription borderin' along it—the doublest roses and pinks an sich—and they've had the hill down to the garding degraded into heresies—jest for all the world like stairs sodded over! —Ef it warn't so dark I raley should like to take a retrospective view on it myself. But who's that comin' over this way?

Mrs. Gregg. A Mrs. Lovell, I think, from New York.

Mrs. Lovell. You will please excuse me, ladies, but I thought, as you are both women of a family, I would like to enquire of you at what age babies usually cut teeth. Mine is six months old and is given to thrusting its hands into its mouth and is, at times, quite worrisome.

Mrs. Warren. Wal, as tu that, I can't exactly say. Some cuts teeth younger and some older. Mebby it's teethin' and mebby it's only wind in the stummick. I should give it a good dose of perrygorrick and mebby it mought be best to send for Dr. Pillsberry and hev him scarify the gooms.

Mrs. Lovell. Children are a constant source of anxiety. I am worrying about baby a good share of my time.

Mrs. Warren. That's so, Miss Lovell, I b'leve that's your name. Miss Gregg tells me you're from York.

Mrs. Lovell. Yes, we reside there, but we came here on account of baby's health.

Mrs. Warren. Mebby you know the cemetery where my Polly Carline 'tended school—It ain't a gret ways from Centre Park, I guess, cause we rode up there in the street cars one day. Of all the beautifullest places I ever seen that

beats um all holler. Them roads is jest as smooth as a house floor and them mapolical gardings is as good as a circus anytime. I b'leve I should raley like to live there myself.

Mrs. Lovell. Did your daughter attend Madam La Rue's French Seminary?

Mrs. W. Yis, I b'leve that's the name. They had everything handy—didn't have any stairs like we do—they rode up and down on a ventilator.

Mrs. L. You mean an elevator, Mrs. Warren.

Mrs. W. Peers to me that *does* sound more like it. Tenneyrate it saves lot's o' steps. My land! Ain't there a crowd on Broadway? Anybody'd think meetin' was jest let out and all the folks was hurryin' home. It must take mighty keerful drivin' to keep all them teams from runnin' aginst each other! I don't like to git into sich a jam.

Mrs. L. Yes, it is quite unpleasant, and especially when one isn't accustomed to it. You will please excuse me, Mrs. Warren, I see a friend I wish to speak to. (*Crosses to the opposite side of the stage.*)

Mrs. Lester. Will you please favor us with some music, Miss Warren?

Miss Warren. I would rather be excused, Mrs. Lester, I have taken lessons only so short a time, I would much prefer to listen to some more experienced player.

Mrs. W. Polly, play my favorite tune, 'Long, long ago.' You can play that on the pianner I'm sartin. She used to play it on the 'cordian and sing it beautiful when we lived down in Pennsylvania.

Miss W. Really, Ma, I must be excused to-night.

Mrs. W. Land o' Massy! How bashful my children always is!

Mr. Lester. Diffidence of our own abilities is a mark of wisdom, Mrs. Warren. Your daughter will gain more confidence as she gets older Will Mrs——play for us? (*Names some good musician in the company who seats herself at the piano and plays a short piece, after which the waiter enters with refreshments*).

Dr. Gray. Really, Mrs. Lester, I think you've taken a departure in the right direction. It seems as nice and sociable here as a picnic.

Mr. Lester. Don't give the madam the credit for this, doctor It was my idea to discard all formality in these little social gatherings.

Mr. Singleton. You understand the true philosophy of social enjoyment, sir,—freedom from undue forms and ceremonies. Our parties in Washington are often too tedious for anything.

Mrs. Warren. You look clean beat out, Miss Lester, ain't you well, or be the rooms too warm?

Mrs. Lester. I've a slight headache this evening, but I guess it will be all right by to-morrow. Why didn't Mr. Warren come over?

Mrs. Warren. He ain't much of a hand to go nowheres. He's got a bad swellin' on one of his feet so he can't git on his boot—that's the reason I 'spose he didn't come to-night.

Mrs. Lester. Anything serious?

Mrs. Warren. No, I guess not. The doctor says he'll git along all right if multiplication don't set in.

Dr. Gray. Ah, yes, his foot is doing very nicely. It will be all right in a week or so.

Mrs. Warren. Beats all how he has picked up sense you commenced to doctor him. The potisary stuff didn't seem tu do him no sort of good whatever. I tell my old man I'd rather 'ploy you than any alapacca doctor I know on. Ef you can't cure a body 'tain't no use tryin' to git well, and sezee to me, sezee, 'You're right Mary Ann, that's the livin' truth.' (*Koshie Warren bites through a banana, skin and all, and makes a wry face expressive of supreme disgust.*)

Miss Reed. Aren't you fond of bananas, Mr. Warren?

Koshie Warren. What do you call um, Miss Reed?

Miss Reed. Bananas.

Koshie W. I never see one of these ere things afore. They taste, for all the world, like one of them antelope mush millions, picked afore it was ripe and kept till it was jest about rotten.

Miss Reed. Then you don't like them?

Koshie W. Land o' Goshen, no!—du you?

Miss Reed. Yes, I'm particularly fond of them.

Koshie W. Wal, then, you may have the rest of mine and welcome. I hain't took but one bite—and, sakes alive! that's enough for me.

Miss Reed. Thank you, but the one I have

is as much as I can eat this evening. You don't seem to know many of the young ladies in town.

Koshie W. No, they're so mighty queer—they laugh a feller right in the face when you go to speak to um. I guess most of um ain't over and above bright.

Miss Reed. You must n't judge us all alike.

Koshie W. No more I don't, Miss Reed. I'm powerful glad I met you. I guess I'll drive 'round some day and you and I'll go out ridin'.

Miss Reed. Oh, that will be so nice!

Mrs. Warren. This is beautiful cake, Miss Lester. It's raley a feast for an epicack. Have you got the reseet?

Mrs. Lester. My cook has, I'll have her write it off for you if you like.

Mrs. Warren. Thankee, I'd be much obleeged!

Mr. Hazleton. Do you return to Madam La Rue's Seminary, Miss Warren?

Polly C. Warren. Yes, I like it there very much and expect to attend another year.

Mrs. Warren. Polly Carline didn't hev much of a chance to git an eddication when we lived in Hardscrabble. There warn't nothin' but a deestrick school there, and that didn't run half the year. So we're bound to give her a good chance now.

Mr. Singleton. That school in New York is first class. I have a number of lady friends who have graduated there.

Miss Reed. I should judge from the color of your eyes, Mr. Warren, that you were fond of poetry.

Koshie W. Wal, I du like verses some.

Miss Reed. Have you any preferences?

Koshie W. Any what?

Miss Reed. Any poems you are particularly fond of?

Koshie W. There's some purty good ones sometimes in the Penneyville Post. Them signed M. E. R. I think is 'bout the best.

Miss Reed. Do you, really, Mr. Warren?

Koshie W. Them on spring and 'bout the man in the moon is fust rate.

Miss Reed. What should you say, Mr. Warren, if I should tell you I wrote them?

Koshie W. I'll be hanged—you don't say! Ef that ain't curus! I guess Polly Carline 'll be down in the mouth when she finds out I've been a-talkin' all the evenin' with a real live poetizer. (*Waiters remove the dishes.*)

Miss Reed. Since your taste so fully coincides with my own, pray tell me who is your favorite over the water?

Koshie W. What, over the lake or the mill-pond?

Miss Reed. Neither, Mr. Warren, but in Europe?

Koshie W. As to that, I can't exactly say, but there is some purty good ones in the English Reader, which ef you never read um would please you muchly, I'll be bound to say.

Miss Reed. (*Looks at her watch.*) Really! It is getting late. I am the only one of our family here to-night, and must hurry home or they'll begin to worry about me.

Koshie W. You ain't goin' home alone Miss Reed. It's as dark as a pocket out doors. I'll go and ask marm to wait here till I see you safe home.

Miss Reed. I'm sorry to trouble you, Mr. Warren.

Koshie W. Land o' Massy! 'tain't no trouble. I'd ruther go than not. (*Goes and speaks to his mother. They leave the room, followed by the other guests.*)

Mrs. Cranston. You are not very neighborly, Mrs. Warren, or you would have returned my call.

Mrs. Warren. My old man is so babyish sense he has been so under the weather that he can't bear me out of his sight; but if I ever git as near your pizaro, as Polly calls it, as I did 'tother day I shall call, you may depend on it.

Mrs. Cranston. I shall expect you. Good night.

Mrs. Warren. Good night. Bless my stars! I didn't know it was gittin' so late—Where's the evenin' gone to? Polly has gone a'ready with that little chap that come with her, and as soon as Koshie gits back, I must go, too. O, Miss Lester, who is that young woman that seems to take sich a shine to my Koshie?

Mrs. L. Miss Mary Emily Reed. Her people are quite wealthy and she is very literary.

Mrs. W. I don't exactly fancy the litter. I'd ruther my Koshie would marry a good housekeeper than a gal that makes too much of a litter. Whoever gits my Koshie will git a prize. There never was a better boy to his

mother than he is. But he's so bashful he dassent hardly say his soul's his own.

Koshie. (*Enters.*) You reddy, Marm?

Mrs. W. What! You back so soon? I guess you didn't go fur.

Koshie. No, another feller met her out to the gate with a kivered carridge and she went with him.

Mrs. W. We must be a goin', then, good night Mr. Lester, good night Miss Lester—You must both come over and make us a visit.

Mrs. L. Thank you. Come again. Good night. (*Exit Koshie and his mother. Mr. and Mrs. Lester alone.*)

Mr. L. Well, Anna, the last guest has gone and we have lived through the trying ordeal. Everybody seemed to be having a good time even to poor Koshie Warren, whom Miss Reed, the artful coquette, entertained so pleasantly.

Mrs. L. Yes, the affair is over, at last, and I for one, am heartily glad of it. I have been completely worn out with work and worry.

Mr. L. I could foresee what an extra tax it would be on your strength and nervous energies. There is but little satisfaction for all your anxiety.

Mrs. L. None at all. It has been a complete chapter of accidents from beginning to end. Tom Black and Miss Reed made fun of the half-frozen cream; and Mrs. Cranston cast some of her knowing winks to Mrs. Lovell,—I do believe Mrs. Warren, queer and old fashioned as she is, was the truest hearted woman in the whole crowd.

Mr. L. There is any amount of insincerity in general society, my dear.

Mrs. L. We can never compensate Mrs. Cranston for the loss of her bowls. I am so sorry I borrowed anything from such a disagreeable gossiping woman!

Mr. L. Don't worry yourself sick over that, Anna, I will buy Mrs. Cranston the nicest bowls I can find in New York, and if she isn't satisfied, let her grumble. I can replenish our china set while I am in the city and our household machinery will run as smoothly as ever.

Mrs. L. You are the kindest and best husband in the world, Henry, and if I had only listened to you I should have saved myself all this trouble. I am heartily sick of giving parties. I will henceforth be content to make our home life happy and entertain those only who are true, substantial friends. (*Curtain falls.*)

MUSIC.

THE TAR'S FAREWELL.

I.

WHEN forced to bid farewell to Loo,
Pull away, my boys, pull away,
I did not know what I should do,
Pull away, pull away,
I left her weeping on the quay,
She said she would be true to me,
As we sailed away to the Southern sea;
Pull away, my boys, pull away, pull away, pull away, pull away,
For the wind must blow, and the ship must go,
And loving souls must part;
But the ship will tack, and the Tar come back,
To the first love of his heart,
For the wind must blow, and the ship must go,
And loving souls must part,
But the ship will tack, and the Tar come back
To the first love of his heart,
To the first love of his heart.

II.

But then if false should prove my fair,
Pull away, my boys, pull away,
I'd burn this little lock of hair,
Pull away, pull away,
If she be false and I be free,
I'll sail again to the Southern Sea,
Where there are plenty as good as she,
Pull away, my boys, pull away, pull away, pull away, pull away,
For the wind etc.

GOOD-BY.

THERE'S a kind of chilly feeling in the blowing of the breeze,
There's a sense of sadness stealing through the tresses of the trees;
And it's not the sad September that's slowly drawing nigh
But just that I remember I have come to say, "Good-by!"

"Good-by," the wind is wailing; "Good-by," the trees complain
As they bend low down to whisper, with their green leaves white with rain;
"Good-by," the roses murmur, and the bending lilies sigh,
As if they all were sorry I have come to say "Good-by!"

I reckon all have said it, some time or other—soft
And easy like—with eyes cast down, that dared not look aloft
For the tears that trembled in them, for the lips that choked the sigh—
For the heart that sank in sorrow as it beat a sad "Good-by."

I didn't think 'twas hard to say, but standing here alone—
With the pleasant past behind me, and the future dim, unknown,
Spread out before us in the dark—I can't keep back the sigh—
And I'm weeping—Yes, I'm weeping, as I bid you all "Good-by."

When you chance to meet together in the time as yet to be
When you miss the absent faces! will you kindly think of me?
Let the past come up before you and with something like a sigh,
Just say; "We've not forgot him since the day he said 'Good-by!'"

AFTER TWENTY YEARS.

THE coffin was a plain one—a poor miserable pine coffin. One flower on the top; no lining of white satin for the pale brow; no smooth ribbons about the coarse shroud. The brown hair was laid decently back, but there was no primped cap with the tie beneath the chin. The sufferer of cruel poverty smiled in her sleep; she had found bread, rest and health.

"I want to see my mother," sobbed a poor little child, as the undertaker screwed down the top.

"You cannot; get out of my way, boy; why does not someone take the brat?"

"Only let me see one minute!" cried the orphan, clutching the side of the charity box, as he gazed upon the coffin, agonized tears streaming down the cheeks on which the childish bloom ever lingered. Oh! it was painful to hear him cry the words: "Only once; let me see my mother, only once!"

Quickly and brutally the heartless monster struck the boy away, so that he reeled with the blow. For a moment the boy stood panting with grief and rage—his blue eyes distended, his lips sprang apart, fire glistened through his eyes as he raised his little arm with a most unchildish laugh, and screamed: "When I'm a man I'll be revenged for that!"

There was a coffin and a heap of earth between the mother and the poor forsaken child—a monument much stronger than granite, built in the boy's heart, the memory of the heartless deed.

* * * * * *

The court house was crowded to suffocation.

"Does any one appear as this man's counsel?" asked the judge.

There was a silence when he had finished, until, with lips tightly pressed together, a look of strange intelligence, blended with haughty reserve on his handsome features, a young man stepped forward with a firm tread and a kindly eye to plead for the friendless one. He was a stranger, but at the first sentence there was a silence. The splendor of his genius entranced—convinced.

The man who could not find a friend was acquitted.

"May God bless you, sir; I cannot!" he exclaimed.

"I want no thanks," replied the stranger.

"I—I—I—believe you are unknown to me."

"Sir, I will refresh your memory. Twenty years ago this day you struck a broken-hearted little boy away from his mother's coffin. I was that boy."

The man turned pale.

"Have you rescued me then to take my life?"

"No; I have a sweeter revenge. I have saved the life of a man whose brutal conduct has rankled in my breast for the last twenty years. Go, then, and remember the tears of a friendless child."

The man bowed his head in shame, and went from the presence of magnanimity—as grand to him as it was incomprehensible.

HE WANTED VENGEANCE.

A HUSBAND WHO DIDN'T PREVENT AN ELOPEMENT.

I HAD been riding in the same seat with a very plain sort of man for the last twenty miles, when a couple boarded our car at a junction, and he suddenly uttered a cuss word as long as

my arm. I saw that he was excited by their advent, and naturally inquired if he knew them.

"Know 'em? Why, that woman is my wife!" he hissed.

"And who's the man?"

"It's a feller she is eloping with!"

"They haven't seen you yet, and they are nicely caught. How long ago did she leave?"

"Three days. I'll have a terrible revenge."

"Are you armed?"

"No; I'm too dangerous when I'm armed, and I left my revolver home."

"Then you'll swoop down on the man and break him in two?"

"I orter, I suppose, but when I begin to swoop I don't know where to stop, I might damage a dozen others. My revenge must be swift and terrible, however."

"How do you propose to do?"

"I dunno. How would you do?"

"I should go for the man without delay."

"Yes, that is the proper way, I suppose, but if I get wild who's to hold me? I once started in to lick a man, broke loose, and finally cleaned out a whole town meeting. I must take blood, vengeance, however."

"Perhaps if you would show yourself the man would slink off, and the wife return to your bosom," I suggested.

"I dunno. If he would it would be all right, but suppose he tried to bluff me? That would make a fiend of me in a moment and I should probably kill everybody in the car. I must have blood, however."

"Perhaps you could buy him off," I said, meaning it for a stab.

"Yes, I might, but I guess he'd want mor'n I've got."

"Well, do you propose to sit here and let another man walk off with your wife?"

"No! By the canopy of heaven, no! I demand his heart's blood! Let me think. He's purty solid, isn't he?"

"Yes."

"Would probably fight?"

"I think so."

"Don't look as if he would let go for $12?"

"No."

"Well, I must plan for a deep and lasting vengeance. Let me collect my thoughts."

At that moment the woman turned and saw him, and she at once arose and came back to the seat. He looked at her with open mouth, and she pointed her finger at him and said:

"Thomas Jefferson Bailey, you open your yawp on this kyar and I'll make you wish you'd never been born! At the next stop you git off, or my feller will make your heels break your neck! I've gone and left you, and that's all there is to it, and 'taint no use to bother us. Mind, now, or you'll hear from me!"

And she went back to her seat, and Thomas Jefferson rode nine miles without another word, and as a stop was reached he dropped off as humbly as you please. He stood beside the open window until the train moved, and then whispered to me:

"I got off to collect my thoughts. Look out for me when I turn loose for vengeance!"

New York Sun.

LITTLE ORPHANT ANNIE.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

LITTLE orphant Annie's come to our house to stay,
An' wash the cups an' saucers up, an' brush the crumbs away,
An' shoo the chickens off the porch, an' dust the hearth, an' sweep,
An' make the fire, an' bake the bread, an' earn her board, an' keep;
An' all us other children, when the supper things is done,
We set around the kitchen fire an' has the mostest fun
A-list'nin' to the witch tales 'at Annie tells about,
An' the gobble-uns 'at gits you
Ef you
Don't
Watch
Out!

Onc't they was a little boy wouldn't say his pray'rs—
An' when he went to bed at night, away upstairs,
His mammy heerd him holler, and his daddy heerd him bawl,
An' when they turn't the kivvers down, he wasn't there at all!

An' they seeked him in the rafter-room, an' cubby-hole an' press,
An' seeked him up the chimbly-flue, an' ever'-wheres, I guess,
But all they ever found was thist his pants an' roundabout!
An' the gobble-uns 'll git you
Ef you
Don't
Watch
Out!

An' one time a little girl 'ud allus laugh an' grin,
An' make fun of ever' one, an' all her blood an' kin,
An' onc't when they was "company," an' ole folks was there,
She mocked 'em and shocked 'em, an' said she didn't care!
An' thist as she kicked her heels, an' turn't to run an' hide,
They was two great big Black Things a-standin' by her side,
An' they snatched her through the ceilin' 'fore she know'd what she's about!
An' the gobble-uns 'll git you
Ef you
Don't
Watch
Out!

An' little orphant Annie says, when the blaze is blue,
An' the lampwick sputters, an' the wind goes woo-oo!
An' you hear the crickets quit, an' the moon is gray,
An' the lightnin' bugs in dew is all squenched away,
You better mind yer parents, an' yer teachers fond an' dear,
An' churish them 't loves you, an' dry the orphant's tear,
An' he'p the pore an' needy ones 'at clusters all about,
Er the gobble-uns 'll git you
Ef you
Don't
Watch
Out!

THE FLY SCREEN AGENT.

He had six fly screens under his arm, and was talking to a man in front of a house on Hastings street.

"I am offering these at 50 per cent. below their cash value," he explained, "because I want to get out of town."

"Vhell, it vhas soon coming winter, and I like to know how some flies come aroundt den?" the man answered.

"That's true enough, my friend, but the fly question is not the only thing. These screens save 25 per cent. in fuel."

"Vhell?"

"They give an air of refinement to a house."

"Vhell?"

"I don't say that they keep out cholera altogether, but you can't point to a house in Detroit provided with them which has had a case of cholera."

"Vhelt, dot vash so."

"In buying them you help a poor man to reach the bedside of his dying wife in Buffalo."

"Yes."

"You add at least $200 to the value of your place."

"Yes."

"They are not a burglar alarm, but when a burglar finds them in the windows, he turns away discouraged."

"Dot vhas good."

"The air which enters your house is strained, as it were, and must, therefore, be free of chips, gravel, sand, dust and other substances deleterious to health."

"I see."

"And you will take 'em?"

"My frendt, vhas dose fly screens like a watch dog? If some poys come in dey alley, dose dey raise a big row und let me know?"

"Why, no; of course not."

"If I vhas in a row mit my vhife, does dose fly screens help me oudt?"

"Of course not."

"If I come home in der night und der front door vhas locked, und I can't get in, does dose fly screens make it all right?"

"No, sir—no, sir. How can you expect any such things from fly screens?"

"Vhell, I doan' know. I guess you petter moof along to der next corner. Eaferypody

says I vhas sweet tempered und kind, but if a man come along und impose on me und take me for some greenhorns, I let myself oudt und knock him so far into next Shanuary dot fly screens doan' keep him warm."

Detroit Free Press.

KISS ME GOOD-BYE DEAR.

THAT is a phrase heard in the hallway of many a home as the man of the house is hurrying away to exchange daily labor for daily bread in the mart of commerce. Sometimes it is the wife who says it, sometimes infant lips prattle the caressing words, holding up a sweet flower face for the kiss that is its warm sunshine of life, and the strong man waits a moment to clasp his treasure and is gone; and all day he wonders at the peace in his heart; at the nerve with which he meets business losses. The wife's kiss did it, the baby's kiss did it, and he realizes that it is not wealth or position or luck that makes our happiness, but the influence we bear with us from the presence of those we love.

Kiss me good bye! Oh, lips that have said it for the last time, would you ever ask again in those pleading tones for the kiss so tardily given? Would we not remember that the relation the flower bears to the universe is as carefully provided for as that of the brightest star; that the little action of a loving heart goes side by side with the deed of heroic worth; that love is the dew of life; that the parting for a day may be the parting for a life time.

"How many go forth in the morning
That never come home at night!
And hearts have broken
For kind words spoken
That sorrow can ne'er set right."

Make the air vocal with kisses! Many tears have been shed over unkissed kisses—over those "dear as remembered kisses after death," but the time to kiss is the present. Kiss your children, man of business, before you leave home; kiss the mother of your children, and that dear old mother who sits in the chair by the window—no matter if her cheek is wrinkled, her heart is young, and then go about your day's work with a "thank God" in your soul that you have some one at home to kiss.

SOME HOW OR OTHER.

THE good wife bustled about the house,
Her face still bright with a pleasant smile,
As broken snatches of happy song
Strengthened her heart and her hands the while;
The good man sat in the chimney nook,
His little clay pipe within his lips,
And all he'd made and all he had lost
Ready and clear on his finger tips.

"Good wife, I've just been thinking a bit;
Nothing has done very well this year,
Money is bound to be hard to get,
Everthing's sure to be very dear.
How the cattle are going to feed,
How we're to keep the boys at school,
Is a kind of debit and credit sum
I can't make balance by any rule."

She turned her round from the baking board,
And she faced him there with a cheerful laugh;
"Why, husband, dear, one would really think
That the good rich wheat is only chaff.
And what if wheat is only chaff,
So long as we both are well and strong?
I'm not a woman to worry a bit—
But—somehow or other—we get along.

"Into all lives some rain must fall,
Over all lands the storm must beat,
But when the storm and rain are o'er
The sunshine is sure to be twice as sweet,
Through every strait we have found a road,
In every grief we have found a song,
We have had to bear and had to wait,
But, somehow or other, we have got along.

"For thirty years we have loved each other,
Stood by each other whatever befell;
Six boys have called us 'father' and 'mother,'
And all of them living and doing well.
We owe no man a penny, my dear;
Are both of us loving well and strong.
Good man, I wish you would smoke again,
And think how well we have got along."

He filled his pipe with a pleasant laugh,
He kissed his wife with a tender pride;
He said: "I'll do as you tell me, love;
I'll just count up on the other side."
She left him then with his better thought,
And lifted her work with a low, sweet song,
A song that's followed me many a year—
"Somehow or other, we get along!"

—*Mackay Standard.*

A GUARDIAN ANGEL.

THE summer skies bend soft and blue,
The air is sweet with wild brook's laughter,
And over the orchard's grassy slope
Swift shadows are chasing each other after.

A youth and a maiden side by side—
A bashful girl and her rustic lover—
Stand by the turnstile old and brown
That leads to a field of blooming clover.

She, with a milk-pail on her arm,
Turns aside with her young cheeks glowing,
And hears down the lane the slow, dull tread
Of the drove of cows that are homeward going.
"Bessie," he said; at the sound she turned,
Her blue eyes full of childish wonder;
"My mother is feeble, and lame, and old—
I need a wife at my farmhouse yonder."

"My heart is lonely, my home is drear,
I need your presence ever near me;
Will you be my guardian angel, dear,
Queen of my house, to guide and cheer me?
"It has a pleasant sound," she said,
"A household queen, a guiding spirit,
To warm your heart and cheer your home,
And keep the sunshine ever near it.
But I am only a simple child,
So my mother says in her daily chiding,
And what must a guardian angel do,
When she first begins her work of guiding?"

"Well, first, dear Bessie, a smiling face
Is dearer far than the rarest beauty,
And my mother, fretful, lame, and old,
Will require a daughter's loving duty.
You will see to her flannels, and drops, and tea,
And talk with her of her lungs and liver;
Give her your cheerful service, dear—
'The Lord He loveth a cheerful giver.'"

"You'll see that my breakfast is piping hot,
And rub the clothes to a snowy whiteness;
Make golden butter and snowy rolls
And polish things to a shining brightness;
Will darn my stockings and mend my coats,
And see that the buttons are sewed on tightly,
Will keep things cheerful and neat and sweet
That home's altar fires may still burn brightly."

"You will read me at evening the daily news,
The tedious winter nights beguiling;
And never forget that the sweetest face
Is a cheerful face, that is always smiling.
In short, you'll arrange in a general way,
For a sort of sublunary heaven;
For home, dear Bessie, say what you may,
Is the highest sphere to a woman given."

The lark sang out to the bending sky,
The bobolink piped in the nodding rushes,
And out of the tossing clover blooms
Came the sweet, clear song of the meadow thrushes.
And Bessie, listening, paused awhile,
Then said, with a sly glance at her neighbor,
"But John—do you mean—that is to say,
What shall I get for all this labor?"

"What will you get?" John stared, and sighed,
"So young and yet so mercenary;
So artless, yet so worldly wise—
And this is the girl I thought to marry."
But Bessie laughed. "I'm a simple child,
So my mother says, with much vain sighing;
But it seems to me, of all hard tasks,
A guardian angel's is most trying."

"To be nurse, companion, and servant girl;
To make home's altar-fires burn brightly;
To wash and iron and scrub and cook,
And always be cheerful, neat and sprightly;
To give up liberty, home and friends;
Nay, even the name of a mother's giving;
To do all this for one's board and clothes;
Why, the life of an angel isn't worth living!"

"Suppose you choose, John, some other man,
Who shall rule your coming and your going,
Shall choose your home, prescribe your work,
Your pay, and the time of its bestowing;
Who shall own the very clothes you wear,
And the children, if any the good Lord gives,
For a third of what he may possibly earn,
When he dies, and nothing at all if he lives?"

"Just think of it, John!" But John looked down
And groaned with a sigh of deep regret,
"To seem so simple, and be so deep—
Great heaven! To marry for what she can get.
The clover may blossom and ripen and fade,
And golden summers may wax and wane,
But I'll trust no more to an artless smile,
And I'll never propose to girl again."

And Bessie gaily went her way
Down through the fields of scented clover,
But never again, since that summer day,
Has she won a glance from her rustic lover.
The lark sings out to the bending sky,
The clouds sail on as white as ever;
The clovers toss in the summer winds,
But Bessie has lost that chance forever!

MORAL.

Young man be advised when you've chosen your bride,
Don't be too explicit until the knot's tied.

THE DOUBLE TRANSFORMATION.

BY GOLDSMITH

SECLUDED from domestic strife,
Jack Book-worm led a college life;
A fellowship at twenty-five,
Made him the happiest man alive;
He drank his glass, and crack'd his joke
And freshmen wondered as he spoke-

Such pleasures, unalloy'd with care,
Could any accident impair?
Could Cupid's shaft at length transfix
Our swain arriv'd at thirty-six?
Or had the archer ne'er come down
To ravage in a country town!
Or Flavia been content to stop
At triumphs in a Fleet-street shop.
O had her eyes forgot to blaze!
Or Jack had wanted eyes to gaze;
O!—But let exclamation cease,
Her presence banish'd all his peace.
So with decorum all things carry'd;
Miss frown'd, and blush'd, and then was—married.

The honey-moon like lightning flew;
The second brought its transports too;
A third, a fourth, were not amiss;
The fifth was friendship mix'd with bliss:
But, when a twelvemonth pass'd away,
Jack found his goddess made of clay;
Found half the charms that deck'd her face
Arose from powder, shreds, or lace;
But still the worst remain'd behind,
That very face had robb'd her mind.

Skill'd in no other arts was she.
But dressing, patching, repartee;
And, just as humour rose or fell,
By turns a slattern or a belle;
'Tis true she dress'd with modern grace;
Half naked at a ball or race;
But when at home, at board or bed,
Five greasy night-caps wrapp'd her head.
Could so much beauty condescend
To be a dull domestic friend?
Could any curtain-lectures bring
To decency so fine a thing?
In short, by night, 'twas fits or fretting;
By day, 'twas gadding or coquetting.
Fond to be seen, she kept a bevy
Of powder'd coxcombs at her levy;
The 'squire and captain took their stations,
And twenty other near relations;
Jack suck'd his pipe, and often broke
A sigh in suffocating smoke;
While all their hours were pass'd between
Insulting repartee or spleen.

Thus as her faults each day were known
He thinks her features coarser grown;
He fancies every vice she shows,
Or thins her lip, or points her nose:
Whenever rage or envy rise,
How wide her mouth, how wild her eyes!
He knows not how, but so it is,
Her face is grown a knowing phyz;
And, though her fops are wondrous civil,
He thinks her ugly as the devil.

Now, to perplex the ravell'd noose,
As each a different way pursues,
While sullen or loquacious strife
Promised to hold them on for life,
That dire disease, whose ruthless power
Withers the beauty's transient flower,
Lo! the small-pox, whose horrid glare
Levell'd its terrors at the fair;
And, rifling every youthful grace
Left but the remnant of a face.

The glass, grown hateful to her sight,
Reflected now a perfect fright:
Each former art she vainly tries
To bring back lustre to her eyes.
In vain she tries her paste and creams
To smooth her skin, or hide its seams;
Her country beaux and city cousins,
Lovers no more, flew off by dozens:
The 'squire himself was seen to yield,
And ev'n the captain quit the field.

Poor madam now condemned to hack
The rest of life with anxious Jack,
Perceiving others fairly flown,
Attempted pleasing him alone.
Jack soon was dazzled to behold
Her present face surpass the old;
With modesty her cheeks are dy'd,
Humilty displaces pride;
For tawdry finery, is seen
A person ever neatly clean;
No more presuming on her sway,
She learns good nature every day;
Serenely gay, and strict in duty,
Jack finds his wife a perfect beauty.

IMMORTALITY.

MASSILLON.

IF we wholly perish with the body, what an imposture is this whole system of laws, manners, and usages, on which human society is founded! If we wholly perish with the body, these maxims of charity, patience, justice, honor, gratitude, and friendship, which sages have taught and good men have practised, what are they but empty words possessing no real and binding efficacy? Why should we heed them, if in this life only we have hope? Speak not of duty. What can we owe to the dead, to the living, to ourselves, if all *are* or *will be*, nothing? Who shall dictate our duty, if not our own pleasures,—if not our own passions? Speak not of morality. It is a mere chimera, a bugbear of human invention, if retribution terminate with the grave.

If we must wholly perish, what to us are the sweet ties of kindred? What the tender names of parent, child, sister, brother, husband, wife, or friend? The characters of a drama are not more illusive. We have no ancestors, no descendants; since succession cannot be predicated of nothingness. Would we honor the illustrious dead? How absurd to honor that which has no existence! Would we take thought for posterity? How frivolous to concern ourselves for those whose end, like our own, must soon be annihilation! Have we made a promise? How can it bind nothing to nothing? Perjury is but a jest. The last injunctions of the dying, what sanctity have they, more than the last sound of a chord that is snapped, of an instrument that is broken?

To sum up all: "If we must wholly perish, then is obedience to the laws but an insane servitude: rulers and magistrates are but the phantoms which popular imbecility has raised up; justice is an unwarrantable infringement upon the liberty of men,—an imposition, an usurpation; the law of marriage is a vain scruple; modesty a prejudice; honor and probity, such stuff as dreams are made of; and incests, murders, parricides, the most heartless cruelties and the blackest crimes, are but the legitimate sports of man's irresponsible nature; while the harsh epithets attached to them are merely such as the policy of legislators has invented, and imposed upon the credulity of the people."

Here is the issue to which the vaunted philosophy of unbelievers must inevitably lead. Here is that social felicity, that sway of reason, that emancipation from error, of which they eternally prate, as the fruit of their doctrines. Accept their maxims, and the whole world falls back into a frightful chaos; and all the relations of life are confounded; and all ideas of vice and virtue are reversed; and the most inviolable laws of society vanish; and all moral discipline perishes; and the government of states and nations has no longer any cement to uphold it; and all the harmony of the body politic becomes discord; and the human race is no more than an assemblage of reckless barbarians, shameless, remorseless, brutal, denaturalized, with no other law than force, no other check than passion, no other bond than irreligion, no other God than self! Such would be the world which impiety would make. Such would be *this* world, were a belief in God and immortality to die out of the human heart.

BILL AND JOE.

O. W. HOLMES.

COME, dear old comrade, you and I
Will steal an hour from days gone by—
The shining days when life was new,
And all was bright as morning dew,
The lusty days of long ago,
When you were Bill and I was Joe.

Your name may flaunt a titled trail,
Proud as a cockerel's rainbow tail;
And mine as brief appendix wear
As Tam O'Shanter's luckless mare;
To-day, old friend, remember still
That I am Joe and you are Bill.

You've won the great world's envied prize,
And grand you look in people's eyes,
With HON. and LL. D.,
In big brave letters fair to see—
Your fist, old fellow! off they go!—
How are you, Bill? How are you, Joe?

You've worn the judge's ermine robe;
You've taught your name to half the globe;
You've sung mankind a deathless strain;
You've made the dead past live again;

The world may call you what it will,
But you and I are Joe and Bill.

The chaffing young folks stare and say,
"See those old buffers, bent and gray!
They talk like fellows in their teens!
Mad, poor old boys! That's what it means"—
And shake their heads; they little know
The throbbing hearts of Bill and Joe—

How Bill forgets his hour of pride,
While Joe sits smiling at his side;
How Joe, in spite of time's disguise,
Finds the old schoolmate in his eyes—
Those calm, stern eyes that melt and fill
As Joe looks fondly up at Bill.

Ah, pensive scholar! what is fame?
A fitful tongue of leaping flame;
A giddy whirlwind's fickle gust,
That lifts a pinch of mortal dust:
A few swift years, and who can show
Which dust was Bill, and which was Joe?

The weary idol takes his stand,
Holds out his bruised and aching hand,
While gaping thousands come and go—
How vain it seems, this empty show!—
Till all at once his pulses thrill;
'Tis poor old Joe's "God bless you, Bill."

And shall we breathe in happier spheres
The names that pleased our mortal ears,—
In some sweet lull of harp and song,
For earth-born spirits none too long,—
Just whispering of the world below,
Where this was Bill and that was Joe!

No matter; while our home is here
No sounding name is half so dear;
When fades at length our lingering day,
Who cares what pompous tombstones say?
Read on the hearts that love us still,
Hic jacet Joe. *Hic jacet* Bill.

DOWN HILL WITH THE BRAKES OFF.

G. H. JESSOP.

WHO was he, going out of the door?
Have you all forgotten him?
You knew him once, but that was before
Hands shook and eyes grew dim—
A very excellent leading man—
I need not tell you his name—
But he took a turn at the whisky-can,
And you see the end that came.

First, an occasional little spree
That didn't amount to much,
Followed by weeks—maybe months—when he
Liquor would hardly touch:
And now you see how he takes off, boys,
The last drop left in the cup—
He's going down hill with the brakes off, boys,
Won't some of you pull him up?

Blank, of the Blank Street Theater;
You've met him?—I knew you had,
And his wife—I see you remember her—
Ah, that was nearly as bad.
A little story of "Led Astray"—
A new Lady Isabel:
A newspaper paragraph, his, one day,
Is all that there is to tell.

She treated him badly enough, of course,
But he blames himself for this,
And I think it's grief—perhaps remorse—
That has made him what he is.
It's a sorrow that no man shakes off, boys,
But he tries to drown his in gin—
He's going down hill with the brakes off, boys,
Can't some of you pull him in?

You see the wreck that he is to-day—
I hardly know how he lives,
Except on the dimes that, once in a way,
Some pitying comrade gives.
And even that money he takes off, boys,
And spends it all for a drop—
He's going down hill with the brakes off, boys,
Can nobody make him stop?

It's *not* too late—it's *never* too late—
Never, this side of the grave;
Though, I own, a man who travels that gait,
Is a difficult one to save
There's sometimes a fellow who shakes off, boys
The bondage that holds him low—
He's going down hill with the brakes off, boys,
Will nobody tell him so?

He was as clever as any of you—
Kind, good-hearted and brave;
A man that used to be staunch and true
It can't be too late to save.
Clear his life's many mistakes off, boys,
And he'll stand up to the rack—
He's going down hill with the brakes off, boys,
But I'm going to fetch him back.

A CASE OF POETIC JUSTICE.

"FATHER, what is poetic justice?" asked Fred Stanley at the tea-table.

"What put that into the boy's head?" said mother.

"Why, there was something about it in our reading-lesson to-day, and when I asked Miss Thompson what it meant, she said she would see how many of us could find out for ourselves, and give her an illustration of it to-morrow; but I don't know how to find out unless you tell me, father."

Mr. Stanley looked thoughtfully for a moment, and then smiled as if struck by some amusing recollection.

"Poetic justice," he said, "is a kind of justice that reaches us through the unforeseen consequences of our unjust acts. I will tell you a little story, Fred, that I think will furnish the illustration you are after:—

"I recall a summer afternoon, a good many years ago, when I was not as large as I am now. Two other boys and myself went blackberrying in a big meadow several miles from home. On our way to the meadow, as we paddled along the dusty highway, we met a stray dog. He was a friendless, forlorn-looking creature, and seemed delighted to take up with us, and when we gave him some scraps of bread and meat from our lunch basket he capered for joy, and trotted along at our side, as if to say, 'Now, boys, I'm one of you.' We named him Rover, and, boy-like, tried to find out how much he knew and what he could do in the way of tricks; and we soon discovered that he could 'fetch and carry' beautifully. No matter how big the stick or stone, or how far away we threw it, he would reach it and drag it back to us. Fences, ditches and brambles he seemed to regard only as so many obstacles thrown in his way to try his pluck and endurance, and he overcame them all.

"At length we reached the meadow and scattered out in quest of blackberries. In my wanderings I discovered a hornets' nest, the largest I ever saw—and I have seen a good many. It was built in a cluster of blackberry vines and hung low, almost touching the ground. Moreover, it was at the foot of a little hill, and as I scampered up the latter, I was met at the summit by Rover, frisking about with a stick in his mouth. I don't know why the dog and the hornets' nest should have connected themselves in my mind, but they did, and a wicked thought was born of the union.

"'Bob! Will!' I called to the other boys, 'come here, we'll have some fun.'

"They came promptly and I explained my villainous project. I pointed out the hornets' nest and proposed that we roll a stone down upon it and send Rover after the stone.

"'And oh, boys, won't it be fun to see how astonished he'll be when the hornets come out?' I laughingly cried in conclusion.

"They agreed that it would be awfully funny. We selected a good-sized round stone, called Rover's special attention to it, and started it down the hill. When it had a fair start we turned the dog loose, and the poor fellow, never suspecting our treachery, darted after the stone with a joyous bark. We had taken good aim, and as the ground was smooth, the stone went true to its mark, and crashed into the hornets' nest just as Rover sprang upon it. In less than a minute the furious insects had swarmed out and settled upon the poor animal. His surprise and dismay fulfilled our anticipation, and we had just begun to double ourselves up in paroxysms of laughter, when with frenzied yelps of agony, he came tearing up the hill towards us, followed closely by the hornets.

"'Run!' I shouted, and we did run; but the maddened dog ran faster and dashed into our midst with piteous appeals for help. The hornets settled like a black avenging cloud all over us, and the scene that followed baffles my power of description. We ran, we scratched, we rolled on the ground and howled with agony till the meadow was, for the time being, turned into a pandemonium.

"I have never known just how long the torture lasted, but I remember it was poor Rover who rose to the emergency, and with superior instinct showed us a way to rid ourselves of our vindictive assailants. As soon as he realized that we, too, were in distress and could give no assistance, he ran blindly to a stream that flowed through the meadow not far away, and plunging in dived clear beneath the surface. We followed him, and only ventured to crawl out from the friendly element when we were assured that the enemy had withdrawn.

"Then we sat on the bank of the stream and looked at each other through our swollen purple eyelids, while the water dripped from our clothing, and a hundred stinging wounds reminded us what excessively funny fun we had been having with Rover.

"The poor dog, innocent and free from guilt himself, judged us accordingly, and creeping up to me, licked my hand in silent sympathy. Then some dormant sense of justice asserted itself within me.

"'Boys,' I said, 'we've had an awful time, but I tell you what, it served us right.'

"Neither of them contradicted me, and, rising stiffly, we went slowly homeward with Rover at our heels.

"That, my boy," said Mr. Stanley, in conclusion, "is a good instance of poetic justice."

MY LADY.

I LOVED a lady in my day.
  She was my star, my moon, and sun,
My first, my last, my only love.
Aye, though you may the wide world rove,
  You'd find for me no other one.

Her hair was bright, her cheeks were red,
  Her eyes were autumn's brownish grey,
Her lips were full-blown roses wed,
  And when they parted seemed to say,
  Some word that in the heart would stay.

A tender word which twineth yet
  Amid the vines of memory;
A green frame for my house of thought,
Built on the sacred truths she taught,
  And opened by Love's golden key.

She could not boast majestic height,
  Or cloak her words in learned lies;
Nor could she peer with boastful slight
  In things not meet for simple eyes.
'Twas love alone that made *her* wise.

She knew not of Theosophy.
  She learnt *her* lore from murmuring bees.
Philosophy, theology, and all the other 'ologies
  Had dimmed for her no heavenly plain,
  Nor broke her childhood's link in twain.

But she could tell what nature told;
  She understood each singing bird;
And summer's lore she could unfold,
  It lived for her in one sweet word—
Love. 'Twas the only sound *she* heard.

While others puzzled o'er the age;
  And challenges to heaven hurled;
She read alone from Nature's page
  There lay her truths with flowers impearled
And far before the priest and sage
  She found the secret of the world.

My merry lady—she was gay,
  I never knew her stern or dull.
"God loves to see His children play,"
  He sent the flowers for us to cull,
But tears would sometimes have their way;
  For tenderest hearts are ever full.

My lovely lady, her sweet voice
  Made sunnier youth's sunny clime;
Time ne'er shall snap the golden throng
  That binds me to that holy time.
  She caught and soothed the wandering rhyme
And called it—bless her!—called it song.

My noble lady, lives like hers,
  Preach many a lasting sermon here;
Nor have our noblest ministers
  E'er made heaven's love more sweetly clear
Than she; but then her sermons were—
A look, a smile, a kiss, a prayer.

How did she love me? Ah, there lies
  A story in my answer. While,
I saw but with her own dear eyes,
  She knew no light but in my smile.
She loved me as none other may,
With love beyond our fleeting day.

Her love was from the world apart,
  No jealous thought, no blighting doubt,
Could creep into that trusting heart,
  And thrust the tender blossom out.
Deep-rooted in her soul it throve,
A perfect flower of perfect love.

Dost wonder that this world of care,
  Such strange pure passion did not smother?
Dost dream no human heart can bear
  Such heavenly guise to one another?
Ah, but as sunlight loves the earth
She loved me, for she gave me birth.
  My lovely lady was—my mother.

—No man was ever great without divine inspiration.—Cicero.

—Envy is simply punishing ourselves for the sins of others.—Anon.

THE SINGLE MAN.

He meets the smile of young and old, he wins the praise of all,
He is feasted at the banquet and distinguished at the ball;
When town grows dull and sultry he may fly to green retreats,
A welcome visitor in turn at twenty country seats;
He need not seek society, for, do whate'er he can,
Invitations and attentions will pursue the Single Man.

Fathers and brothers anxiously attempt his taste to suit;
In every trout brook he may fish, and everywhere may shoot;
Political opponents to his principles concede,
He quaffs the finest Burgundy, he rides the fleetest steed;
And never yet were families, since first the world began,
United, bless'd and fond as those who court the Single Man.

The price of bread, the price of funds on him inflict no ills:
He fears no winter avalanche of tradesmen's lengthy bills;
"Academies" and "colleges" he passes calmly by;
Nor casts on fancy dry-goods stores a sad and timid eye;
The rates of life insurance he never cares to scan,
"Trustees" and "jointures" boast no power to rack the Single Man.

But years steal on, and he begins with careful folks to class,
And shuns the picnic scramble, and the dinner on the grass;
And dreads the cold spare chamber, and the crowded hall of mirth,
And loves the spreading easy-chair, and blazing quiet hearth;
And votes warm rooms and early hours the best and wisest plan;
But home affords few comforts to the ailing Single Man.

He lacks a true and kindred heart his joy and grief to share,
He lacks the winning tenderness of woman's gentle care;
No children gather round him, a beloved and loving train,
Eager to win their father's smile, to soothe their father's pain—
He rates his poor dependents as a mercenary clan,
Attachments come not ready-made to cheer the Single Man.

He stirs the fire, undraws the blind, and counts the clock's dull chime:
Acquaintance sometimes sit with him five minutes at a time;
"Longer they really cannot stay, so nervous he is grown,
It seems a charity to go, and leave him quite alone!"
No earnest eyes to his are raised, his changeful looks to scan,
The bland physician's queries must suffice the Single Man.

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THE BEAUTIFUL.

Beautiful faces are those that wear—
It matters little if dark or fair—
Whole-souled honesty printed there.

Beautiful eyes are those that show,
Like crystal panes, where earth fires glow,
Beautiful thoughts that burn below.

Beautiful lips are those whose words
Leap from the heart like song of birds,
Yet whose utterance prudence girds.

Beautiful hands are those that do
Work that is earnest and brave and true,
Moment by moment the long day through.

Beautiful feet are those that go
On kindly ministry to and fro,
Down lowliest ways, if God wills it so.

Beautiful shoulders are those that bear
Heavy burdens of homely care
With patience, grace and daily prayer.

Beautiful lives are those that bless—
Silent rivers of happiness,
Whose hidden fountains but few may guess.

Beautiful twilight at set of sun,
Beautiful goal with race well run,
Beautiful rest with work well done.

Beautiful grave where grasses creep,
Where brown leaves fall, where drifts lie deep,
Over worn-out hands—oh, beautiful sleep.

A VERITABLE VALLEY OF DEATH.

SILENCE AND DESOLATION.

CALIFORNIA can certainly claim the greatest natural wonders of the world. Its Yosemite Valley, its big trees, its petrified forests and its innumerable other attractions substantiate this assertion. One of the latter class, little known and rarely spoken of, is the Death Valley of Inyo County, in many respects the most remarkable of them all. Imagine a trackless waste of sand and rock, shimmering under the rays of a more than tropical sun, hemmed in on all sides by titantic rocks and mountains, whose very impress is that of eternal desolation, and you have a fair idea of Death Valley. Geographically it is the sink of the Amargosa River, which is a marvel in itself. It rises in the Western Sierras, about two miles from the California line, and flows southward for ninety miles, when it disappears from sight in the bed of an ancient lake at the foot of the Resting Spring Mountains. A little further south it reappears and continues another sixty miles, when it again returns to its subterranean channel. Still again it reappears and flows nearly one hundred miles, when it finally disappears in the sink of the Death Valley, being throughout, a remarkable river. Death Valley is about eight miles broad by thirty-five miles long, and comprises some three hundred square miles of the most God-forsaken country in the world. It looks as if suffering from some terrible curse, such as we read in the Scriptures. It lies far below the sea level, in some places 160 feet. No friendly clouds appear to intercept the scorching heat. The themometer registered 125 degrees, week after week. No moisture ever falls to cool the burning sand. Bright steel may be left out after night and never be tarnished. Nothing will decay ; a dead animal will simply dry up like parchment, and remain so, seemingly forever. No sound is ever heard ; the silence of eternal desolation reigns supreme. It is a curious geological formation, paralleled only in one instance—that of the Dead Sea. The rocks, lava, basal and granite show the volcanic formation, which probably accounts for the poisonous quality of the air. It is said that noxious gases are emitted from the numerous fissures in the rocks. Such is the most remarkable valley in America. Population may press onward, but it will never enter here. Reclamation of vast tracts of land will be accomplished, but Death Valley will never see a plow. It is forever destined to remain in its state of primitive barrenness. By the working of some mysterious cause the place is hostile to life. It is avoided alike by man and beast. Geologist tell us it is a striking illustration of the condition of the whole world at an early geological epoch. Every tourist who has the opportunity should visit this miniature Sahara.–

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LIFE'S BATTLE.

Alas! I'm growing old, my hair, once thick and brown,
Is now quite white and silky, and sparse about the crown;
A year, that once seemed endless, now passes like a dream,
Yet my boat still rides the billows, as it floats along the stream.

My eye, once like the eagle's is now much dimmed by age,
And art alone enables me to read the printed page,
Yet still it rests with quickened glance upon each lovely scene.
As years roll by with silent pace and changes come between.

Life is full of gladness if we but make it so,
There's not a wave of sorrow but has an undertow.
A stout heart and a simple faith gives victory o'er the grave,
And God awaits all patiently, all powerful to save.

'Tis not a cross to live, nor is it hard to die,
If we but view the future with steadfast, fearless eye,
Looking ever on the bright side, where falls the sun's warm beam,
Our boats will ride the billows as they float along the stream.

—*Wayne Howe Parsons*

MRS. BUNKER'S CITY SHOPPING.

CLARA AUGUSTA.

I've lived to Hardscratch Corner nigh onto thirty year—
Peleg and I, when we fust married, sot up house-keepin' here;
And all that time I've traded into Capen Jones's store,
That's t'other side the Saco bridge, with a pump afore the door:
There's a shed to hitch yer hosses in, and that's a grand idee
To have yer critters under cover, as anyone can see.

When Ben, my boy, got married to that city gal last May,
And brought her here to live, with her grand high-falutin' way,
She kinder changed my notions, and last fall I went to town
To git a meetin' bunnit and a black alpacay gown;
And when the railroad stranded me at the depot, high and dry,
I declare, I didn't know myself—so dumfoundered was I!

The rattle and the clatter, it had driv my sense away!
But I grabbed on a perliceman that was standin' in my way,
And he sot me right and showed me the store of Bent & Bly,
That run up seven stories—land is cheaper in the sky!
And my goodness! there was more folks in there a-rushin' round
Than ever come on trainin' days to Hardscratch muster-ground!

And the noise was such, to save you, you couldn't hear your ears!
There was lots of women settin' round in little no-backed cheers;
And rows of gals, all finified, behind the counters stood,
And them settin' women grabbed and felt of everything they could;
They passed it over, left and right, and tossed it back again,
And "Cash! Cash! Cash!" them gals kept yellin' out like sin.

I stood there like a statoot! I dassent move or stir;
The confusion and the 'lectric lamps sot my brains all in a whir!
But a nippant little feller, with his mustache waxed and pale
Like the pindled-out extremity of a brindled mouse's tail,
Sidled up, and then I asked him for a bunnit and a gown.
"Right hand," says he, "the middle aisle, about three sections down."

But, to save my soul and body, I couldn't find the place;
So I asked a gal that was a-measuring off some yaller lace.
"The other side, four sections up!" says she; and, like a gun
Shot off by accident, she quit, and scooted on the run!
I looked around, and then I see some women settin' down;
I told 'em that I'd come to git a bunnit and a gown.

They stared at me, and then a door flew open in the wall;
They stepped into a little room, and up went room and all!
Jest then, I met a man; says I: "I want a bunnit and a gown!"
"Oh, yes!" says he; "three flights above, left side, 'bout half-way down."
Then I went up. "Next flight below!" the waiter-girl she sed;
Then I went down and flaxed around till I was nigh 'bout dead!

At last, a pile of bunnits and a stack of hats I see;
But law! the gals that sold 'em didn't pay no heed to me!
"I want a bunnit!" says I, loud enough for a dead man to hear.
"Oh, no; I shall not marry him! you're quite mistaken, dear,"
Says the fust gal to t'other one. "Why, Jennie's fiansee
Give her a diamond ring; and I am jest as good as she!"

"I want a bunnit!" I yelled out, mad as a broke-up hen.
"Oh, t'other side!" says she. "Here, forward No. 10!"
He forwarded, and No. 10 says: "Back, three aisles below!"
And, like a blamed fool shuttlecock, they danced me to and fro!

And all that afternoon I tramped that pesky city store,
Up stairs and down, up back, down front, till all my bones was sore!

And then I shook that city's dust off from my aching feet,
And sometime arter dark made out to find the proper street
That passed the railroad depot, and next day I bought my gown
And bunnit where I'd ought to done, at Jones's store in town!
And when agin I gallivant them city stores to find
Things that is kept by Capen Jones, you'll know I've lost my mind!

Peterson's Magazine.

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THE TWO BIBLES.

BY HELEN A. RAINS.

I saw in a niche that was frescoed with gold,
A Bible so rich and so rare,
Silk curtains hung 'round it in many a fold.
And costliest vases were there;
With flowers that shed, through that h hadowed room,
A fragrance so faint and so sweet,
I thought of green forests, of sunshine and bloom,
And traces of little bare feet.

A sunbeam stole trembling as if half in fear,
And lay on the book on the stand,
Which bore not a trace of a mourning one's tear,
Or marks of a labor-stained hand.
I thought of the One who had walked with the poor,
And died to redeem us from sin,
And, op'ning the volume, I turned the leaves o'er,
And read of His teachings within.

Oh! there He has taught us to shun all display,
To give to the poor and distressed;
And bidden the weary to turn not away,
But come unto Him, and have rest.
"How many," thought I, "in such dwellings as this,
Where wealth and refinement entwine,
Have found in the Bible, the source of all bliss,
To guide to existence divine?"

I turned to another, a lowlier home,
Where sorrow's sad records were told:
No carpets, no curtains, no half-shadowed room,
With mouldings in crimson and gold.
The sunshine stole in through the windows, and lay
Bright and broad on the bare oaken floor;
And kissed the brown locks of the children at play,
Half hid by the vine o'er the door.

The old-fashioned Bible, beside the low bed—
Where one of earth's sufferers lay—
Bore traces of tears that had often been shed,
And hands that were folded away.
There came o'er those features, so pale and sc worn—
So near like the face of the dead,
A look like the first, faintest rose-tint of morn,
When God's precious precepts were read.

"Blest Bible," said I, "ah! your mission is here,
In homes of the poor and distressed:
Your all-healing words will allay every fear,
And soothe ev'ry grief-stricken breast."
Earth's lowly have found the elixir that flows
So freely o'er Galilee's plain;
They "come and partake, and are freed from their woes;"
And "bless the dear Lamb that was slain."

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THE IRONY OF GREATNESS.

A plain, grave man once grew quite celebrated;
Dame Grundy met him with her blandest smile,
And Mrs. Shoddy, finding him much fêted,
Gave him a dinner in her swellest style.

Her dining-table was a blaze of glory;
Soft light from many colored candles fell
Upon the young, the middle aged, and hoary—
On beauty and on those who "made up" well.

Her china was a miracle of beauty—
No service like it ever had been sold
And, being unsmuggled, with the price and duty,
Was nearly worth its weight in gold.

The flowers were wonderful—I think that maybe
Only another world has flowers more fair;
Each rose was big enough to brain a baby,
And there were several bushels of them there.

The serving was the acme of perfection;
Waiters were many, silent, deft, and fleet;
Their manner seemed a reverent affection
And oh! what stacks of things there were to eat!

And yet the man, for all this honor singled,
Would have exchanged it with the greatest joy
For one plain meal of pork and cabbage mingled
Cooked by his mother when he was a boy.

A CHILD'S DREAM OF A STAR.

CHARLES DICKENS.

THERE was once a child, and he strolled about a good deal, and thought of a number of things. He had a sister who was a child too, and his constant companion. They wondered at the beauty of flowers; they wondered at the height and blueness of the sky; they wondered at the depth of the water; they wondered at the goodness and power of God, who made them lovely.

They used to say to one another sometimes: Supposing all the children upon earth were to die, would the flowers, and the water, and the sky be sorry? They believed they would be sorry. For, said they, the buds are the children of the flowers, and the little playful streams that gambol down the hillsides are the children of the water, and the smallest bright specks playing at hide and seek in the sky all night must surely be the children of the stars; and they would all be grieved to see their playmates, the children of man, no more.

There was one clear shining star that used to come out in the sky before the rest, near the church spire, above the graves. It was larger and more beautiful, they thought, than all the others, and every night they watched for it, standing hand-in-hand at a window. Whoever saw it first, cried out, "I see the star." And after that, they cried out both together, knowing so well when it would rise, and where. So they grew to be such friends with it that, before laying down in their bed, they always looked out once again to bid it good night; and when they were turning around to sleep, they used to say, "God bless the star!"

But while she was still very young, oh, very young, the sister drooped, and came to be so weak that she could no longer stand in the window at night, and then the child looked sadly out by himself, and when he saw the star, turned round and said to the patient pale face on the bed, "I see the star!" and then a smile would come upon the face, and a little weak voice used to say, "God bless my brother and the star!"

And so the time came, all too soon, when the child looked out all alone, and when there was no face on the bed, and when there was a grave among the graves, not there before, and when the star made long rays down toward him as he saw it through his tears.

Now these rays were so bright, and they seemed to make such a shining way from earth to heaven, that when the child went to his solitary bed, he dreamed about the star; and dreamed that, laying where he was, he saw a train of people taken up that sparkling road by angels; And the star, opening, showed him a great world of light, where many more such angels waited to receive them.

All these angels, who were waiting, turned their beaming eyes upon the people who were carried up into the star; and some came out from the long rows in which they stood, and fell upon the people's necks, and kissed them tenderly, and went away with them down avenues of light, and were so happy in their company, that lying in his bed he wept for joy.

But there were many angels who did not go with them, and among them one he knew. The patient face that once had lain upon the bed was glorified and radiant, but his heart found out his sister among all the host.

His sister's angel lingered near the entrance of the star, and said to the leader among those who had brought the people thither:

"Is my brother come?"

And he said, "No!"

She was turning hopefully away, when the child stretched out his arms, and cried, "Oh, sister, I am here! Take me!" And then she turned her beaming eyes upon him,—and it was night; and the star was shining into the room making long rays down towards him as he saw it through his tears.

From that hour forth, the child looked out upon the star as the home he was to go to when his time should come; and he thought that he did not belong to the earth alone, but to the star too, because of his sister's angel gone before.

There was a baby born to be a brother to the child, and, while he was so little that he never yet had spoken a word, he stretched out his tiny form on his bed, and died.

Again the child dreamed of the open star, and of the company of angels, and the train of people, and the rows of angels, with their beaming eyes all turned upon those people's faces.

Said his sister's angel to the leader:

"Is my brother come?"

And he said, "No, but another!"

As the child beheld his brother's angel in her arms, he cried, "Oh, my sister, I am here! Take me!" And she turned and smiled upon him,—and the star was shining.

He grew to be a young man, and was busy at his books, when an old servant came to him and said:

"Thy mother is no more. I bring her blessing on her darling son."

Again at night he saw the star, and all that former company. Said his sister's angel to the leader, "Is my brother come?"

And he said, "Thy mother!"

A mighty cry of joy went forth through all the star, because the mother was re-united to her two children. And he stretched out his arms and cried, "Oh, mother, sister, and brother, I am here! Take me!" And they answered him, "Not yet!"—and the star was shining.

He grew to be a man, whose hair was turning gray, and he was sitting in his chair by the fireside, heavy with grief, and with his face bedewed with tears, when the star opened once again.

Said his sister's angel to the leader, "Is my brother come?"

And he said, "Nay, but his maiden daughter!"

And the man who had been the child saw his daughter, newly lost to him, a celestial creature among those three, and he said: "My daughter's head is on my sister's bosom, and her arm is around my mother's neck, and at her feet is the baby of old time, and I can bear the parting from her, God be praised!"—And the star was shining.

Thus the child came to be an old man, and his once smooth face was wrinkled, and his steps were slow and feeble, and his back was bent. And one night as he lay upon his bed, his children standing round, he cried, as he cried so long ago: "I see the star!"

They whispered one another, "He is dying." And he said, "I am. My age is falling from me like a garment, and I move towards the star as a child. And O, my Father, now I thank Thee that it has so often opened to receive those dear ones who await me!"—

And the star was shining; and it shines upon his grave.

HOG-FEEDER'S SONG.

[If the reader has heard, in concerts or elsewhere, the vocal gymnastics known as the "Swiss Warble," and can imagine the volume as well as the melody of that performance increased a thousand-fold, they will be able to form some idea of the thrilling effect of the italicized hallo in the refrain stanzas of the "Hog-Feeder's Song." Harbert, a hog-feeder on the Turner Plantation, in Putnam County, Georgia, could make every inflection of his voice heard at a distance of three miles, but this was not even considered remarkable in a region where the dusty captain of the corn-pile was in the habit of lifting his right hand to his ear, and conveying a most musical invitation to the hands on plantations five miles away.]

Oh, rise up, my ladies! Lissen unter me!
*Gwoop!—Gwoop! * Gee-woop!—Goo-whee!*
I'm a-gwine dis night fer ter knock along er you!
Gwoop!—Gwoop! Gee-woop!—Goo-whoo!
Pig-goo! pig-gee! Gee-o-whee!

Oh, de stars look bright des like dey gwineter fall,
En 'way todes sundown you year de kildee call:
Stee-wee! Kelldee!—Pig-goo! pig-gee!
Pig! pig! pig-goo! Pig! pig! pig-gee!

De blue barrer squeal, kaze he can't squeeze froo
En he hump up he back des like niggers do—
Oh, humpty-umpty blue! *Pig-gee! pig-goo!*
Pig! pig! pig-gee! Pig! pig! pig-goo!

Oh, rise up, my ladies! Lissen unter me!
Gwoop!—Gwoopee! Gee-woop!—Goo-whee!
I'm a-gwine dis night a-gallantin' out wid you!
Gwoop!—Gwoopee! Gee-woop!—Gee-whoo!
Pig-goo! pig-gee! Gee-o-whee!

Ole sow got sense des ez sho's youer bo'n,
'Kaze she take'n hunch de baskit fer ter shatter out co'n—
Ma'am, you make too free! *Pig-goo! pig-gee!*
Pig! pig! pig-goo! Pig! pig! pig-gee!

W'en pig git fat, he better stay close,
'Kaze fat pig nice fer ter hide out en roas'—
Oh, roas' pig, shoo! *Pig-gee! pig-goo!*
Pig! pig! pig-gee! Pig! pig! pig-goo!

Oh, rise up, my ladies! Lissen unter me!
Gwoop!—Gwoopee! Gee-woop!—Goo-whee!
I'm a-gwine dis night fer ter knock arouu' wid you!
Gwopo!—Gwoopee! Gee-woop!—Ghoo!
Pig-goo! pig-gee! Gee-o-whee!

—*Century.*

* G hard here and throughout.

FORTY YEARS AGO.

I'VE wandered to the village, Tom, I've sat beneath the tree,
Upon the school-house play-ground, that sheltered you and me;
But none were left to greet me, Tom; and few were left to know,
Who played with us upon the green, some forty years ago.

The grass is just as green, Tom; bare-footed boys at play
Were sporting, just as we did then, with spirits just as gay.
But the "master" sleeps upon the hill, which, coated o'er with snow,
Afforded us a sliding-place, some forty years ago.

The old school-house is altered now; the benches are replaced
By new ones, very like the same our penknives once defaced;
But the same old bricks are in the wall, the bell swings to and fro;
It's music's just the same, dear Tom, 'twas forty years ago.

The boys were playing some old game, beneath that same old tree;
I have forgot the name just now,—you've played the same with me,
On that same spot; 'twas played with knives, by throwing so and so;
The loser had a task to do,—there, forty years ago.

The river's running just as still; the willows on its side
Are larger than they were, Tom; the stream appears less wide;
But the grape-vine swing is ruined now, where once we played the beau,
And swung our sweethearts,—pretty girls,—just forty years ago.

The spring that bubbled 'neath the hill, close by the spreading beech,
Is very low,—'twas then so high that we could scarcely reach;
And, kneeling down to get a drink, dear Tom, I started so,
To see how sadly I am changed, since forty years ago.

Near by that spring, upon old elm, you know I cut your name,
Your sweetheart's put beneath it, Tom, and you did mine the same.
Some heartless wretch has peeled the bark, 'twas dying sure but slow,
Just as *she* died, whose name *you* cut, some forty years ago.

My lids have long been dry, Tom, but tears came to my eyes;
I thought of her I loved so well, those early broken ties.
I visited the old church-yard, and took some flowers to strow
Upon the graves of those we loved, some forty years ago.

Some are in the church-yard laid, some sleep beneath the sea;
But few are left of our old class, excepting you and me;
And when our time shall come, Tom, and we are called to go,
I hope they'll lay us where we played, just forty years ago.

BEFORE THE SUN GOES DOWN.

"Let not the sun go down upon your wrath."

Has anger any place to-day
In heart and mind?
Has malice prompted you to say
What was not kind?
See how the sun is shining bright
In heaven above:
O let him not go down to-night
On aught but love!
Have you been wronged in any way,
And so are cross?
Has some one injured you to-day,
And caused you loss?
The golden sun is sinking fast—
'T will soon be night!
Forgive, and let your wrath be cast
Far out of sight!
What? some one else was in the wrong,
And his the debt?
Well, never mind; show you are strong,
And can forget.
Look you how quickly fades the light:
It will not wait!
Quick, ere the sun goes down to-night,
And 't is too late!

GOOD CHEER IN THE HOUSE.

BY MRS. EMMA J. BABCOCK.

"POWER dwells with cheerfulness," says Emerson.

Widely as this may be applied to the life and work of man in the outdoor world, it is full of the deepest meaning in a woman's life and work in the indoor world. If she contemplates for a few moments the possibilities here unfolded, how far-reaching she sees that they are!

Cheerfulness is the power that sends the children happy and bright from the breakfast table to the school-room, instead of sending frowning little rebels that will invite warfare with companions and teacher. It will help her to guide the machinery of the kitchen in such a way that very little friction is generated. Almost any wise housekeeper can tell, if she will, of times when a word fitly spoken, of hearty good will, to a domestic has changed the whole current of her thoughts, and has brightened toil, has helped to lift the round of duties that must be gone through with (without which home life is impossible), out of mere drudgery. Probably there are few girls in our kitchens that would not gladly exchange for uniform good cheer in the kitchen all those gifts of handkerchiefs, papers of pins, and even calico dresses, with which she seeks to heal wounds caused by unreasonable and unjustifiable fault finding.

An unsuspected mission of this power is that of keeping the heart young, and of making old faces lovely. If I were to write a novel, its heroine should be a woman of eighty years old, whose serene spirit, fed by the well-spring of cheerfulness, triumphed over the infirmities of age, over intense pain, and over grief itself, and shed a pure light in the household, and affected all that lived in the neighborhood of that home.

To laugh with our children is sometimes better for them and for us than anything else; to know that seeming folly is sometimes truest wisdom, is the province of the mother.

To promote cheer in the household, then, is a duty that no woman can evade. To cultivate the calm power, of which Emerson thought, cannot be held to be as a small work; to be sure, it cannot be done on a platform, as so much of woman's work seeks to be done at the present day; but it is none the less tangible and important.

THE DAWN OF SPRING.

WHILE the hedgerows and trees are bare,
From meadow and coppice and lane
Is wafted a fragrance rare
To gladden the earth again!
What is it? What is it?
What news does it bring?
'Tis the scent of the violet,
The breath of the Spring!

When the dark and the daylight meet,
High up in the vault of heaven
Is heard a song more sweet
Than any to mortals given!
What is it? What is it?
What news does it bring?
'Tis the song of the skylark,
The voice of the Spring,

The dull, dark winter is past,
And over the waking land
A wonderful beauty is cast,
That we cannot but understand!
What is it? What is it?
What news does it bring?
'Tis the grace of a maiden,
The face of the Spring!

GEORGE WEATHERLY.

THE spirit which we manifest toward others, naturally tends to excite the same spirit in them. Kindness begets kindness; while harshness ruffles the temper and excites resentment. Men often complain of the treatment which they receive from others, while it is but the reflex of the treatment which they have extended to them.

THE ORCHARD PATH.

ALICE WILLIAMS BROTHERTON.

So you're bound to go to the city? you're tired to death of the farm!
"Big enough to look after yourself,"—an' you're not afraid of harm?
Ah, that's the way that you all go! The same old story you tell.—
Sit down for a minute, daughter. Le's talk it all over well.

Dear, don't you think I know it?—I've lived it many a year!
This starving of mind and spirit, this grinding of farm work drear;
Wearing out of the muscle, an' rusting out of the brain;
Working your very heart out for a little handful of gain!

Daughter, I know the struggle, from first to last, the whole;
How it *hurts* to crucify longings, how it aches to cramp the soul!—
But we've got air and sunshine, the fields, an' the stars at night,
An' a shelf of books in the cupboard for the hour when the lamp's a-light.

Say you *go* to the city—what can you really do?
A trifle of clumsy sewing; can scrub and bake and stew.
You've not the learning for teaching. You could may be, "stand in a store"
From dawn to dark, with an aching back an' ankles swollen an' sore.

That's all that there is before you; unless, like your uncle's Belle,
You ran away 'ith the circus (an' *her* end you know right well!)
After the raising I gave you you'd hardly go on the stage;
You might serve hash in a restyrant for a pitiful mite of wage.

Drudging all day in the basement, and sleeping under the roof;
Pain and wrong at your elbow, but happiness keeping aloof;
Deceit hid under fair seeming, sin stalking free in the street;—
Girl, if you go to the city, that's what you're bound to meet.

By some one wiser than we are, remember, folks' bounds are set.
Look into what lies right 'round you, an' see what good you can get.
There in a crowded city, with its din and hurry and strife,
They're just so busy 'ith *living*, they can't learn the meaning of *life!*

Here, under the stars at milking-time, an' out on the fresh green sod,
We get to know more of life's meaning, and somehow seem closer to God.
You'd miss the air and the sunshine, and the orchard trees a-flower;
You'd miss the scent of the clover-fields and the hush of the twilight hour.

Isn't that some one a-coming, out on the National Pike?
Hark to the cheery whistle! Surely that's Atherton's Ike.
You've taken a spite against him because of his homely name;
If it was Irving, or Austin, would it be just the same?

Isaac meant "Laughter" in Hebrew. That's what he's like to me,
With his tossing hair and twinkling eyes, and deep voice full of glee.
No, he wouldn't look well in a pen-tailed coat an' a white cravat; his han's
Are fitter for breaking unruly colts than twiddling with ladies' fans.

But I know the stock that he comes from—not a mean strain in the lot;
And the love of an honest man, my girl, is the best that life has got.
You quarreled with him a-Sunday. How do *I* know? Mothers guess.
Run to your room,—you've a minute to put on the clean pink dress.

Shining and white and broad it runs, to the city, that National Road.
Seems always like that one in Scripture, leading to sin's abode;
And yon little track through the briars, that runs to the orchard gate,
Like the thorn-set narrow pathway at whose end the angels wait.

Ike's turned off into the orchard; closer the whistling hies.
The glare of that dusty, sunny pike is like a pain to my eyes.
Brief as the blaze of autumn leaves is ever a true love's wrath!
Thank God! there's the pink through the briars; she has taken—the orchard path.

—*New England Magazine.*

GRACIOUS WOMANHOOD.

So few very beautiful women consider it worth their while to be gracious. They rely so entirely on their charms of person to attract that they do not put themselves out or exert themselves to please other than by their beauty. This is a great mistake, for though they may rule for a season by the power that feminine loveliness always exerts, their court will soon be narrowed to the very few who are willing to serve out adulation with every sentence, with no hope of entertainment in return.

The spell of gracious womanhood, however, lasts as long as life remains, and the charm depends not upon beauty of face or figure, but upon a grace of mind that puts self in the background and endeavors to bring out the best and brightest in all those with whom it comes in contact.

The woman who can become interested in the hobby of whoever is in her society, or who can make that other feel that his or her words are important and worthy of regard will be the one to whom her entire circle will swear allegiance. A regard for others' feelings and a gentle though not fulsome flattery that stimulates rather than inflates are the weapons which, when used by a clever, kindly woman, make her a power among any set in which she chooses to move, though never for one moment does she give any evidence that she is aware of the influences she wields through the all-conquering sceptre of her own gracious womanhood.

———:o:———

A WOMAN'S RIGHT.

BY HARRIET NEWELL SWANWICK.

WHETHER climbing life's hill by a stony path.
Or calmly treading the vale below,
With a cheerful content she will meet her lot,
If a true heart loves her and tells her so.

You may give her your houses, your lands, your gold,
Failing the jewel of love to bestow,
She'll envy the poorest woman she knows,
Who has some one to love her and tells her so.

Adown her life stream she may peacefully glide,
Or against the winds be forced to row;
Whatever befalls her she'll fearlessly face
Beside one who loves her and tells her so.

HUNTERS.

BY ERNEST MCGAFFEY.

A CRICKET fed on an insect
Too small for an eye to see,
A field-mouse captured the cricket
And hushed his minstrelsy.

A gray shrike pounced on the field-mouse
And hung him on a thorn,
And a hawk came down on the cruel shrike
From over the waving corn.

And a fox sprang out on the red-tailed hawk
From under a fallen tree.
For bird and beast, by flood and field,
Of every degree,

Prey one upon the other;
'Twas thus ordained to be.
My rifle laid old Reynard low,
And death—death looked at me.

———:o:———

THF ELEVENTH-HOUR LABORER.

MISS L. GRAY NOBLE.

Idlers all day about the market-place
They name us, and our dumb lips answer not,
Bearing the bitter while our sloth's disgrace,
And our dark tasking whereof none may wot.

Oh, the fair slopes where the grape-gatherers go!—
Not they the day's fierce heat and burden bear,
But we who on the market-stones drop slow
Our barren tears, while all the bright hours wear.

Lord of the vineyard, whose dear word declares
Our one hour's labor as the day's shall be,
What coin divine can make our wage as theirs
Who had the morning joy of work for Thee?

—*The Century*.

———:o:———

"AFTER MANY DAYS."

MRS. M. A. HOLT.

I know not when, I know not how,
The good that we have done
Shall cast a crown upon our brow—
The crown that we have won.
It may be here—it may be there;
Of this we cannot tell;
But well we know the deeds and prayer
Shall bear their fruitage well.

THE MODEL CHURCH.

Well, wife, I've found the model church! I worshipped there to-day;
It made me think of good old times, before my hairs were gray.
The meetin'-house was finer built than they were years ago;
But then I found, when I went in, it wasn't built for show.

The sexton didn't seat me 'way back by the door;
He knew that I was old and deaf, as well as old and poor.
He must have been a Christian, for he led me boldly through
The long aisle of that pleasant church to find a pleasant pew.

I wish you'd heard the singin'—it had the old-time ring—
The preacher said with trumpet-voice, "Let all the people sing;"
The tune was "Coronation," and the music upwards rolled
Till I thought I heard the angels striking all their harps of gold.

My deafness seemed to melt away, my spirit caught the fire;
I joined my feeble, trembling voice with that melodious choir,
And sang, as in my youthful days, "Let angels prostrate fall,
Bring forth the royal diadem and crown him Lord of all."

I tell you, wife, it did me good to sing that hymn once more,
I felt like some wrecked mariner who gets a glimpse of shore;
I almost want to lay aside this weather-beaten form
And anchorin the blessed port forever from the storm

The preachin'! well, I can't just tell all that the preacher said;
I know it wasn't written, I know it wasn't read;
He hadn't time to read, for the lightnin' of his eye
Went passing 'long from pew to pew, nor passed a sinner by.

The sermon wasn't flowery, 'twas simple Gospel truth.
It fitted poor old men like me, it fitted hopeful youth;
'Twas full of consolation for weary hearts that bleed,
'Twas full of invitations to Christ—and not to creed.

The preacher made sin hideous in Gentiles and in Jews;
He shot the golden sentences straight at the finest pews;
And, though I can't see very well, I saw a falling tear
That told me hell was some way off, and heaven very near.

How swift the golden moments fled within that holy place!
How brightly beamed the light of heaven from every happy face!
Again I longed for that sweet time when friend shall meet with friend,
When congregations ne'er break up and Sabbaths have no end.

I hope to meet that minister, the congregation, too,
In the dear home beyond the skies, that shines from heaven's blue,
I doubt not I'll remember, beyond life's evening gray,
The face of God's dear servant who preached His word to-day.

MY MOTHER.

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.

The feast was o'er. Now brimming wine,
In lordly cup, was seen to shine
Before each eager guest;
And silence filled the crowded hall
As deep as when the herald's call
Thrills in the loyal breast.

Then up arose the noble host
And, smiling cried: "A toast! a toast!
To all our ladies fair;
Here, before all, I pledge the name
Of Stanton's proud and beauteous dame,
The Lady Gundamere."

Quick to his feet each gallant sprang
And joyous was the shout that rang
As Stanley gave the word;
And every cup was raised on high,
Nor ceased the loud and gladsome cry
Till Stanley's voice was heard.

"Enough, enough," he, smiling, said,
And lowly bent his haughty head;
"That all may have their due,
Now each, in turn, must play his part
And pledge the lady of his heart,
Like a gallant knight and true."

Then, one by one, each guest sprang up
And drained in turn the brimming cup,
And named the loved one's name;
And each, as hand on high he raised,
His lady's grace and beauty praised,
Her constancy and fame.

'Tis now St. Leon's turn to rise;
On him are fixed these countless eyes;
A gallant knight is he;
Envied by some, admired by all,
Far famed in lady's bower and hall,—
The flower of chivalry.

St. Leon raised his kindling eye,
And held the sparkling cup on high,
"I drink to one," he said,
"Whose image never may depart,
Deep graven on this grateful heart
Till memory be dead;

To one whose love for me shall last
When lighter passions long have past,
So deep it is, and pure;
Whose love hath longer dwelt, I ween,
Than any yet that pledged hath been
By these brave knights before."

Each guest up started at the word
And laid a hand upon his sword
With fury-flashing eye;
And Stanley said: "We crave the name,
Proud knight, of this most peerless dame,
Whose love you count so high."

St. Leon paused, as if he would
Not breathe her name in careless mood
Thus lightly to another;
Then bent his noble head, as though
To give that word the reverence due,
And gently said, "My mother."

MIRTH AND SELF-SATISFACTION. 293

WATCH, MOTHER.

MOTHER! watch the little feet
Climbing o'er the garden wall,
Bounding through the busy street,
Ranging cellar, shed and hall,
Never count the moments lost,
Never count the time it costs;
Little feet will go astray;
Guide them, mother while you may.

Mother! watch the little hand
Picking berries by the way,
Making houses in the sand,
Tossing up the fragrant hay,
Never dare the question ask,
"Why to me this weary task?"
These same little hands may prove
Messengers of light and love.

Mother! watch the little tongue
Prattling, eloquent and wild,
What is said, and what is sung
By the happy, joyous child.
Catch the word while yet unspoken.
Stop the vow before 'tis broken;
This same tongue may yet proclaim
Blessings in a Saviour's name.

Mother! watch the little heart
Beating soft and warm for you;
Wholesome lessons now impart;
Keep, O keep that young heart true,
Extracting every bitter weed,
Sowing good and precious seed;
Harvest rich you then may see,
Ripening for eternity.

THE QUAKER WIDOW.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

THEE finds me in the garden, Hannah—come in! 'Tis kind of thee
To wait until the Friends were gone, who came to comfort me,
The still and quiet company a peace may give indeed,
But blessed is the single heart that comes to us at need.

Come, sit thee down! Here is the bench where Benjamin would sit
On First-day afternoons in spring, and watch the swallows flit;
He loved to smell the sprouting box, and hear the pleasant bees
Go humming round the lilacs and through the apple trees.

I think he loved the spring not that he cared for flowers; most men
Think such things foolishness—but we were first acquainted then,
One spring; the next he spoke his mind; the third I was his wife,
And in the spring (it happened so) our children entered life.

He was but seventy-five: I did not think to lay him yet
In Kennett graveyard, where at Monthly Meeting first we met.
The Father's mercy shows in this: 'tis better I should be
Picked out to bear the heavy cross—alone in age—than he.

We've lived together fifty years; it seems but one long day,
One quiet Sabbath of the heart, till he was called away;
And as we bring from Meeting-time a sweet contentment home,
So, Hannah, I have store of peace for all the days to come.

I mind (for I can tell thee now) how hard it was to know
If I had heard the spirit right, that told me I should go;
For father had a deep concern upon his mind that day,
But mother spoke for Benjamin—she knew what best to say.

Then she was still: they sat awhile: at last she spoke again,
"The Lord incline thee to the right!" and "Thou shalt have him Jane!"
My father said. I cried. Indeed, 'twas not the least of shocks,
For Benjamin was Hicksite, and father Orthodox.

I thought of this ten years ago, when daughter Ruth we lost:
Her husband's of the world, and yet I could not see her crossed.

She wears, thee knows, the gayest gowns, she hears a hireling priest—
Ah, dear! the cross was ours; her life's a happy one, at least.

Perhaps she'll wear a plainer dress when she's as old as I—
Would thee believe it, Hannah? once *I* felt temptation nigh!
My wedding-gown was ashen silk, too simple for my taste:
I wanted lace around the neck, and a ribbon at the waist.

How strange it seemed to sit with him upon the women's side!
I did not dare to lift my eyes: I felt more fear than pride,
Till, "in the presence of the Lord," he said, and then there came
A holy strength upon my heart, and I could say the same.

I used to blush when he came near, but then I showed no sign;
With all the meeting looking on, I held his hand in mine.
It seemed my bashfulness was gone, now I was his for life:
Thee knows the feeling, Hannah,—thee, too, hast been a wife.

As home we rode, I saw no fields look half so green as ours;
The woods were coming into leaf, the meadows full of flowers;
The neighbors met us in the lane, and every face was kind—
'Tis strange how lively everything comes back upon my mind.

I see, as plain as thee sits there, the wedding-dinner spread;
At our own table we were guests, with father at the head,
And Dinah Passmore helped us both—'twas she stood up with me,
And Abner Jones with Benjamin—and now they're gone, all three!

It is not right to wish for death; the Lord disposes best.
His Spirit comes to quiet hearts, and fits them for his rest;
And that He halved our little flock was merciful, I see:
For Benjamin has two in heaven, and two are left with me.

Eusebius never cared to farm—'twas not his call in truth,
And I must rent the dear old place, and go to daughter Ruth.
Thee'll say her ways are not like mine—young people now-a-days
Have fallen sadly off, I think, from all the good old ways.

But Ruth is still a Friend at heart; she keeps the simple tongue,
The cheerful, kindly nature we loved when she was young;
And it was brought upon my mind, remembering her, of late,
That we on dress and outward things perhaps lay too much weight.

I once heard Jesse Kersey say, "a spirit clothed with grace,
And pure, almost, as angels are, may have a homely face,"
And dress may be of less account; the Lord will look within:
The soul it is that testifies of righteousness or sin.

Thee mustn't be too hard on Ruth: she's anxious I should go,
And she will do her duty as a daughter should I know.
'Tis hard to change so late in life, but we must be resigned,
The Lord looks down contentedly upon a willing mind.

UNCLE PETE'S COUNSEL TO THE NEWLY MARRIED.

My chil'ren, lub one anoder; b'ar wid one anoder; be faithful ter one anoder. You hab started on a long journey; many rough places am in de road; many trubbles will spring up by de wayside; but gwo on hand an' hand togedder; lub one anoder, an' no matter what come onter you, you will be happy—for lub will sweeten ebery sorrer, lighten ebery load make de sun shine in eben de bery cloudiest wedder. I knows it will, my chil'ren, 'case I'se been ober de groun'. Ole Aggy an' I hab trabbled de road. Hand in hand we hab gone ober

de rocks; fru de mud; in de hot burning sand; been out togedder in de cole, an' de rain, an' de storm, fur nigh onter forty yar, but we hab clung to one anoder; an' fru ebery ting in de bery darkest days, de sun ob joy an' peace hab broke fru de cloud', an' sen' him bressed rays inter our hearts. We started jess like two young saplin's you's seed a growin' side by side in de woods. At fust we seemed 'way part fur de brambles, an' de tick bushes, an' de ugly forns—[dem war our bad ways]—war atween us, but lub, like de sun, shone down on us, an' we grow'd. We grow'd till our heads got above de bushes; till dis little branch, an' dat little branch—dem war our holy feelin's—put out toward one anoder, an' we come closer an' closer togedder. An' dough we'm ole trees now, an' sometime de wind blow, an' de storm rage fru de tops, an' freaten ter tear off de limbs, an' ter pull up de bery roots, we'm growin' closer an' closer, an' nearer an' nearer togedder ebery day—an' soon de ole tops will meet; soon de ole branches, all cobered ober wid de gray moss, will twine roun' one anoder; soon de two ole trees will come togedder, an' grow inter *one* foreber—grow inter one up dar in de sky, whar de wind neber'll blow, whar de storm neber'll beat; whar we shill blossom an' bar fruit to de glory ob de Lord, an' in His heabenly kingdom foreber! Amen.

EDMUND KIRKE.

COMING AND GOING.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

ONCE came to our fields a pair of birds that had never built a nest nor seen a winter. Oh, how beautiful was everything! The fields were full of flowers, and the grass was growing tall, and the bees were humming everywhere. Then one of the birds fell to singing, and the other bird said: "Who told you to sing?" and he answered: "The flowers told me, and the bees told me, and the winds and leaves told me, and the blue sky told me, and you told me to sing." Then his mate answered: "When did I tell you to sing?" And he said: "Every time you brought in tender grass for the nest, and every time your soft wings fluttered off again for hair and feathers to line the nest." Then his mate said: "What are you singing about?" And he answered: "I am singing about everything and nothing. It is because I am so happy that I sing."

By-and-by five little speckled eggs were in the nest, and his mate said: "Is there anything in all the world as pretty as my eggs?" Then they both looked down on some people that were passing by, and pitied them because they were not birds, and had no nests with eggs in them! Then the father-bird sung a melancholy song because he pitied folks that had no nests, but had to live in houses.

In a week or two, one day, when the father-bird came home, the mother-bird said: "Oh, what do you think has happened?"—"What?"—"One of my eggs has been peeping and moving!" Pretty soon another egg moved under her feathers, and then another, and another, till five little birds were born!

Now the father-bird sung longer and louder than ever. The mother-bird, too, wanted to sing, but she had no time, and so she turned her song into work. So hungry were these little birds that it kept both parents busy feeding them. Away each one flew. The moment the little birds heard their wings fluttering again among the leaves, five yellow mouths flew open so wide that nothing could be seen but five yellow mouths!

"Can anybody be happier?" said the father-bird to the mother-bird. "We will live in this tree always, for there is no sorrow here. It is a tree that always bears joy."

The very next day one of the birds dropped out of the nest, and a cat ate it up in a minute, and only four remained; and the parent-birds were very sad, and there was no song all that day nor the next. Soon the little birds were big enough to fly, and great was their parents' joy to see them leave the nest and sit crumpled up upon the branches. There was then a great time! One would have thought the two old birds were two French dancing-masters,—talking and chattering and scolding the little birds, to make them go alone. The first bird that tried flew from one branch to another, and the parents praised him, and the other little birds wondered how he did it! And he was so vain of it that he tried again, and flew and flew, and couldn't stop flying, till he fell plump down by the house-door; and then a little boy caught him and carried him into the house,—and only three birds were left. Then the old birds

thought that the sun was not bright as it used to be, and they did not sing as often.

In a little time the other birds had learned to use their wings, and they flew away and away, and found their own food and made their own beds, and their parents never saw them any more!

Then the old birds sat silent, and looked at each other a long while.

At last the wife-bird said:

"Why don't you sing?"

And he answered:

"I can't sing—I can only think and think!"

"What are you thinking of?"

"I am thinking how everything changes,—the leaves are falling down from off this tree, and soon there will be no roof over our heads; the flowers are all gone, or going; last night there was a frost; almost all the birds are flown away, and I am very uneasy. Something calls me, and I feel restless as if I would fly far away."

"Let us fly away together!"

Then they rose silently, and, lifting themselves far up in the air, they looked to the north,—far away they saw the snow coming. They looked to the south,—there they saw green leaves! All day they flew, and all night they flew and flew, till they found a land where there was no winter—where there was summer all the time; where flowers always blossom, and the birds always sing.

But the birds that stayed behind found the days shorter, the nights longer, and the weather colder. Many of them died of cold; others crept into crevices and holes, and lay torpid. Then it was plain that it was better to go than to stay!

PLANTATION SONG.

J. A. Macon.

De night-time comin' an' de daylight scootin';
De jew-draps fallin' an' de big owl hootin;
You kin soon see de bright stars fallin' an' a-shootin';
An' hear de old huntin'-horn blowin' an' a-tootin'!

Oh! de Seben Stars gittin' up higher an' higher,
De supper-time comin' on nigher an' nigher;
Gwine to cote Miss Dinah by de hick'ry fire
An' roas' dem taters while I settin' down by her.

De cat-bird happy when de cherries gittin' redder
De sheep mighty libely when he grazin' in de medder;
But de nigger an' his little gal settin' down to gedder
Jes' happy as a cricket in de sunshiny wedder!

REFRAIN.—Hi O, Miss Dinah,
Listen to de song!
Hi O, Miss Dinah,
I's comin' straight erlong!
Hi O, Miss Dinah,
Gwine to see you little later!—
Hi O, Miss Dinah,
Gwine to help you peel dat 'tater!

THAT SILVER MINE.

Mark Twain.

I HAD never seen him before. He brought letters of introduction from mutual friends in San Francisco, and by invitation I breakfasted with him. was almost religion, there in the silver-mines, to precede such a meal with whisky cocktails. Artemus, with the true cosmopolitan instinct, always deferred to the customs of the country he was in, and so he ordered three of those abominations. Hingston was present. I am a match for nearly any beverage you can mention except a whiskey cocktail, and therefore I said I would rather not drink one. I said it would go right to my head and confuse me so that I would be in a helpless tangle in ten minutes. I did not want to act like a lunatic before strangers, but Artemus gently insisted, and I drank the treasonable mixture under protest, and felt all the time that I was doing a thing that I might be sorry for. In a minute or two I began to imagine that my ideas were clouded. I waited in great anxiety for the conversation to open, with a sort of vague hope that my understanding would prove clear, after all, and my misgivings groundless.

Artemus dropped an unimportant remark or two, and then assumed a look of superhuman earnestness, and made the following astounding speech. He said:—

"Now, there is one thing I ought to ask you about before I forget it. You have been here in Silverland—here in Nevada—two or three years, and, of course, your position on the daily press has made it necessary for you to go

down in the mines and examine them carefully in detail, and therefore you know all about the silver-mining business. Now, what I want to get at is—is, well, the way the deposits of ore are made, you know. For instance. Now, as I understand it, the vein which contains the silver is sandwiched in between castings of granite, and runs along the ground, and sticks up like a curbstone.

"Well, take a vein forty feet thick, for example, or eighty, for that matter, or even a hundred,—say you go down on it with a shaft, straight down, you know, or with what you call the 'inclines,' maybe you go down five hundred feet, or maybe you don't go down but two hundred, any way you go down, and all the time this vein grows narrower, when the castings come nearer or approach each other, you may say, that is when they do approach, which of course they do not always do, particularly in cases where the nature of the formation is such that they stand apart wider than they otherwise would, and which geology has failed to account for, although everything in that science goes to prove that, all things being equal, it would if it did not, or would not certainly if it did, and then of course they are. Do not you think it is?"

I said to myself: "Now I just knew how it would be,—that cussed whiskey cocktail has done the business for me; I don't understand any more than a clam." And then I said aloud, "I—I—that is—if you don't mind, would you—would you say that over again? I ought—"

"O, certainly, certainly! You see I am very unfamiliar with the subject, and perhaps I don't present my case clearly, but I—"

"No, no—no, no—you state it plain enough, but that vile cocktail has muddled me a little. But I will,—no, I do understand, for that matter; but I would get the hang of it all the better if you went over it again,—and I'll pay better attention this time."

He said, "Why, what I was after, was this." [Here he became even more fearfully impressive than ever, and emphasized each particular point by checking it off on his finger ends.] "This vein, or lode, or ledge, or whatever you call it, runs along between two layers of granite, just the same as if it were a sandwich. Very well. Now, suppose you go down on that, say a thousand feet, or maybe twelve hundred (it don't really matter), before you drift; and then you start your drifts, some of them across the ledge, and others along the length of it, where the sulphurets—I believe they call them sulphurets, though why they should, considering that, so far as I can see, the main dependence of a miner does not so lie, as some suppose, but in which it cannot be successfully maintained wherein the same should not continue, while part and parcel of the same ore not committed to either in the sense referred to, whereas, under different circumstances, the most inexperienced among us could not detect it if it were, or might overlook it if it did, or scorn the very idea of such a thing, even though it were palpably demonstrated as such. Am I not right?"

I said sorrowfully: "I feel ashamed of myself, Mr. Ward. I know I ought to understand you perfectly well, but you see that infernal whiskey cocktail has got into my head, and now I cannot understand even the simplest proposition. I told you how it would be."

"O, don't mind it, don't mind it; the fault was my own, no doubt,—though I did think it clear enough for—"

"Don't say a word. Clear! Why, you stated it as clear as the sun to anybody but an abject idiot, but it's that confounded cocktail that has played the mischief."

"No, now don't say that. I'll begin it all over again, and—"

"Don't now,—for goodness sake, don't do anything of the kind, because I tell you my head is in such a condition that I don't believe I could understand the most trifling question a man could ask me."

"Now, don't you be afraid. I'll put it so plain this time that you can't help but get the hang of it. We will begin at the very beginning." [Leaning far across the table, with determined impressiveness wrought upon his every feature, and fingers prepared to keep tally of each point as enumerated; and I, leaning forward with painful interest, resolved to comprehend or perish.] "You know the vein, the ledge, the thing that contains the metal, whereby it constitutes the medium between all other forces, whether of present or remote agencies, so brought to bear in favor of the former against the latter, or the latter against the former, or all, or both, or compromising as possible the relative differences

existing within the radius whence culminate the several degrees of similarity to which—"

I said: "O, blame my wooden head, it ain't any use,—it ain't any use to try,—I can't understand anything. The plainer you get it the more I can't get the hang of it."

I heard a suspicious noise behind me, and turned in time to see Hingston dodging behind a newspaper, and quaking with a gentle ecstasy of laughter. I looked at Ward again, and he had thrown off his dread solemnity and was laughing also. Then I saw that I had been sold,—that I had been made the victim of a swindle in the way of a string of plausibly worded sentences that didn't mean anything under the sun.

Artemus Ward was one of the best fellows in the world, and one of the most companionable. It has been said that he was not fluent in conversation, but, with the above experience in my mind, I differ.

A SCRIPTURE STORY IN A NEW FORM.

FARO BILL'S FIRST ATTEMPT AT PREACHING THE GOSPEL.

Leadville, Colorado, has experienced religion, and Faro Bill, one of its most distinguished citizens, preached the other day, in the absence of—as he expressed it—"the boss mouthpiece of the heavenly mill," to a large and select audience, in the variety theatre of the place, used on Sunday as a church. This is the way the substitute began:

"Feller citizens, the preacher bein' absent, it falls on me to take his hand and play it fur all it is worth. You all know that I'm just learnin' the game, an' of course I may be expected to make wild breaks, but I don't believe there's a rooster in the camp mean enough to take advantage o' my ignorance and cold deck me right on the first deal. I'm sincere in this new departure, an' I believe I've struck a game that I can play clear through without copperin' a bet, for when a man tackles such a lay out as this he plays every card to win, and if he goes through the deal as he orter do, when he lays down to die an' the last case is reddy to slide from the box he can call the turn every time.

"I was readin' in the Bible to-day that yarn about the Prodigal Son, and I want to tell yer the story. The book don't give no dates, but it happened long, long ago. This Prodigal Son had an old man that put up the coin every time the kid struck him for a stake, an' never kicked at the size of the pile, either. I recon the old man was pretty well fixed, an' when he died he intended to give all his wealth to this kid an' his brother. Prod gave the old man a little game o' talk one day, and induced him to whack up in advance o' the death racket. He'd no sooner got his divy in his fist than he shook the old man an' struck out to take in some o' the other camps. He had a way-up time for awhile, and slung his cash to the front like he owned the best playin' lead on earth; but hard luck hit him at last an' left him flat. The book don't state what he went broke on, but I reckon he got steered up again some brace game. But anyhow he got left without a chip or a four-bit piece to go an' eat on. An old granger then tuk him home an' set him to herdin' hogs, an' here he got so hard up an' hungry that he piped off the swine while they were feedin,' and he stood in with them on a shuck lunch. He soon weakened on such plain provender, and says to himself, says he: "Even the old man's hired hands are livin' on square grub, while I'm worrin' along here on corn husks straight. I'll just take a grand tumble to myself, an' chop on this racket at once. I'll skip back to the governor and try to fix things up, and call for a new deal.' So off he started."

The old man seed the kid a-comin,' and what do you reckon he did? Did he pull his gun and lay for him, intendin' to wipe him as soon as he got into range? Did he call the dogs to chase him off the ranch? Did he hustle round for a club and give him a stand off at the front gate? Eh? Not to any alarming extent he didn't; no sir. The Scripture book says he waltzed out to meet him, and froze to him on the spot and kissed him and then marched him off to a clothing store, and fitted him out in the nobbiest rig to be had for coin. Then the old gent invited all the neighbors, and killed a fat calf, and gave the biggest blowout the camp ever seen."

The repentance which cuts off all moorings to evil, demands something more than selfish fear.—*George Eliot.*

THE STAMPEDE.

JULY 1849. ROBERT C. V. MYERS.

Oh, me! that awful day in hot July,
When man and beast were maddened by the drought!

The emigrants from the dozen wagons there
Languidly ate the dinner that they must,
The glaring sun a pitiless enemy;
For many hours, of water not a drop.

The horses with wild eyes all blood-bespecked,
And man and woman panting, thirsting, drear,
More miles to go or yet a stream will flow
Before enraptured vision; meanwhile to eat.
The baked flesh for the little moisture there.

Quiet and still the palpitant hot air
'Most solid in its press of crystal strength.

"Hush, hush, my child!" a girlish mother sings
Unto the moaning babe upon her breast,
"'Tis only five short hours, and water then."

"Yes, yes," say all "but five short hours more,
And then this torment will be past and gone."

Then silence comes again, mute languid woe,
Save for the mother singing to her child.

Suddenly a horse, erst jaded, listless, lifts
His head, and glaring fixedly to East,
Utters a neigh of shrill anxiety.
The men look up, no sign of ambush near,
No sign of foes about. They sit again.

"Hush, hush, my child," the girlish mother sings.

Another moment, and the horses pull
At straining lariats with wild frightened cries.

"Hush, hush, my child!" the girlish mother sings.

There is a sullen trembling of the earth,
A man, with face blanched paler far than death.
Or grim privation makes it, starts and shouts,
"A buffalo stampede! The animals
Are wild for water! To the wagons!—go!
To the wagons!"

Women shriek, they scarce know why,
Men tremble in excess of 'wildered dread.

"Hush, hush, my child!" the girlish mother sings.

"To the wagons!—there is time, bare time for that!"

And it is so—and she, the mother young,
Still sings a little, "Hush, Oh, hush, my child!"

Then from the canvas covert look they forth,
Their horses crazed with fear. And this they see—
A mighty wave on coming, hundreds, aye,
And thousands of the maddened buffaloes,
A mighty living mass that sweeps and goes,
With blazing eyes and foam-beclothed mouths
That roar in anger for the water cool.
On, on it comes, the great vast, surging wave,
A wave full two miles long and near as wide,
Down in its might upon the little camp
Where cries fly out up to a calm blue heaven.

Nearer, and nearer, yea, and nearer still,
Strait on the camp, irrevocable, dire,
Shrieks of the women, the faint cry of babes,
The scream tethered horses, the reports
Of rifles seeking what they fain would do,
A rush, a roar, a crash!—And far away
Rolls the great wave of black and awful life.

And where the camp, the wagons, horses, all
The many human souls of bravery?
Aye, blotted out, evanished, not a sign
To tell of what there was, nought, nought but dust
And the red sun above, the palpitant heat,
The silence and the drought of mid July,
Save a wee babe that in the rolling dust
Feels the chill creeping in its mother's breast.

———:o:———

SAND.

I OBSERVED a locomotive in the railroad yards one day—
It was waiting in the round-house where the locomotives stay;
It was panting for the journey, it was coaled and fully manned,
And it had a box the fireman was filling full of sand

It appears that locomotives cannot always get a grip
On their slender iron pavement, 'cause the wheels are apt to slip;
And when they reach a slippery spot, their tactics they command,
And to get a grip upon the rail, they sprinkle it with sand.

It's about this way with travel along life's slippery track,
If your load is rather heavy and you're always sliding back;

So, if a common locomotive you completely understand,
You'll supply yourself, in starting, with a good supply of sand.

If your track is steep and hilly and you have a heavy grade,
And if those who've gone before you have the rails quite slippery made,
If you ever reach the summit of the upper tableland,
You'll find you'll have to do it with a liberal use of sand.

If you strike some frigid weather and discover to your cost
That you're liable to slip on a heavy coat of frost
Then some prompt, decided action will be called into demand,
You'll slip way to the bottom if you haven't any sand.

You can get to any station that is on life's schedule seen,
If there's fire beneath the boiler of ambition's strong machine;
And you'll reach a place called Flushtown at a rate of speed that's grand,
If for all the slippery places you've a good supply of sand.

———:o:———

PILKIN'S LANDLADY.

BY A. W. BELLAW.

He sat upon the curbstone a-tearing of his hair,
Occasionally he would groan, occasionally swear;—
"My friend," said I, "in deep distress you really seem to be;
Let up a little on your grief and tell the cause to me."

He drew a well-blown handkerchief and blew his mournful nose,
Then throwing up a sigh or two, he said, "Well, here it goes.
It's my landlady, so it is, as gives me all this pain,
And if you're not particular, I'll speak out pretty plain.

She's crosser than her knives and forks when first her table's set;
She's sourer than her pickles are, and always on the fret;
She's sharper than her carving-knife, and, like her pies, reserved,
And fierier than her pepper-sauce, and quite high strung and nerved.

She waits upon the *table* but not upon the *guest*
The moment that your week is up you get a quick request;
And if whene'er your week is out, you say that you re out, too,
You get a slice of tongue, not cold and something of a stew.

She has her dinners always late, but breakfast is too soon;
There's nothing in her tea, unless it is, perhaps, a spoon;
She's colder than her coffee is, and crusty as her pies;
She holds her head high as her terms—that's weekly on the rise!

Her will is harder than her beds, and tougher than her steaks;
Her smile is scarcer than her tarts and sickly as her cakes;
She's distant like her best preserves of which we only dream,
And she dispenses with remarks just as she does with cream.

You'd no more touch her with appeal than you could touch her hash;
The only thing she freely gives is your receipt for cash."
He sobbed. Said I, "Why don't you leave?" Said he, "You must be drunk;
Though weaker than her coffee is, *that woman holds my trunk!*"

———:o:———

UNROMANTIC.

They were sitting close together
In a pleasant, shady nook;
They looked at one another
With a loving, longing look;
Then Edwin broke the silence,
And with emotion shook,
As he softly, softly whispered,
"Angelina, can you cook?"

His anxious face grew tranquil,
Angelina whispered, "Yes;"
His thoughts of well-cooked dinners
No language could express.
His hand sought Angelina's
In a lingering caress;
Then he said, "O, Angelina,
Did you *make* or *buy* that dress?"

Edwin's heart grew—oh, so joyful!
For she always made her frocks;
And lightly strayed his fingers
Over Angelina's locks,
While they gazed upon the roses,
The pinks, and hollyhocks.
Then again he summoned courage,—
"Could you—darn a pair of socks?"

Poor Cupid near them hovered
And he listened in dismay—
"I see I am not needed—
I'm only in the way—
Cool, calculating Common-Sense
Holds undisputed sway."
Then he wept as Edwin whispered,
"Angelina, name the day."

THE RAILROAD THROUGH THE FARM.

SAM WALTER FOSS.

THERE'S thet black abomernation, that big locomotive there,
Its smoke-tail like a pirut-flag, a-wavin' through the air;
An' I mus' set, twelve times a day, an' never raise my arm,
An' see thet gret black monster go a-snortin' through my farm.

My father's farm, my grandsir's farm,—I come of Pilgrim stock,—
My great-great-great-great-grandsir's farm, way back to Plymouth Rock;
'Way back in the sixteen hundreds it was in our family name,
An' no man dared to trespass till that tootin' railroad came.

I sez, "You can't go through this farm, you hear it flat an' plain!"
Au' then they babbled about the right of "emiennt domain."
"Who's Eminunt Domain?" sez I. "I want you folks to see
Thet on this farm there ain't no man as eminunt as me."

An' w'en their gangs begun to dig I went out with a gun,
An' they rushed me off to prison till their wretched work wuz done.
"If I can't purtect my farm," sez I, "w'y, then, it's my idee,
You'd better shet off callin' this 'the country of the free.'"

There, there, ye hear it toot again an' break the peaceful calm.
I tell ye, you black monster, you've no business on my farm!
An' men ride by in stovepipe hats, an' women loll in silk,
An' lookin' in my barnyard, say, "See thet ol' codger milk!"

Git off my farm, you stuck-up doods, who set in there an' grin.
I own this farm, railroad an' all, an' I will fence it in!
Ding-ding, toot-toot, you black ol' fiend, you'll find w'en you come back,
An' ol' rail fence, without no bars, built straight across the track.

An' then you stuck-up doods inside, you Pullman upper crust,
Will know this codger'll hold his farm, an' let the railroad bust.
You'll find this railroad all fenced in—'twont do no good to talk—
If you want to git to Boston, w'y jest take yer laigs an' walk.

———:o:———

ONCE UPON A TIME.

MARGARET VANDEGRIFT.

Oh, yes, he's a decent young fellow;
I've nothing against him, my dear;
And it's likely he thinks he is courting,
And it's wholesome, a bit of a fear.
But when I think back to my girlhood,
And your grandfather, he was the boy!
If these days were those days, my darling,
By this I'd be wishing you joy.

He courted at fair and at frolic;
He toasted me more than he ought,
And I don't like to think, to this day, dear,
How he looked the day after he fought,
'Twas all a mistake that he fought for;
The other boy wasn't to blame·
'Twas only a fancy of Talbot's
That Mike laughed in speaking my name.

And the ways Talbot asked me to have him!
He'd not even pass me the tea,
But he'd look in my eyes and then whisper
"If I was that teacup, machree!"
If I gave him my hand just in friendship,
He'd sigh to his boots or as deep,
And say in his beautiful accents,
"Ah, when can I have it to keep?"

It seemed that I couldn't well help it;
I just plagued him out of his life,
Though still to myself I kept saying
That I should some day be his wife.
And then came the day of the jaunt, dear;
'Twas to an old ruin we went;
And he wandered me off with himself, like,
And I, for the once, was content.

I fancied a little blue flower
That grew in the crack of the wall,
And he climbed like a goat till he'd pick it,
And some way he managed to fall.
I don't know to this day how I did it;
He'd have slipped to his death, at the last;
But I caught his two feet in my hands, dear,
And held for his life safe and fast.

And that boy, as he hung upside down there,
And groping about for his life,
Calls up: "you've my fate in your hands, dear,
Let go if you'll not be my wife!"
Could I murder him? No, that I couldn't!
I gave him no answer at all,
I only held fast till he'd managed
To catch his two hands on the wall.

I stood there all laughing and crying,
And, well, you might fancy the rest
If you could; but these days are so different,
And each thinks her own day the best,
There'll not be another like Talbot,
No matter the day or the year,
And your boy's nice, quiet, well-mannered;
I hope you'll be happy, my dear!

———:o:———

FOLDED HANDS.

ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE.

Poor tired hands that toiled so hard for me,
At rest before me now I see them lying,
They toiled so hard, and yet we could not see
That she was dying.

Poor, rough, red hands that drudged the livelong day,
Still busy when the midnight oil was burning;
Oft toiling on until she saw the gray
Of day returning.

If I could sit and hold those tired hands,
And feel the warm life-blood within them beating,
And gaze with her across the twilight lands,
Some whispered words repeating,

I think to-night that I would love her so,
And I could tell my love to her so truly,
That, e'en though tired, she would not wish to go,
And leave me thus unduly.

Poor, tired heart that had so weary grown,
That death came all unheeded o'er it creeping.
How still it is to sit here all alone,
While she is sleeping.

Dear, patient heart that deemed the heavy care
Of drudging household toil its highest duty;
That laid aside its precious yearnings there
Along with beauty.

Dear heart and hands, so pulseless, still, and cold
(How peacefully and dreamlessly, she's sleeping!)
The spotless shroud of rest about them fold,
And leave me weeping.

———:o:———

A FAIR ATTORNEY.

S. M. PECK.

Alas! the world has gone away,
Since Cousin Lillian entered college,
For she has grown so learned, I
Oft tremble at her wondrous knowledge.
Whene'er I dare to woo her now,
She frowns that I should so annoy her,
And then proclaims, with lofty brow,
Her mission is to be a lawyer.

Life glides no more on golden wings,
A sunny waif from El Dorado;
I've learned how true the poet sings,
That coming sorrow casts its shadow.
When tutti-frutti lost its spell,
I felt some hidden grief impended;
When she declined a caramel
I knew my rosy dream had ended.

She paints no more on china plaques,
With tints that would have crazed Murillo,
Strange birds that never plumed their backs
When Father Noah braved the billow.
Her fancy limns, with brighter brush,
The splendid triumphs that await her,
When, in the court, a breathless hush
Gives homage to the queen debater.

'Tis sad to meet such crushing noes
From eyes as blue as Scottish heather;
'Tis sad a maid with cheeks of rose
Should have her heart bound up in leather.
'Tis sad to keep one's passions pent,
Though Pallas's arms the fair environ;
But worse to have her quoting Kent
When one is fondly breathing Byron.

When Lillian's licensed at the law
Her fame, be sure, will live forever;
No barrister will pick a flaw
In logic so extremely clever.
The sheriff will forget his nap
To feast upon the lovely vision,
And e'en the Judge will set his cap
At her and dream of love Elysian.

—*Argonaut.*

THEOLOGY IN THE QUARTERS.

Now I's got a notion in my head dat when you come to die,
An' stand de 'zamination in de Cote-house in de sky,
You'll be 'stonished at de questions dat de angel's gwine to ax
When he gits you on de witness-stan' an' pins you to de fac's;
'Cause he'll ax you mighty closely 'bout your doins in de night,
An' de water-million question's gwine to bodder you a sight!
Den your eyes'll open wider dan dey eber done befo',
When he chats you 'bout a chicken-scrape dat happened long ago!
De angels on de picket-line erlong de Milky Way
Keeps a-watchin' what yer dribin' at an' hearin' what you say:
No matter what you want to do, no matter whar you's gwine,
Dey's mighty apt to find it out an' pass it 'long de line;
An' of 'en at de meetin' when you make a fuss an laff—
Why, dey send de news a kitin' by de golden telegraph;
Den, de angel in de orfis, what's a-settin' by de gate,
Jes' reads de message wid a look an' claps it on de slate!

Den you better do your juty well an' keep your conscience clear,
An' keep a-lookin' straight ahead an' watchin' whar you steer;
'Cause arter while de time'll come to journey fum de lan',
An' dey'll take you way up in de a'r an' put you on de stan';
Den you'll hab to listen to de clerk an' answer mighty straight.
If you ebber 'spec' to trabble froo de alabaster gate!

———:o:———

COLUMBUS.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

Behind him lay the gray Azores,
Behind the Gates of Hercules;
Before him not the ghost of shores,
Before him only shoreless seas.

The good mate said: "Now let us pray,
For lo! the very stars are gone,
Speak, Admiral, what shall I say?"
"Why, say: 'Sail on! sail on! and on!'"

"My men grow mutinous day by day;
My men grow ghastly, wan and weak."
The stout mate thought of home; a spray
Of salt wave washed his swathy cheek.
"What shall I say, brave Admiral, say,
If we sight naught but seas at dawn?"
"Why you shall say at break of day;
'Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!'"

They sailed and sailed, as winds might blow,
Until at last the blanched mate said:
"Why now not even God would know
Should I and all my men fall dead;
These very winds forget their way,
For God from these dreaded seas is gone.
Now speak; brave Admiral, speak and say—"
He said: "Sail on! sail on! and on!"

They sailed, they sailed, then spoke the mate:
"This mad sea shows its teeth to-night,
He curls his lip, he lies in wait,
With lifted teeth, as if to bite!
Brave Admiral, say but one good world;
What shall we do when hope is gone?"
The words leapt as a leaping sword;
"Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!"

Then pale and worn, he kept his deck,
And peered through darkness, Ah that night
Of all dark nights! And then a speck—
A light! A light! A light! A light!
It grew, a straight flag unfurled!
It grew to be Time's burst of dawn,
He gained a world; he gave that word
Its grandest lessons: "On! and on!"

———:o:———

"DRINK DEEP THE SPIRIT OF THE QUIET HILLS."

Drink deep the spirit of the quiet hills!
Teaching they have for our too restless lives.
Could we but fix so fast our restless wills
That softest sun nor storm that maddest drives

Could move us from the unalterable right,
We too might breath, some holy eventide,
With hearts wide open, that divine delight
To our inconstant longings now denied.

F. W. B.

A NOBLE IRISHMAN'S VINDICATION.

MY LORDS: What have I to say why sentence of death should not be pronounced on me, according to law?—I have nothing to say that can alter your predetermination, nor that it will become me to say, with any view to the mitigation of that sentence which you are here to pronounce, and I must abide by. But I have that to say, which interests me more than life, and which you have labored to destroy. I have much to say, why my reputation should be rescued from the load of false accusation and calumny which has been heaped upon it.

Were I only to suffer death, after being adjudged guilty by your tribunal, I should bow in silence, and meet the fate that awaits me without a murmur; but the sentence of law which delivers my body to the executioners will, through the ministry of that law, labor, in its own vindication, to consign my character to obloquy; for there must be guilt somewhere,—whether in the sentence of the court, or in the catastrophe, posterity must determine. The man dies, but his memory lives. That mine may not perish,—that it may live in the respect of my countrymen,—I seize upon this opportunity to vindicate myself from some of the charges alleged against me. When my spirit shall be wafted to a more friendly port; when my shade shall have joined the bands of those martyred heroes who have shed their blood, on the scaffold and in the field, in defence of their country and virtue; this is my hope,—I wish that my memory and name may animate those who survive me, while I look down with complacency on the destruction of that perfidious government which upholds its domination by blasphemy of the Most High, which displays its power over man as over the beasts of the forest, which sets man upon his brother, and lifts his hand, in the name of God, against the throat of his fellow, who believes or doubts a little more or less than the government standard,—a government which is steeled to barbarity by the cries of the orphans and the tears of the widows which its cruelty has made.

I swear, by the throne of heaven, before which I must shortly appear,—by the blood of the murdered patriots who have gone before me,—that my conduct has been, through all this peril, and all my purposes, governed only by the convictions which I have uttered, and no other view than that of the emancipation of my country from the superinhuman oppression under which she has so long, and too patiently, travailed; and that I confidently and assuredly hope, (wild and chimerical as it may appear,) that there is still union and strength in Ireland to accomplish this noble enterprise.

Let no man dare, when I am dead, to charge me with dishonor; let no man attaint my memory by believing that I could have engaged in any cause but that of my country's liberty and independence; or that I could have become the pliant minion of power, in the oppression or the miseries of my countrymen. I would not have submitted to a foreign oppressor, for the same reason that I would resist the domestic tyrant; in the dignity of freedom, I would have fought upon the threshold of my country, and her enemies should enter only by passing over my lifeless corpse. Am I, who lived but for my country, and who have subjected myself to the vengeance of the jealous and wrathful oppressor, and to the bondage of the grave, only to give my countrymen their right,—am I to be loaded with calumny, and not to be suffered to resent or repel it? No!—God forbid!

If the spirits of the illustrious dead participate in the concerns and cares of those who are dear to them in this transitory life,—O ever dear and venerated shade of my departed father, look down with scrutiny on the conduct of your suffering son; and see if I have ever deviated from those principles of morality and patriotism which it was your care to instil into my youthful mind, and for an adherence to which I am now to offer up my life!

My lords, you are all impatient for the sacrifice. The blood which you seek is not congealed by the artificial terrors which surround your victim; it circulates warmly and unruffled, through the channels which God created for noble purposes, but which you are bent to destroy, for purposes so grievous that they cry to heaven! Be yet patient! I have but a few more words to say. I am going to

my silent grave; my lamp of life is nearly extinguished; my race is run; the grave opens to receive me, and I sink into its bosom. I have but one request to ask at my departure from this world,—it is the charity of its silence. Let no man write my epitaph; for, as no one who knows my motives dare not vindicate them, let not prejudice or ignorance asperse them. Let them and me repose in obscurity and peace, and my tomb remain uninscribed, until other times, and other men, can do justice to my character. *When my country shall take her place among the nations of the earth, and not till then, let my epitaph be written!* I have done.

ROBERT EMMET.

———:o:———

PURELY PLATONIC.

MARY R. LOWTHER.

YES, there was no doubt of it in her mind. Had they not always been friends, in the truest acceptation of that term?

"Friends for time and eternity" was the oath renewed between them only that afternoon. And now he was going away!

"The beauty of a platonic friendship shows strongly where absence and distance obtrude themselves. Nothing affects the course of that soul-union, that mutual understanding, that sympathetic bond of fellowship. Mere separation—it but strengthens the tie." So she argued. So she believed.

The shadows lengthened. The tall clock ticking vindictively in the corner of the darkening room suggested unpleasant thoughts. "Time," it said, "is slipping away, slipping away, slipping away. We are hurrying on, hurrying on, hurrying on. Change, change, change, and ever and again, change."

"No, it cannot be so with *our* friendship," she murmured. The usual ones terminate in love. "Love for me?" and she instinctively glanced at the mirror, which pictured a face where care and sorrow had pencilled heavy lines, and already had touched the wavy chestnut hair with silver.

She turned away; her glance resting now on the autumn view without. "The season's growing old—like me," she sighed. "But in our friendship, change would be *impossible*. O God, leave me that one thing, only that. He is so true, so noble, of finer metal than all others. To live without him near me is nothing; to live without his friendship, everything."

"Can it be a tear," she questioned, as something unmistakably like one ran over the bridge of her nose, and down her cheek. "Now, this will never do," as another and another, like a flock of foolish sheep, followed the leader. "Of course it is but natural I should feel—his going away. All partings are bitter, and he never left me before. Perhaps——"

She broke off abruptly and started from her seat, as the gravel on the walk crunched beneath his heavy tread.

How it all happened she could not tell, but, platonic theories flung to the winds, she was sobbing outright in his arms.

"I could not leave you so, dearest," he pleaded. "I came back to tell you." She interrupted him—

"It is best that you have come."

Short Stories.

———:o:———

WITH HEARTS ATTUNED.

I believe there is such a thing as taking the pitch of Christian devotion in the morning, and keeping it all the day. I think we might take some of the dullest, heaviest, most disagreeable work of our life and set it to the tune of Antioch and Mount Pisgah. A violin, corded and strung, if something accidently strikes it, makes music, and I suppose there is such a thing as having our hearts so attuned by divine grace that even the rough collisions of life will make heavenly vibration.—Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D. D.

TROUBLE IN THE AMEN CORNER.

BY T. C. HARBAUGH.

'TWAS a stylish congregation, that of Theophrastus Brown,
And its organ was the finest and the biggest in the town,
And the chorus, all the papers favorably commented on it,
For 'twas said each female member had a forty-dollar bonnet.

Now in the "amen corner" of the church sat Brother Eyer,
Who persisted every Sabbath-day in singing with the choir;
He was poor, but genteel-looking, and his heart as snow was white,
And his old face beamed with sweetness when he sang with all his might.

His voice was cracked and broken, age had touched his vocal chords,
And nearly every Sunday he would mispronounce the words
Of the hymns, and 'twas no wonder, he was old and nearly blind,
And the choir rattling onward always left him far behind.

The chorus stormed and blustered, Brother Eyer sang too slow,
And then he used the tunes in vogue a hundred years ago;
At last the storm-cloud burst, and the church was told, in fine,
That the brother must stop singing, or the choir would resign.

Then the pastor called together in the lecture-room one day
Seven influential members who subscribe more than they pay,
And having asked God's guidance in a printed prayer or two,
They put their heads together to determine what to do.

They debated, thought, suggested, till at last "dear Brother York,"
Who last winter made a million on a sudden rise in pork,
Rose and moved that a committee wait at once on Brother Eyer,
And proceed to rake him lively for "disturbin' of the choir."

Said he: "In that 'ere organ I've invested quite a pile,
And we'll sell it if we cannot worship in the latest style;
Our Philadelphy tenor tells me 'tis the hardest thing
For to make God understand him when the brother tries to sing.

"We've got the biggest organ, the best-dressed choir in town,
We pay the steepest sal'ry to our pastor, Brother Brown;
But if we must humor ignorance because it's blind and old,—
If the choir's to be pestered, I will seek another fold."

Of course the motion carried, and one day a coach and four,
With the latest style of driver, rattled up to Eyer's door;
And the sleek, well-dressed committee, Brothers Sharkey, York, and Lamb,
As they crossed the humble portal took good care to miss the jamb.

They found the choir's great trouble sitting in his old arm-chair,
And the summer's golden sunbeams lay upon his thin white hair;
He was singing "Rock of Ages" in a voice both cracked and low,
But the angels understood him, 't was all he cared to know.

Said York: "We're here, dear brother, with the vestry's approbation,
To discuss a little matter that affects the congregation;"
"And the choir, too," said Sharkey, giving Brother York a nudge,
"And the choir too!" he echoed with the graveness of a judge.

"It was the understanding when we bargained for the chorus
That it was to relieve us, that is, do the singing for us;
If we rupture the agreement, it is very plain, dear brother,
It will leave our congregation and be gobbled by another.

"We don't want any singing except that what
we've bought!
The latest tunes are all the rage; the old ones
stand for naught;
And so we have decided — are you listening
Brother Eyer?—
That you'll have to stop your singin', for it flurry-
tates the choir."

The old man slowly raised his head, a sign that
he did hear,
And on his cheek the trio caught the glitter of a
tear;
His feeble hands pushed back the locks white as
the silky snow,
As he answered the committee in a voice both
sweet and low:

"I've sung the psalms of David for nearly eighty
years,
They've been my staff and comfort and calmed
life's many fears;
I'm sorry I disturb the choir, perhaps I'm doing
wrong;
But when my heart is filled with praise, I can't
keep back a song.

"I wonder if beyond the tide that's breaking at
my feet,
In the far-off heavenly temple, where the Master
I shall greet,—
Yes, I wonder when I try to sing the songs of
God up higher,
If the angel band will church me for disturbing
heaven's choir."

A silence filled the little room; the old man bowed
his head;
The carriage rattled on again, but Brother Eyer
was dead!
Yes, dead! his hand had raised the veil the
future hangs before us,
And the Master dear had called him to the ever-
lasting chorus.

The choir missed him for awhile, but he was
soon forgot,
A few church-goers watched the door; the old
man entered not.
Far away, his voice no longer cracked, he sings
his heart's desires,
Where there are no church committees and no
fashionable choirs.

GRANDMOTHER'S SERMON.

BY ELLEN A. JEWETT.

THE supper is o'er, the hearth is swept,
And in the wood-fire's glow
The children cluster to hear a tale
Of that time so long ago,

When grandma's hair was golden brown,
And the warm blood came and went
O'er the face that could scarce have been
sweeter then
Than now in its rich content.

The face is wrinkled and careworn now,
And the golden hair is gray;
But the light that shone in the young girl's eyes
Never has gone away.

And her needles catch the firelight
As in and out they go,
With the clicking music that grandma loves,
Shaping the stocking toe,

And the waiting children love it, too,
For they know the stocking song
Brings many a tale to grandma's mind
Which they shall have ere long.

But it brings no story of olden time
To grandma's heart to-night,—
Only a refrain, quaint and short,
Is sung by the needles bright.

"Life is a stocking," grandma says,
"And yours is just begun;
But I am knitting the toe of mine,
And my work is almost done.

"With merry hearts we begin to knit,
And the ribbing is almost play;
Some are gay-colored, and some are white,
And some are ashen-gray.

"But most are made of many hues,
With many a stitch set wrong;
And many a row to be sadly ripped
Ere the whole is fair and strong.

"There are long, plain spaces, without a break
That in life are hard to bear;
And many a weary tear is dropped
As we fashion the heel with care.

"But the saddest, happiest time is that
We count and yet would shun,
When our Heavenly Father breaks the thread,
And says that our work is done."

The children came to say good-night,
With tears in their bright young eyes,
But in grandma's lap, with broken thread,
The finished stocking lies.

THE GIRL OF CADIZ.

Oh never talk again to me
Of northern climes and British ladies;
It has not been your lot to see,
Like me, the lovely girl of Cadiz.
Although her eyes be not of blue,
Nor fair her locks, like English lasses,
How far its own expressive hue
The languid azure eye surpasses!

Prometheus-like, from heaven she stole
The fire that through those silken lashes
In darkest glances seems to roll,
From eyes that cannot hide their flashes;
And as along her bosom steal
In lengthen'd flow her raven tresses,
You'd swear each clustering lock could feel,
And curl'd to give her neck caresses.

Our English maids are long to woo,
And frigid even in possession;
And if their charms be fair to view,
Their lips are slow at love's confession:
But born beneath a brighter sun,
For love ordain'd the Spanish maid is,
And who—when fondly, fairly won,—
Enchants you like the Girl of Cadiz?

The Spanish maid is no coquette,
Nor joys to see a lover tremble,
And if she loves, or if she hate,
Alike she knows not to dissemble.
Her heart can ne'er be bought or sold—
Howe'er it beats, it beat sincerely:
And though it will not bend to gold,
'Twill love you long and love you dearly.

The Spanish girl that meets your love
Ne'er taunts you with a mock denial,
For every thought is bent to prove
Her passion in the hour of trial.
When thronging foemen menace Spain,
She dares the deed and shares the danger;
And should her lover press the plain,
She hurl's the spear, her love's avenger.

And when, beneath the evening star,
She mingles in the gay Bolero,
Or sings to her attuned guitar
Of Christian knight or Moorish hero,
Or counts her beads with fairy hand
Beneath the twinkling rays of Hesper,
Or joins devotion's choral band,
To chant the sweet and hallow'd vesper.

In each her charms the heart must move
Of all who venture to behold her;
Then let no maids less fair reprove
Because her bosom is not colder:
Through many a clime 'tis mine to roam,
Where many a soft and melting maid is,
But none abroad, and few at home,
May match the dark-eyed girl of Cadiz.

—*Lord Byron.*

312 POUTING AND TEASING.

ONLY THE BRAKESMAN.

CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON.

"ONLY the brakesman killed"—say, was that what they said?
The brakesman was our Joe; so then—our Joe is dead!
Dead? Dead? Dead?—But I cannot think it's so;
It was some other brakesman, it cannot be our Joe.

Why, only this last evening I saw him riding past;
The trains don't stop here often—go rushing by as fast
As lightning—but Joe saw me, and waved his hand; he sat
On the very last old coal-car; how do you 'count for that

That he was killed alone and the others saved, when he
Was last inside the tunnel? Come now, it couldn't be.
It's some mistake, of course; 'twas the fireman, you'll find:
The engine struck the rock, and he was just behind—

And the roof fell down on *him*, not on Joe, our Joe. I saw
That train myself, the engine had work enough to draw
The coal-cars full of coal that rattled square and black
By tens and twenties past our door along that narrow track

On, into the dark mountains. I never see those peaks
'Thout hating them. For much they care whether the water leaks
Down their sides to wet the stones that arch the tunnels there
So long, so black, they all may go, and much the mountains care!

I'm sorry for that fireman!—What's that? I don't pretend
To more than this. I saw that train, and Joe was at the end,
The very end, I tell you! Come don't stand here and mock—
What! It was there, right at this end the tunnel caved, the rock
Fell on him? But I don't believe a word.—Yes, that's his chain,
And that's his poor old silver watch; he bought it—what's this stain
All over it? Why, it is red!—O Joe, my boy, O Joe,
Then it was you, and you are dead down in that tunnel. Go

And bring my boy back! He was all the son I had; the girls
Are very well, but not like Joe. Such pretty golden curls
Joe had until I cut them off at four years old; he ran
To meet me always at the gate, my bonnie little man.

You don't remember him? But then you've only seen him when
He rides by on the coal-trains among the other men,
All of them black and grimed with coal, and circles round their eyes,
Whizzing along by day and night.—But you would feel surprised

To see how fair he is when clean on Sundays, and I know
You'd think him handsome then; I'll have—God! I forget! O Joe,
My boy! my boy! and are you dead? So young,—but twenty.—Dead
Down in that awful tunnel, with the mountain overhead!

They're bringing him? Oh, yes! I know; they'll bring him and what's more,
They'll do it free, the company! They'll leave him at my door
Just as he is, all grimed and black.—Jane, put the irons on,
And wash his shirt, his Sunday-shirt; it's white; he did have one

White shirt for best, and proud he wore it Sunday with a tie
Of blue, a new one. O, my boy, how could they let you die
Crushed by those rocks! If I'd been there I'd heaved them off, I know
They could have done it if they'd tried. They let you die for oh—

'Only the brakesman!' and his wage was small.
The engineer
Must first be seen to there in front.—My God! it stands as clear
Before my eyes as though I'd seen it all—the dark—the crash—
The hissing steam—the wet stone sides—the arch above—the flash

Of lanterns coming—and my boy, my poor boy lying there
Dying alone under the rocks; only his golden hair
To tell that it was Joe,—a mass all grimed, that doesn't stir;
But mother'll know you, dear, 'twill make no difference to her

How black with coal-dust you may be, your poor, hard-working hands
All torn and crushed, perhaps; yes, yes—but no one understands
That even though he's better off, poor lad, where he has gone,
I and the girls are left behind to stand it and live on

As best we can without him! What? A wreath? A lady sent
Some flowers? Was passing through and heard, felt sorry—well, 'twas meant
Kindly, no doubt; but poor Joe'd been the very first to laugh
At white flowers round his blackened face.—You'll write his epitaph—

What's that? His name and age? Poor boy! poor Joe! his name has done
Its work in this life; for his age, he was not twenty-one,
Well grown but slender, far too young for such a place, but then
He wanted to 'help mother,' and to be among the men,

For he was always trying to be old; he carried wood
And built the fires for me before he hardly understood
What a fire was—my little boy, my darling baby Joe—
There's something snapped within my breast, I think; it hurts me so,
It must be something broken. What is that? I felt the floor
Shake; there's some one on the step—Go, Jeannie, set the door
Wide open, for your brother Joe is coming home. They said,
'Only the brakesman'—but it is my only son that's dead!"

THE VACANT CHAIR.

THEE need not close the shutters yet; and, David, if thee will,
I've something I would say to thee, while all the house is still,
Thee knows 'tis easier to talk in this calm, quiet light,
Of things that in our busy days we hide away from sight.

And home is wondrous sweet to me, this simple home of ours,
As well I know it is to thee in all these twilight hours;
But, since the shadow on it fell, does it appear to thee
They are more sacred than of old, for so it seems to me?

And, David, since beside our board has stood Ruth's vacant chair,
I never yet have clasped my hands and bowed my head in prayer
But I have felt the yearning strong to see the vanished face,
And scarce, I fear, with thankfulness have joined the silent grace.

While often, at the evening meal, with all our children round,
I still have pictured to myself a low and silent mound,
Blue with the early violets or white with winter snow,
And felt a tender pity for the form there lying low

Though morning may have cast a halo round the vacant chair,
The sunlight only threw for me a silent shadow there.

And, David, I have watched the stars when thee has been asleep;
For well thee knows I could not bear to have thee see me weep.

And yet I never have rebelled,—thee knows I speak the truth,—
Though some have said I grieve too much for our sweet daughter Ruth.
But, with the strongest yearning, I can always look above,
And feel the Father does not chide the changeless human love.

I cannot put it into words, I know I need not try;
For thee has understood it all,—borne with me patiently.
Thy cares and duties, it is true, are heavier than mine,
But of their deeper feelings men make slight outward sign.

And, David, thee has sometimes thought it strange that I should care
To wreathe with flowers and evergreens our daughter's vacant chair.
Yet I so long to keep her gentle memory green and sweet
For all the children, though her name I seldom now repeat.

I cannot seem to speak it with a quiet, restful tone,
Though often, in their thoughtless way, they name the absent one;
And yet this morn I tried to tell them in a gentle way
Ruth would have counted eighteen years, had she been here to-day,—

This bright Thanksgiving day; and then, to me all unaware,
The children placed beside our board our daughter's vacant chair,
And now thee sees it, twined with flowers, stand in the moonlight clear;
David, I could not draw it back, but left it standing there.

And it was strange, but, as I bowed my head in silent grace,
I saw our daughter sitting in her old accustomed place:
I did not start nor speak, but only felt a glad surprise
To see how wondrous fair she was in all her angel guise.

Her face was glad and glorified, as if the joy of heaven
An added charm to that sweet smile we loved below had given.
I know 'twas but a passing fancy filled the vacant chair,
For, when I turned, a ray of sunshine seemed to linger there.

But, David, in my heart I've kept that vision all day long,
While it has seemed to lift me up and make my faith more strong.
For I have felt through all, in some mysterious way,
Ruth's silent presence may have filled her vacant chair to-day.

And though I thought this early morn I never more could know
A truly thankful heart for all my blessings here below,
Since in our home the vacant chair stood ever in my sight,
Yet, David, that was wrong I know, I see it all to-night.

And I shall try to picture Ruth amid the angels now,
Not lying in that silent mound beneath the rain and snow,
As I perhaps too oft have done on winter nights of storm,
When all the others gathered round the fire so flushed and warm.

And well I know one thought alone should make me reconciled,
That I may always call my own this sweet, pure, angel child.
And, David, if thee will, I yet would twine the vacant chair,
To keep the vision that I saw to-day still sweet and fair.

THERE comes a time when men feel that they are born into a new earth, under a new heaven. They see God's presence as they did not before; they behold the sublimity of duty; they feel themselves heirs of immortality; they long to make the earth better than it is; they rejoice with exceeding great joy in the privilege of being co-workers with God. Then they can say: Yes, we are indeed born again.—*Henry Blanchard.*

THE DELINQUENT SUBSCRIBER.

MARGARET A. OLDHAM

WORN and weary, seedy and sad, an editor sat him down
'Mid work and rubbish, paper and dust, with many a wrinkled frown,
He sighed when he thought of his paper bills, his rent, and board and wood,
And groaned when the copy fiend yelled out, as he there in the doorway stood.

"What do people fancy," he said, "an editor lives upon?
Air and water, glory and debt, till his toilsome life is done?
I'll stop their papers, every one, till their honest debts they pay,
And mark their names off the mailing book for ever and ever aye.

"Take this copy, double lead, and mark with a pencil blue,
And send to all who are in arrears, from ten years down to two."
And then to the copy-hungry boy he handed a penciled scrawl
Of hieroglyphics, straggling, wild, all tangled, and lean and tall.

When scarce a fortnight had dragged its length of tired-out hours away,
There came to the heart of the editor a gladsome joy one day;
'Twas only a letter from Gordon's Mill, in a hand both weak and old,
But out of it fell a treasured coin of solid beautiful gold!

The letter claimed his interest then, and so he slowly read
The scrawled, but simple and honest words, and this is what they said:
Dear Editor: I read the lines you marked and sent to me,
So I send this piece of gold and ask if you will agree
To send my paper right along, and forget the debt I owed,
For I've took your paper for twenty year, and so far as e'er I know'd,
I never owed no man a cent till about four years ago,
When my poor wife died, and the crops was bad, and the fever laid me low.

"And times hain't never been the same to little Liz and me—
For we are all that's left behind—and since my eyes can't see,
She always reads the paper, and it's been our only cheer
And brought us all the news and fun we've had for many a year.

"I'm gettin' old and feeble, now, and down with the rheumatiz,
And there's the paper left to me; just that and little Liz.
We couldn't bear to lose it now, it's been with us so long,
Till its very name is music, like an old time happy song.

"This twenty-dollar piece of gold will pay for all I owe,
And what is over and above, just keep, and let it go
Toward paying for the paper till a brighter, better day;
And send to Liz, she'll need it then, when I am called away."

Glad and thankful the editor was, as he knew that there was one
Who loved and could appreciate the work that he had done.
He felt that life was not in vain, and smiled through happy tears;
And then on the mailing book he wrote: "Paid up for twenty years."

LIFE AT THREESCORE AND TEN.

THEODORE L. CUYLER.

In the steeple of every human life hangs a bell, which by-and-by will begin to toll a solemn knell. That bell rings in the years as they come to us from God. As I listen to-day to this bell of time, and count its strokes, it keeps striking on and on until it reaches *three-score years and ten!*

There is nothing frightful in the sound. Nay, rather is it the sweet music of silvery chimes. Listening to these chimes, I catch the far-away tones of a dear mother's voice, in a Christian home, calling me to her knees in prayer. I hear again the merry laugh of a very happy childhood. I hear the distant echoes of school and college bells that summoned me to gird for the work and the wrestle of after life. Then, in God's good time, came the great voice out of heaven to my soul, bidding me into the Gospel ministry. Then, by-and-by, followed the melodious notes of a marriage bell, that has made sweet music in my home for almost nine and thirty years. Mingled with all these chimes I seem to hear the trumpets that sounded the calls to duty, and the bugle notes of holy joy over many a service wrought for Christ and many a soul led to the Saviour.

All these varied tones, for seventy long years, blend in the harmonious chimes that break upon my ear like a 'sevenfold chorus of harping symphonies.' Let the chimes ring on! They have in them the jubilant strain of the one hundred and third Psalm. Truly may I devoutly thank God for threescore and ten years of superlative happiness and abounding joy. With all their many faults and failures, and all their many sins and sorrows, I would not to-day change places with any millionaire amid his treasures, or any monarch on his throne. To the tender mercies of my loving Redeemer, whose atoning blood can cleanse each spot and blot and blemish, I humbly commit the irrevocable record of the past. The worst part of it is all my own; the best of it is due entirely to Him who can use a frail earthen vessel as the channel of His grace.

———:o:———

AH, WHAT?

FREDERICK LANGLEY.

The room was ablaze, and the music was dying
In soft, lingering strains at the end of the dance.
When she lifted the flowers, half laughing, half sighing,
And gave me right shyly a rose and a glance.

A tender blush rose like the heart of a cupid,
A glance like the opening of flowers in May;
But the rose had a thorn, and my finger was crimsoned
And in the rose-petals a little elf lay.

She saw the small wound with a sweet perturbation;
With eyes softly pleading and lips half apart
She gave me her kerchief to bind up my finger—
Ah, what will she give me to bind up my heart?

—Judge.

———:o:———

THE LOST PENNY.

CAROLINE EVANS.

In little Daisy's dimpled hand
Two bright, new pennies shone;
One was for Rob (at school just then),
The other Daisy's own.
While waiting Rob's return she rolled
Both treasures round the floor.

When suddenly they disappeared,
And one was seen no more.
"Poor Daisy. Is your penny lost?"
Was asked in accents kind.
"Why, no, *mine's* here!" she quickly said;
"It's Rob's I cannot find."

St. Nicholas.

WHY I LEFT THE FARM.

"You've been a good boy, Jim, good as kin be;
There's that speckled calf—do you see him?
Well, he's a Christmas gift for you, Jim.
He's not been doin' well this fall;
He's got so he won't come when I call—
But you may have him for a Christmas gift;
Go fetch him in 'fore he goes on the lift."
Well, I took that calf and I brought him in,
Though he was little but bones and skin.
I shelled him corn and I warmed him milk,
And by spring I had him as fine as silk.
I turned him out in the spring to grass,
And he'd always come when he'd see me pass.
I rubbed him and loved him, and he loved me;
Why, the way he showed it anybody could see.
He'd do anything I'd tell him to;
He'd gee and haw—anything a calf could do.
And he grew—well you never saw the beat;
Why, he got too fat to stand on his feet.
Of course, he was mine—they all knew that;
Mother said that was why he got so fat.
The neighbors knew it, and asked me: "Jim,
What are you going to do with him?"
I didn't know, I loved him so;
I thought'd kill me to see him go
To be killed for beef. But I didn't say
A word about it. At last one day
When I had been workin' a-sawin' logs,
And shuckin' corn for the fattenin' hogs,
When I came home and went to see
My big fat steer, where could he be?
His stall was empty, dear, oh, dear!
What has become of my big fat steer?
Says father, a-smiling'—I can see him yet,
That smile o' his'n I can never forget—
"Well, Jimmie, if it will be any relief,
An' put a stop to your foolish grief,
I sold him to-day for a Christmas beef.
Ha! ha! You know he was a Christmas gift,
And I tell you he gave me a right smart lift
On that piece o' land just over the way
That you know I bought last Christmas day.
I've spent the money I got for him,
But I'll give you a calf in the morning, Jim."
That was all he said. I went to bed,
But not to sleep, for through my head
Ran thoughts of how he had treated me,
And nothing better ahead could I see:
I rolled and tumbled the most of the night,
Got up, left home before it was light.
My heart was broke, which was worse than your arm,
And that is the reason I left the farm.

———:o:———

ASHES.

A BACHELOR'S REVERIE.

Wrapped in a sadly tattered gown.
Alone I puff my briar brown
And watch the ashes settle down
In lambent flashes;
While thro' the blue, thick, curling haze
I strive with feeble eyes to gaze
Upon the half-forgotten days
That left but ashes.

Again we wander through the lane,
Beneath the elms and out again,
Across the rippling fields of grain
Where softly plashes
A slender brook 'mid banks of fern.
At every sight my pulses burn,
At every thought I slowly turn
And find but ashes.

What made my fingers tremble so
As you wrapped skeins of worsted snow
Around them, now with movements slow
And now with dashes?
Maybe 'tis smoke that blinds my eyes,
Maybe a tear within them lies;
But as I puff my pipe there flies
A cloud of ashes.

Perhaps you did not understand
How lightly flames of love were fanned.
Ah, every thought and wish I've planned
With something clashes!
And yet within my lonely den,
Over a pipe, away from men,
I love to throw aside my pen
And stir the ashes.

—Judge.

TOO PROGRESSIVE FOR HIM.

LURANA W. SHELDON.

I AM somethin' of a vet'ran, just a turnin' eighty year—
A man that's hale an' hearty an' a stranger tew all fear;
But I've heard some news this mornin' that has made my old head spin,
An' I'm goin' tew ease my conshuns if I never speak ag'in.

I've lived my four-score years of life, an' never till tew-day
Wuz I taken fer a jackass or an ig'rant kind o' jay,
Tew be stuffed with such durned nonsense 'bout them crawlin' bugs an' worms
That's killin' human bein's with their "mikroskopic germs."

They say there's "mikrobes" all about a-lookin' fer their prey;
There's nothin' pure tew eat nor drink, an' no safe place tew stay;
There's "miasmy" in the dewfall an' "malary" in the sun;
'Tain't safe to be outdoors at noon or when the day is done.

There's "bactery" in the water an' "trikeeny" in the meat,
A "meeby" in the atmosphere, "calory" in the heat;
There's "corpussels" an' "pigments" in a human bein's blood,
An' every other kind o' thing existin' sence the flood.

Terbacker's full o' "nickerteen," whatever that may be;
An' your mouth'll all get puckered with the "tannin" in the tea;
The butter's "olymargareen"—it never saw a cow;
An' things is gittin' wus an' wus from what they be just now.

Them bugs is all about us, just a-waitin' fer a chance
Tew navigate our vitals an' tew 'naw us off like plants.
There's men that spends a lifetime huntin' worms just like a goose,
An' takin' Latin names to 'em an' lettin' on 'em loose.

Now, I don't believe sech nonsense, an' I'm not a-goin' tew try.
If things has come tew such a pass, I'm satisfied tew die;
I'll go hang me in the sullar, fer I won't be such a fool
As to wait until I'm pizened by a "annymally-cool."

———:o:———

THE UNEXPECTED.

Scene. A family sitting-room. Dramatis personæ—Young lady, brother, father, mother, parrot.

Enter young lady with a sealed letter in her hand.

"Here is a letter from Fred Blossom. It is postmarked Omaha. I never expected to hear from him again."

Mother. "He is persistent enough, if that is all."

Father. "You were a goose to refuse him, Edith. Young, good-looking and with plenty of money, he's a catch for any girl."

Brother. "Don't you do it, sis. He's the biggest prig in fourteen counties. Tell him to stop asking you to marry him."

Parrot. "Rats!"

Edith. "I've refused him twice."

Father. "There's luck in odd numbers, I've heard say."

Mother. "Read the letter."

Edith. "Oh, it's the same old tedious story. I suppose I might as well say yes. He's bound to worry me into marrying him."

Parrot. "You're another."

Father. "He'll give you a fine home and a carriage to ride in. Don't be silly, Edith. You'll never get such a chance again."

Edith. "I–believe–I–could–love–him–if–I–married–him. Well, then, this time it shall be yes. Dear Fred! How happy it will make him to hear me say yes, at last."

Brother. "Read your letter, sis."

Edith. "Oh, yes, the letter." Breaks the seal and reads slowly:

"DEAR MISS EDITH—You will be gratified to know that I am at last cured of my foolish passion for you, and am soon to be married to the sweetest and prettiest girl in Omaha. We will expect your congratulations. "FRED BLOSSOM."

Tableau Vivant. Curtain falls to slow music.—Detroit Free Press.

———:o:———

MAMMY'S CHURNING SONG.

EDWARD A. OLDHAM.

Set still, honey, let ole Mammy tell yer 'bout de churn,
Wid de cream en clabber dashin',
En de buttermilk er-splashin'.
Dis de chune hit am er-singin' 'fore hit 'gin ter turn:
Jiggery, jiggery, jiggery, jum,
Bum-bum-bum,
But-ter-come,
Massa gib ole nigger some.

(Jump down, honey, en fotch me dat rag fum de table, fer ter wipe off dis hyah led. Tole yer so, dat milk gwine ter splatter up hyah 'reckly! Dar now, dat's er good chile, git back in mer lap.)

Now de cream, en milk, en clabber's churnin' up so fas',
Hyah hit splatterin' en er-splutterin',
En er-mixin', en er-mutterin',
In de churn en roun' de dasher, singin' ter de las';
Jiggery, jiggery, jiggery, jum,
Bum-bum-bum,
But-ter-come,
Massa gib old nigger some.

(Uh-er! Teck kyah, honey, keep dem fingers way fum dar! Butter mos' come now: set still jis' er leetle w'ile longer.)

Sooe de lumps ob butter 'll be er-floatin' on de top—
Now de ole churn 's fa'rly hummin',
Tell yer wot, de butter comin'—
Done come! Mammy's arm so ti-yerd, now she's gwine ter stop.
Jiggery, jiggery, jiggery, jum,
Bum-bum-bum,
But-ter-come,
Mammy 'll gib de baby some.

(Dar now! [removing the top and giving the dasher a circular motion] jis' peep in dar en see de lumps ob yaller butter er-huddlin' ter-gedder. Now run fotch yer leetle blue mug, en Mammy 'll gib yer some nice sweet buttermilk right outen dis hyah churn.)

The Century.

———:o:———

THY WILL BE DONE.

JOHN HAY.

NOT in dumb resignation
We lift our hands on high;
Not like the nerveless fatalist
Content to trust and die.
Our faith springs like the eagle
Who soars to meet the sun,
And cries exulting unto Thee,
O Lord, Thy will be done!

When tyrant feet are trampling
Upon the common weal,
Thou dost not bid us bend and writhe
Beneath the iron heel.
In Thy name we assert our right
By sword or tongue or pen,
And even the headsman's axe may flash
Thy message unto men.

Thy will! It bids the weak be strong;
It bids the strong be just;
No lip to fawn, no hand to beg,
No brow to seek the dust.
Wherever man oppresses man
Beneath Thy liberal sun,
O Lord, be there Thine arm made bare,
Thy righteous will be done!

Harper's.

I WANT TER KNOW.

NELL an' me by the front gate stood,
Lookin' 'way off at Spencer's wood;
Moon was beamin' on the night,
Givin' a sorter trem'lous light,
That seemed ter glance from the lilacs there,
An' fall'n a flood on Nelly's hair.
I felt 's I hadn't fer many a week,
That now was the fittin'st time ter speak;
So "Nell," I said in a bashful way,
"I've loved you allers night and day—
I love you better'n you kin think;
Your smiles is wine as I ken drink.
I love you, sweetheart, through an' through,
Hones', I swear it, Nell, I do."
I squeezed her hand in fervent bliss,
An' capsheaf'd all with a lovin' kiss.
Then Nell she hove a little sigh,
An' looked at me so sweet an' sly,
'S she sed, surprised-like, "Sho! Why, Joe
I want ter know!"

———:o:———

WAKIN' THE YOUNG UNS.

JOHN BOSS.

[The old man from the foot of the stairs—5 A. M.]

Bee-ull! Bee-ull! O Bee-ull! my gracious,
Air you still sleepin'?
Th' hour hand's creepin'
Nearder five.
(Wal' now, ef this 'ere ain't vexatious!)
Don't ye hyar them cattle callin'?
An' th' ole red steer a-bawlin'?
Come, look alive!
Git up! Git up!

Mar'ann! Mar'ann! (Jist hyar her snorin!)
Mar'ann! it's behoovin'
Thet you be a-movin'!
Brisk, I say!
Hyar the kitchen stove a-roarin'?
The kittle's a-spilin'
To git hisse'f bilin'.
It's comin' day.
Git up! Git up!

———:o:———

LINGER, O GENTLE TIME.

LINGER, O gentle Time,
Linger, O radiant grace of bright to-day!
Let not the hours' chime
Call thee away,
But linger near me still with fond delay.
Linger, for thou art mine!
What dearer treasure can the future hold?
What sweeter flowers than thine
Can she unfold?
What secrets tell my heart thou hast not told?

Oh, linger in thy flight!
For shadows gather round, and should we part,
A dreary, starless night
May fill my heart—
Then pause and linger yet ere thou depart.

Linger, I ask no more—
Thou art enough forever—thou alone;
What future can restore,
When thou art flown,
All that I hold from thee and call my own?

———:o:———

THE KNIGHT'S PLEDGE.

"I DRINK to one," he said,
"Whose image never may depart,
Deep graven on a gratefnl heart,
Till memory be dead;
To one whose love for me shall last
When lighter passions long have passed,
So holy 'tis and true;
To one whose love hath longer dwelt,
More deeply fixed, more keenly felt,
Than any pledged by you!"

Each guest upstarted at the word,
And laid a hand upon his sword,
With fiery flashing eye;
And Stanley said: "We crave the name,
Proud knight, of this most peerless dame,
Whose love you count so high."

St. Leon paused, as if he would
Not breathe her name in careless mood
Thus lightly to another;
Then lowly bent his head, as though
To give that name the reverence due,
And gently said: "My mother!"

———:o:———

How much trouble he avoids who does not look to see what his neighbor says or does or thinks, but only to what he does himself, that it may be just and pure!

CHARLES HADDON SPURGEON.

REV. WAYLAND HOYT.

MR. SPURGEON was a man of the most singular ability of self-marshalling and self-control. In this respect he always reminded me of Mr. Beecher. He seemed to be absolutely sure of himself for any moment for any occasion. At once his powers would gather themselves in exact order, and he could call on this or that at will, as it was needed. I once said to Mr. Beecher, "It cannot be called a labor for you to preach." "No," he said, "it is only a kind of involuntary labor." That same singular ability of powers at once in hand was evident in Mr. Spurgeon. His pulpit preparations were always just before each service. He once said to me that if he were appointed to preach on some great occasion six months beforehand, he should not think at all of preparation for the duty until just as the time struck—he would occupy himself about other things. This surprising power of quick self-control and marshalling of powers gave him a perpetual consciousness of ease. He had never the fear that he would not be equal to the time. He knew that when the moment came he would be ready; so, instead of being strained and anxious, his mind was in a beautiful openness for whatever might flow in upon it. And yet, especially in his earlier years, after his preparation had been made, and just as he was about to confront the throngs he knew were gathering to listen to him, he used to have the most fearful nervous anxiety, almost convulsions. He told me once that for years and years in his early ministry he never preached but that he had had beforehand the most straining time of vomiting. His stomach was able to retain absolutely nothing. In later years he vanquished this nervous tendency. Nothing was more delightful about Mr. Spurgeon than this evident childlike faith. That God should do great things for him, through him, seemed to him to be as much expected as that a mother should meet the necessities of her child. He had been telling me once about the amount of money he must disburse in order to sustain his various enterprises. We stopped talking for a little, and I sat looking at him. He was as unconcerned as is a little child holding its mother's hand. There were no lines upon his brow, there was no shadow of anxiety upon his face, only the large, good-natured English smile. I was thinking of the orphans he must feed, the old Christian women he must care for, the professors' salaries in his Pastors' College he must pay, the students he must supply with teaching, many of them with bread and clothing, since they were too poor to buy these for themselves. I said to him: "How can you be so easy-minded? Do not these responsibilities come upon you sometimes with a kind of crushing weight?" He looked at me with a sort of holy amazement and answered: "No, the Lord is a good banker; I trust him. He has never failed me. Why should I be anxious?"

———:o:———

LOVE'S COMING.

MARIE JANREAU.

LOVE came to me, with weary eyes,
  And begged me let him stay
Within my heart a little space
  To rest him on his way.

His little wings were drooping so
  That, out of pity sore
For them and his sleep-burdened lids,
  I opened wide the door.

Ah me! I would I had refused,
  Nor let him in my heart;
For now my life is raked with woe
  For fear he will depart.

THE GAMINS OF ROME.

T. SOGARD.

When I, one day during my stay in Rome, got into a dispute with a cabman because he, in addition to the regular fare, demanded *buona mansia*—a tip—a little fellow six or seven years old came up and said in a paternal, assuring tone:

"Sixty centime is enough, sir. The rascal is very impudent; don't you give him any more."

In the same breath he asked me for a soldo for the service rendered. I handed him a coin, laughing at his grand airs, and he received it with a condescending gesture as he patronizingly said:

"Grazie, signor! a revider" ("I will see you later").

Then he hastily made his departure; for the driver reached for his whip and was going to pay him for his meddling.

I had walked only a short distance when another boy was at my side.

"Si, signor, you are quite right; this is the road to St. Pietro and the Vatican—give me a soldo!"

What a logical argument! I drove him off, of course. But a few minutes later a third one bounded forward.

"My lord! you are going to lose your handkerchief."

That was another soldo.

I succeeded in dismissing also this fellow, but only to come from the frying pan into the fire; for a bootblack, scarcely more than five years old, was already making for me, swinging his brushes as he began:

"Your boots, sir! your boots!"

I am not so extravagant as some of the native Romans, who have their boots polished several times in a day, and I tried to ignore him. Then he appealed to my self-respect.

"But, my lord, such boots!" he exclaimed reprovingly, as he trotted along by my side. "O Dio mio! what nasty boots! O Santo Madre di Dio! what boots! I really pity you, sir. Indeed! such boots! In fato! I am sorry for you!"

All this was uttered in a tone of the most profound moral conviction, the most disinterested fellow-feeling of regret and sympathy, as if I were a friend whom he had met on a forbidden way. But when this appeal failed, he dropped behind a few steps and changed his tactics to a noisy persecution.

"Just look at that American. One can always tell an American by his dirty boots."

That was too much for me. I concluded to let the little imp shine my boots rather than to see the entire American people expelled from the family of well-polished nations.—Detroit Free Press.

———:o:———

OUR HARRY.

Only a careless, thoughtless lad,
Not very good, nor yet so bad.
Manhood and childhood just between.
This is our Harry—age fifteen.

Harry is merry and active and gay,
Ready for fun in a boy's own way;
Fair of face and bright of mind,
Quick of temper, yet gently kind.

Only a careless, thoughtless lad,
Not very good, and not very bad,
Eager and restless and wide-awake—
What sort of man will our Harry make?

Will the gray eyes always as honest be,
And the clear bright face as fair to see,
And the innocent heart that beats within
Be always as free from guile and sin?

Ah, me! If Harry ever should stray
From right and honor's paths away,
The hearts that love him would surely break.
Our lives are his to mar or make!

Waverly Magazine.

RAIN CLOUDS.

A HONEYMOON EPISODE.

By W. R. Walkes.

CHARACTERS.

DICK (*Who has recently married Gwendolen.*)
GWENDOLEN (*Recently married to Dick.*)

SCENE: *Sitting-room in the village-inn. The room is furnished with the frugal simplicity characteristic of such houses of entertainment.*

(GWENDOLEN *is discovered seated at a table; she takes up a book, glances at it hurriedly, throws it down, looks at her watch, then rises and paces up and down.*) Oh dear! Oh dear! What can have become of him? Ten o'clock! and he went out at half-past nine! I'm certain something has happened. The path up the glen will be awfully slippery from the rain, and the darling is so bold and reckless—and if his foot should have slipped! Oh!—(*covering her face with her hands*) I can't bear to think of it!—he'd roll right down that nasty sloping wood, and bruise his beautiful head—or something against a horrid tree—or something. Suppose he should now be lying on his back, stunned and speechless, calling in vain upon his Gwenny! I can't bear it any longer! No matter what the weather, I must fly to him at once. (*Rushes towards door, then stops suddenly.*) Stop! What's that? I do believe—yes—here he is at last!

DICK. (*Enters*).

GWEN. (*Flies to him*). My darling.

DICK. (*Embraces her*). My pet.

GWEN. You are quite, quite safe?

DICK. Quite!

GWEN. (*With a sigh of relief*). Thank heaven!

DICK. (*Dryly*). Yes. I managed to walk to the top of the glen and back without danger to life or limb.

GWEN. What a brave, clever darling! But I was getting so frightened.

DICK. Frightened, my precious?

GWEN. Yes. Do you know how long you have been away? A whole half-hour.

DICK. Not more than that? It seemed an eternity.

GWEN. (*Embraces him fondly*). My dearest!

DICK. My sweetest!

GWEN. Hubby will never leave little wifey so long again, will he?

DICK. Never!

GWEN. Not while life shall last? Promise!

DICK. I swea—but stop——

GWEN. (*Draws away*). You hesitate.

DICK. I was only thinking, my love, that when our honeymoon is over and we return home—to our home—I shall have to go to the office occasionally.

GWEN. Office! Oh!

DICK. But look here!—I'll tell you what I'll do—telegraph every morning that I've arrived safely, and always come home to lunch.

GWEN. No, no! (*sadly*). You are growing tired of my society. I am no longer all in all to you.

DICK. But, my dear Gwenny, you forget. When a lawyer forsakes his cases, the cases very soon forsake the lawyer.

GWEN. Cases, indeed! You never had one!

DICK. But I may some day; so I must go to the office now and then.

GWEN. Then let me go with you—do! I will sit quite quietly and hold your hand while you work. And if you ever had to make a speech to a judge in Court, I'm sure you'd do it much better if I were by your side, squeezing your hand, and looking lovingly into your eyes.

DICK. But my darling, the Court might object.

GWEN. (*Indignantly*). Object? Do you mean to tell me that any judge in the land would dare to separate two loving hearts!

DICK. Rather! There's one that dares to do it all day long.

GWEN. Who is he?

DICK. The President of the Divorce Court.

GWEN. Oh, Dick! How can you joke on such a serious subject?

DICK (*Gloomily*). Joke! I! In weather like this? I feel about as full of jokes as a comic paper. (*Walks to window*). Jove! how it is coming down!

GWEN. But you haven't told me. What does it look like outside—from the top of the glen?

DICK. Worse than ever.

GWEN (*Dismayed*). Worse?

DICK. Yes, the same old watering-pot downpour.

GWEN. And it's been like this for three whole days.

DICK. Three whole days! (*moodily*).

GWEN. And there is no sign of change!

DICK. Not one. Every time I tap that beastly old barometer it laughs in my face—and drops an inch.

GWEN (*Cheerfully*). Well, never mind, darling. Let's treat the weather with the contempt it deserves. For my part, so long as I have got my Dick, I can laugh at the rain.

DICK. And so can I. For all the sunlight I require is the brightness that sparkles in my Gwenny's eyes.

GWEN. Oh Dick!

DICK. Oh Gwenny! (*They embrace*).

GWEN. And now, what shall we do to pass the morning?

DICK. Well, I suppose we can't have breakfast all over again?

GWEN. Of course not, you greedy boy.

DICK (*Looks at watch*). And it's four mortal hours till lunch.

GWEN. But we are forgetting. There's the post to look forward to—three days' letters. Come now, let's guess who they'll be from!

DICK (*Gloomily*). We may guess, but we shall never know.

GWEN. Why not?

DICK. Because, as the railway is flooded for miles, our correspondence is probably reposing at the bottom of the river, dissolving into pulp, and disagreeing with the fish.

GWEN. Oh Dick! not really? Our letters all lost! It's positively awful! Dick, I can't bear it any longer. Let us pack up at once and go home.

DICK. Go home! How can we, when the railway's impassable?

GWEN. But is there no other way?

DICK. None, except through the air, and the village shop is out of balloons.

GWEN (*Pacing up and down*). Oh, why did we ever come to this horrid place? If we had only gone to Paris—dear, delightful Paris!

DICK. That, my darling, was my suggestion. 'Twas you who insisted upon coming here.

GWEN. But you had no business to give in to me.

DICK. Not when you declared that if I didn't consent to a honeymoon in the country you'd throw me over?

GWEN. Nonsense! It was your duty, as my future husband, to have compelled me to defer to your superior judgment.

DICK. And risk losing you altogether?

GWEN. Not a bit of it! As if any girl would have put off her marriage when her wedding-frock was ready—fitting like a glove and looking like a dream. (*Severely*). Really Dick! such weakness on your part makes me tremble for our future.

DICK (*Nettled*). You needn't tremble, that'll be all right; for I'll take the hint and act differently in the future.

GWEN. What do you mean?

DICK. That, as you seem to wish it, I'll always put my foot down—hard.

GWEN. What! You tell me deliberately that you intend to bully me? Only three weeks married and it has come to this! (*Whimpers*). Oh, mamma! mamma!

DICK (*With a show of alarm*). Oh, I say, Gwenny, leave mamma alone for the present. She's happy enough at home.

GWEN. Not so far away, sir, but that my cry of sorrow could reach her. One word from me, and no matter what the weather, she'd fly to me at once.

DICK (*To himself*). Fly? Yes, she might manage it that way, and when she was tired of flying, she could swim. (*To Gwendolen*). But there, my love, don't get upset! I didn't mean to be unkind.

GWEN (*Weeping*). And you won't really bully-bully poor little Gwenny?

DICK. Bully my little peach-blossom! If I ever caught myself doing such a thing, I'd knock myself down. So let's kiss and make it up. (*Kisses her lightly and walks to window*).

GWEN (*Pouting*). What a cold, distant kiss!

DICK (*Impatiently*). Cold! Nonsense! All your fancy! Perhaps it was the damp—it gets into everything.

GWEN. That's the second time to-day you've joked on a serious subject. (*Sadly*). But there,

I expected it. I knew you were getting tired of me. I noticed it last night at dinner.

DICK. At dinner! What do you mean?

GWEN. (*Half-whimpering*). You never kissed me between the courses as you used to do, and for the first time we drank out of separate glasses; and although you held my hand through soup and fish, you dropped it at the joint.

DICK. Because I wanted to use my knife.

GWEN. A poor excuse! If you cared for me as once you did, love would have found out a way.

DICK. I doubt it; love may be all-powerful—rule the world and so forth—but it can't cut up tough mutton. But come, come, Gwenny, I'm awfully sorry, I am really; and look here! I tell you what I'll do to make up for it (*places his arm round her waist*); we'll sit like this all through lunch, and we have only one plate and one fork and one piece of bread between us.

GWEN. (*Claps her hands with joy*). Oh, how nice! And I'll feed you and you shall feed me. Won't it be delightful!

DICK. Yes: but lunch is a long way off yet. (*Looks at watch*). If we'd only got something to read; but, hang it all, there isn't a book in the place except these miserable specimens (*takes up each book in turn*); a back number of the *Bicycle News* and *Foxe's Book of Martyrs*.

GWEN. Horrid things! I've looked at them—and such pictures! Nothing but pneumatic tyres and burning Christians.

DICK. Oh, Gwen, what can we do to pass the time?

GWEN. Dick! I've an idea!

DICK. You have? What a treasure it is! Well?

GWEN. We'll sit—ah—close together, and you shall tell me how much you love me.

DICK. (*Aghast.*) For three hours and three-quarters?

GWEN. Yes, such a nice long time! and we'll begin again directly after lunch.

DICK. But I did nothing else all day yesterday and the day before.

GWEN. Oh, but Dick, you used to tell me that your heart was so full it would take years to unload it.

DICK. So it would, of course; I was only afraid I might bore you.

GWEN. Bore me? I could listen for ever. (*Smothers a yawn*).

DICK. And you won't go to sleep, as you did yesterday, just as I am coming to the tender passages?

GWEN. Oh, Dick, of course not.

DICK. (*Despondently*). Very well then, come along—well make a start.

GWEN. I'll sit here, (*sits on a footstool* L.) and you get a chair and sit close by me.

DICK. (*Goes up to get a chair, and glances out of the window*). Look at the rain! I'll be hanged if I know where all the water comes from—and what irritates me so is that the natives seem to revel in it. Look at that chap walking away! he must be wet through to the skin—and yet he's whistling—positively whistling—happy beggar! (*Glances again*). Why, it's old Macfarlane—the apology for a postman. Then, by Jove, Gwenny, our letters must have come!

GWEN. (*Jumps up*). Letters! And they're not lost after all! Thank goodness! Oh, Dick, run and get them—quick!

DICK. Rather! (*Runs out of the room quickly*).

GWEN. Oh, I'm so glad they've come, for we were certainly getting a little tiffy; but now with plenty of letters we shall be as happy as possible, and will snap our fingers at the weather.

DICK. (*Appears at the door with a pile of letters in his hands, and speaks to someone outside*). Thank you, Mrs. Fraser! Only Monday's letters, eh? Well, they're better than nothing, aren't they, Gwenny?

GWEN. I should think so indeed.

DICK. (*Sorting letters*).

GWEN. (*Impatiently.*) Come—quick, dear! Give me mine!

DICK. (*Hands letters to Gwen and moves away with his own; without noticing it, he drops a letter on the floor*). Now look here Gwenny, we must be very economical—read slowly, and make them last as long as possible.

GWEN, Yes, dear (*she has moved away with letters, and stands deep in thought for a moment; then returns to Dick.*) Oh, Dick dear, I'm afraid I've been nasty and cross this morning; it was all the horrid weather—and—and having nothing to do.

DICK. Of course, my love.

GWEN. But we're all right now, aren't we?

(*showing letters*) and we'll never quarrel again, will we? Never!

DICK. Never, never again! (*They embrace, and then sit down to examine letters*).

GWEN. Oh, such a lovely lot! Let me see! From Mary, dear old Mary! Such a good girl, Mary! It will be full of advice—duties of a married woman—responsibilities of life—I know. Mary shall wait. Kitty's writing! Ah, this will be fun; lots of gossip and scandal—and such a fat one, too. I'll keep it till last. From mamma! Dear mamma! It will be all about symptoms and doctors. I don't think I ought to read it yet; I must wait until I feel more sympathetic.

DICK. Mine are poor lot—scarcely anything but circulars. What can a man in a country inn want with Oriental screens? (*Tears up circulars*).

GWEN. Oh, here's one from George (*opens it*). What can he be writing about? You remember Cousin George, don't you, Dick?

DICK. What, that—I mean George Bailey? Oh, yes, I remember him. And do you mean to say that he has had the impertinence to write to you?

GWEN. Impertinence? What *do* you mean? Isn't he my cousin? But, of course, I forgot; you were always jealous of George, weren't you?

DICK. I jealous? My dear Gwendolen, what a preposterous idea!

GWEN. Now don't tell fibs. Don't you remember how angry you were at the Joplings' dance when I gave him a waltz I had promised to you?

DICK. That was solely on your account.

GWEN. Mine?

DICK. Yes, he's such a shocking bad dancer—romps round the room like an animated idol.

GWEN. Possibly; (*pointedly*) clever men seldom waltz well.

DICK. Clever! Why, he was dropped three times at college.

GWEN. That was because his health was bad.

DICK. Yes, too many brandies and sodas.

GWEN. He was led astray, poor fellow! Open-hearted, genial men often drink more than is good for them.

DICK. But not at other people's expense.

GWEN. How can you say such a thing! He is the most generous of men. See what charming presents he used to give me!

DICK (*Savagely*). Oh, did he? Well, I hope he paid for them.

GWEN. Of course he did. George is the very soul of honor, you can see it in his face.

DICK. I beg your pardon; I never saw anything there but red hair.

GWEN. Well, I don't care what you say, I'm very fond of him.

DICK (*Rather savagely*). Oh, are you?

GWEN. And as he's my cousin it's your duty to like him too.

DICK (*Ironically*). Oh, very well, then, I'll recant at once. I think George Bailey a charming, delightful fellow; dances divinely, and is as sober as a judge; has the complexion of a Venus, and the learning of a Bacon. Only this I will say, that if I had to choose between his friendship and that of a cannibal, I'd take my chance of being fricasseed.

GWEN. (*Who has been reading her letter with interest, and has only heard the last sentence*). Fricasseed? No, darling, Mrs. Fraser couldn't manage it, so I said we'd have it cold for lunch.

DICK (*Annoyed*). Oh!

GWEN. (*Reading letter with great interest*). No; how very strange—just fancy that—what a curious coincidence! Oh, Dick, whatever do you think?

DICK. (*Who has been fidgeting*). Think! That if you have any information to impart, I should prefer *not* to receive it in interjections.

GWEN. (*Still reading, and not noticing his remark*). It's really most extraordinary!

DICK. Oh, is it? Well, that's all right!

GWEN. And in such dreadful weather, too.

DICK. Yes, that must be a drawback.

GWEN. And he loathes wet weather.

DICK. Sensible man, whoever he is!

GWEN. But I shall be very glad to see him.

DICK. Will you? And who may "he" be?

GWEN. Why, Cousin George.

DICK. George Bailey!

GWEN. Yes. (*Looks up*). Oh, of course, I haven't told you. He is on his way—here—and he's going to look us up in passing.

DICK. What!

GWEN. Won't it be pleasant?

DICK. Pleasant! Look here, Gwendolen, I have no desire to appear unfriendly to any of your highly respectable family, but if George Bailey enters this house, I leave it.

GWEN. Really, Dick, such jealousy is quite

unreasonable. I never cared for him a bit in that way.

DICK. I am not so sure of it. At any rate, he was awfully gone on you—in his stupid, asinine way.

GWEN. Nonsense, he cared for me only as a cousin. Why, if it comes to that, I might just as well be annoyed about that horrid Mrs. Desborough, whom everybody thought once you were going to marry. You know you were fond of her.

DICK. Nothing of the kind. Fanny Desborough is a dear, sweet creature, and I have the honor to regard myself as her intimate friend.

GWEN. An honor shared by many of your sex, and very few of mine.

DICK. Of course, the women are jealous of her wit and beauty.

GWEN. (*Coutemptuously*). Wit! Beauty! The one she borrows from the *Sporting Times*, and the other she buys.

DICK. (*Gravely.*) And can you say such a thing as that of my friend? Gwendolen—you—you shock me.

GWEN. No worse than what you said about mine.

DICK. *I* only spoke the plain unvarnished truth.

GWEN. So do I.

DICK. I *know* that George Bailey is over head and ears in debt.

GWEN. And I *know* that Fanny Desborough dyes her hair.

DICK. Not a bit of it.

GWEN. Of course you know. Is the lock you carry about brown or golden—or a little bit of both, like the hairwash advertisements?

DICK. My dear Gwendolen, you are talking nonsense.

GWEN. Not at all. You were madly in love with her.

DICK. Then why didn't I marry her?

GWEN. She wouldn't have you, I suppose. But no, that couldn't have been the reason. She'd marry anybody—and jump at the chance; she's a cruel, heartless flirt. See how she treated poor George Bailey!

DICK. Pooh! He only proposed to her out of pique, because you wouldn't have him.

GWEN. Nonsense,

DICK. Well, she didn't jump at him.

GWEN. No, because she hoped to catch you.

DICK. Nothing of the sort. Besides, I have always regarded her as a sister.

GWEN. Sister indeed! More like a mother, I should say; she's old enough. But there, you can't deceive me (*catches sight of letter on the ground*). What's this! (*picks it up*). Why it's Fanny Desborough's handwriting! So, sir, you actually correspond with that woman under my very nose. You love her still; I knew it!—and —— (*bursts into tears*); oh, mamma! mamma! Take me home, take me home!

DICK. (*Softening*). Oh, I say, Gwenny, don's take on like this! How can I convince you that——?

GWEN. (*Suddenly*). Will you tell me at once the contents of that letter?

DICK. Of course I will. (*Opens the letter and glances through it*). By Jove! What a surprise! Now this is remarkable!

GWEN. (*Impatiently*). Oh, don't go on in that irritating way, but tell me at once.

DICK. (*Not noticing her*). I call it quite a coincidence.

GWEN. (*Angrily*). What is? What is?

DICK. She's going for a driving tour with some one—can't make out the name—and will pass near this place. She's got our address from your mother and is going to look us up.

GWEN. (*Astounded*). Mrs. Desborough here?

DICK. Yes, won't it be jolly! She's so bright and amusing, you know. How she will wake us up!

GWEN. (*Solemnly*). She will never wake me up.

DICK. What do you mean?

GWEN. That if you insist upon receiving that woman here, I am determined (*moves to window*), directly the weather clears, to go away for ever, and—and (*bursts into tears*) drown myself.

DICK. (*Alarmed*). Drown yourself? Oh, my darling! (*Then as if suddenly struck with an idea*). Ah! now I understand, now I see through your subterfuge. Drown yourself? Not a bit of it! You are going to Bailey, of course he's near at hand—you know where. Great heavens! only three weeks married and it's come to this! But don't go out—don't get

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your feet wet! await his coming here, for by that time I shall have gone—for ever.

GWEN. Gone? Where?

DICK. (*Wildly*). Anywhere! Central Africa, South America—any place where I can kill something—legally.

GWEN. (*Alarmed*). Oh, but Dick, you're such a bad shot. You'll get killed yourself.

DICK. And a good thing too, for then I shall at least make one living creature happy.

GWEN. Mrs. Desborough, I suppose?

DICK. No; some healthy, hungry lion with a large appetite. So farewell for ever (*glances out of the window*)—that is, as soon as this beastly rain stops.

GWEN. (*Weeping*). Oh Dick! (*Recovers herself*). I mean, please yourself, sir—you can't deceive me. I know your object, and all I say is that if you wish to go to your Mrs. Desborough, go! (*Short pause*).

DICK. And so it has come to this already! And the bond between us that not an hour ago seemed strong as steel is to be shattered asunder by a simple change in the weather; and the first bit of blue sky that appears parts us forever; (*glances out of window*) and, by Jove! there it is, as big as a lady's lace handkerchief.

GWEN. Really! (*looks out*). Yes, the rain has stopped at last.

DICK. So now, I suppose, we must say—good-bye?

GWEN. Oh, Dick, how can you?

DICK. (*With a burst*). I can't, there—and what's more, I won't!

GWEN. (*Lovingly*). Nor I.

DICK. Oh, Gwenny!

GWEN. Oh, Dick! (*They embrace.*)

DICK. That blue sky has saved us.

GWEN. Yes; for it was all the horrid rain.

DICK. Of course, for we love each other as much as ever.

GWEN. More.

DICK. But how about George?

GWEN. Oh, bother George, I hate him. If he comes I won't see him—even if he's wet through. I'll lend him an umbrella, and send him about his business.

DICK. My darling! And as for Fanny Desborough—whom I am now learning to loathe—if she calls we'll be not at home—say we've gone to a picnic, and won't be back for a week; so put on your wraps and we'll clear out at once.

GWEN. Very well, dear. (*Goes up stage to door*).

DICK. (*Glances out of window*). Hullo! Here's old Macfarlane again! Must have brought to-day's letters!

GWEN. Get them at once, dear; (DICK *goes out*) and we'll take them with us.

DICK. (*Re-enters with letters*). Here you are! (*Gives letters*). Why, here's another from Fanny!

GWEN. And another from George. (*Both read*).

DICK. By Jove!

GWEN. Good gracious!

DICK. Fanny is actually married to George after all.

GWEN. And George has positively married Fanny.

DICK. (*Reads*). "Quiet wedding—keep it dark—no fuss—gave you a hint." Oh, Gwenny! how I have wronged you!

GWEN. Oh, Dick! forgive my shameful suspicion! (*Embrace*). Then they're coming here on their honeymoon.

DICK. Of course.

GWEN. Oh, I'm so glad, aren't you?

DICK. Awfully.

GWEN. Won't it be fun?

DICK. Rather! What a rare good time we shall have!

GWEN. (*Reads*). "Expect to be with you at half-past ten."

DICK. Then they'll be here immediately.

GWEN. (*Dances up to window*). How exciting! And look, Dick, the sun is actually shining at last.

DICK. (*Who has come to the window*) And see, there's a small phaeton turning the corner!

GWEN. And they're in it!

DICK. By Jove! so they are!

BOTH. How are you? How are you? (*Waving handkerchiefs*).

DICK. Come along, Gwen! Let's run down and welcome them. (*They move to door*). Good old George!

GWEN. Dear Fanny! Oh, Dick, the rain clouds have cleared away just in time.

CURTAIN.

A MEMORY LESSON.

LUKE SHARP.

(*Editorial room. Editor working hard with feet on the desk. Disreputable-looking tramp—evidently a drunkard standing in door-way.*)

TRAMP. Say, mister, you don't happen to have ten cents you could spare?

EDITOR. You have struck it the first time. I don't.

TRAMP. Say, mister, I haven't had anything to eat for twenty-four hours.

EDITOR. Then why don't you go and have dinner? There are some first-class hotels in this town.

TRAMP. Are they? Now, commercial travellers have told me that they can't get a decent meal in the city. I'll halve the difference with you. Make it five cents, boss.

EDITOR. I can't keep myself in lager, and you expect me to supply with beer any tramp that comes along.

TRAMP. (*Coming in and taking a seat.*) I see you are mistaken in my character. I have never tasted a drop of liquor in my life. I was at one time in one of the best wholesale houses in this town, but was ruined by my desire for improvement. I was often warned that I was taking the wrong course, but, alas! I did not see my error until it was too late. Most of my comrades used to take a glass of beer now and then and go to the base-ball games and be out nights, but I stuck to study, and you see what I am. (*Editor looks bewildered.*) Yes, I am now an awful example of the terrible folly of taking a wrong course. My beer-drinking companions are pointed to as model citizens, while I am practically a tramp.

EDITOR. How did it happen?

TRAMP. Well, the finishing stroke was the memory lessons. I had naturally a good memory, and my firm told me that if I learned to speak French they would send me to Paris as their agent there. I pitched into French, and was advised to take memory lessons, as that was a great help in acquiring a language.

EDITOR. And was it?

TRAMP. In a way—yes. You know how they strengthen the memory, I suppose?

EDITOR. No. Never heard it could be done.

TRAMP. Well, the first thing they do they make you swear an awful oath you will never divulge any of the methods, and then you have to sign a bond to that effect with a heavy penalty attached.

EDITOR. Then if I were you I would not tell anything about it. I don't care to know.

TRAMP. Oh, that's all right. I can plead that I have forgotten all about the oath. That is one of the benefits of the memory system. You can forget anything so easily. Yes, sir. Now, if you lent me $5 I would very likely forget all about it before to-morrow.

EDITOR. You astonish me.

TRAMP. It's quite true. In that way the system is very valuable. Now to show you how the thing works. My girl's name——"

EDITOR. Oh, you have a girl, then?

TRAMP. Had, my dear fellow—had.

EDITOR. Excuse me if I have brought up sad recollections.

TRAMP. It don't matter in the least, I assure you. You see, I can forget it right away.

EDITOR. Well, about the system?

TRAMP. Oh, yes; I forgot. What were we talking about?

EDITOR. You said your girl's name was——

TRAMP. Exactly. My girl's name was ——" (*Wrinkling his brows and speaking half audibly.*)— Girl—dress—dressmaker—thread— spool— cotton— cotton mill—spin-

ner — bobbin— bob— Robert— Roberta. (*Aloud*). That's it. Her name was Roberta—nice girl, too. What was her last name? Let me see. (*Falling into an audible brown study and murmuring*)— Roberta —Robert —Bob—bobbin—cotton—factory—mill—mills. That's it again. Mills is the name; Miss Mills. Let's see; what did I say her first name was? Girl—dress—dressmaker——"

EDITOR. Never mind going over that again. You said her name was Roberta.

TRAMP. You're right—Roberta Mills; awfully nice girl, too. She lives in Windsor. Know her?

EDITOR. No, I don't.

TRAMP. Well, she's lost to me forever. I don't know that it matters now. I have rarely the money to pay the ferry fare, and if I had I might spend it otherwise.

EDITOR. I don't doubt it. How did the separation come about?

TRAMP. Memory system did it. I suppose you understand the system now?

EDITOR. I can't say that I do.

TRAMP. Well, you see, you corral any word you want to remember.

EDITOR. I have heard of corralling an animal, but——

TRAMP. Same thing, my boy—same thing. You get a word up in a corner, so that it can't escape you. That is where the system comes in so good in learning French. Now, for instance, supposing you want the French for water. You corral the two words together. Water makes you think of whiskey, doesn't it?

EDITOR. Natural combination.

TRAMP. Of course it is. Now, whiskey makes you think of drunk. A man who is addicted to drink naturally neglects his business and runs in debt.

EDITOR. Quite correct.

TRAMP. Then drunk recalls debt, see? Well, a man who is in debt owes everybody, doesn't he?

EDITOR. If they are foolish enough to trust him—yes.

TRAMP. Very well, then, there you have it. Water—whiskey—drunk—debt—owe—eau, French for water. Easy as rolling off a log. Now, to put this system to use, suppose your wife gave you a letter to post.

EDITOR. You may as well suppose something probable while you're at it. She wouldn't do it. She knows I'd forget it.

TRAMP. Well, I'm just supposing a case. You remember that you have forgotten what your wife told you to do. You say wife—that reminds you of expense—expense recalls cash—cash means money—time is money. So you think of time—time makes you think of a slugging match—

EDITOR. What's that?

TRAMP. Why, a fight where they call 'time.' The match suggests betting. There you are at 'bet.' Betting is against the law, so you have 'law.' But betting is only against the letter of the law, the statute is not enforced, so you have 'letter,' and then you go and post it.

EDITOR. Wonderful. Still, it seems to me that it would be easier to remember the letter itself than do all that.

TRAMP. So it would if you were not a victim of this system, but once that gets a hold on you, you can't remember anything unless you corral the words. That's how I came to lose my situation.

EDITOR. Oh! How did that happen?

TRAMP. Well, a man by the name of—of (*murmuring a lot of words to himself, and then brightening up*), Smith—by the name of Smith, telephoned me to tell my boss, as soon as he came in, to call him up. There is the telephone. That suggested 'ring,' ring naturally brought to my mind, 'aldermen'—

EDITOR. How is that? I don't see that.

TRAMP. Why, the aldermen always form rings and the fellow who wants to get anything has to pay the ring.

EDITOR. You don't tell me?

TRAMP. Fact. Well, ring shows that a man is a fool who expects things to be otherwise; fool suggests idiot; idiot suggests asylum; asylum, prison; a prison is a workshop; a workshop must have a blacksmith shop; such a shop must have a smith, and there you are. Well, when the boss came in I went up to him working on the corral, and said: 'Ring—alderman—fool—idiot'—but before I got to 'prison' I was kicked into the street.

EDITOR. That was unfortunate. Why didn't you go back and explain?

TRAMP. I have often started out to do so, but I always forgot it before I could get there.

EDITOR. And I suppose that because you lost your situation you lost your girl.

TRAMP. Oh, no. I had forgotten about that. Glad you reminded me. No, that was a case of a good corral going wrong. It sometimes does that. I went over to see her and was working the corral for all it was worth. I ran it this way: 'Girl—dress—dressmaker—sewing—thread—needle—pins—pinafore—Josephine.

EDITOR. I don't see how you get that last word.

TRAMP. Why, Josephine is the principal character in 'Pinafore,' you know. Well, when I met her I said, 'Halloo, Josephine,' and she thought I was thinking of another girl, and then it was all day with me. You see, I should have gone on 'spools' from 'thread,' and instead I went on 'needles,' and of course, when a man gets on needles you can't tell at which girl you will bring up.

EDITOR. Well, I am sorry for you. I have been very much interested in your case. I never knew there were any memory systems in existence. Here is half a dollar for your trouble.

TRAMP. I am very much obliged to you, I assure you. Won't you come out and have something?

EDITOR. No, thank you. I never drink.

TRAMP. Oh, that's so. Neither do I. I had forgotten. You see I forget everything.

EDITOR. That's all right; good-by.

(*Exit tramp. Goes into saloon on corner.*)

Detroit Free Press.

———:o:———

A COMPARISON.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

I'D RUTHER lay out here among the trees,
With the singin' birds an' the bum'l'bees,
A-knowin' thet I can do as I please,
Than to live what folks call a life of ease
Up thar in the city.
Fer I really don't 'zactly understan'
Where the comfort is fer any man
In walking hot bricks an' usin' a fan,
An' enjoyin' himself as he says he can,
Up thar in the city.

It's kinder lonesome, mebbe you'll say,
A-livin' out here day after day
In this kinder easy, careless way;
But a hour out here is better'n a day
Up thar in the city.
As fer that, jus' look at the flowers aroun',
A-peepin' their heads up all over the groun',
An' the fruit a-bendin' the trees 'way down.
You don't find such things as these in town,
Or ruther in the city.

As I said afore, such things as these,
The flowers, the birds, an' the bum'l'bees,
An' a-livin' out here among the trees
Where you can take your ease an' do as you please,
Makes it better'n the city.
Now, all the talk don't mount to snuff,
'Bout this kinder life a-bein' rough.
An' I'm sure it's plenty good enough,
An' 'tween you an' me 'tain't half as tough
As livin' in the city.

THE CALL OF DUTY.

DOROTHEA LUMMIS.

(A pretty little reception-room filled with tiny tables, spindle-legged chairs, wedding bric-à-brac and various bits of fragile *vertu*. Dressed in a gorgeous confection of old rose, and reclining on a couch of faded blue, is the new wife of a Young Man of Talent. The servant shows in—in palpably borrowed evening-dress—his Intimate Friend from Bohemia.)

His Friend. (*soto voce, taking in the environment*) Regular china-shop.

His Wife. (*with some disapproval*) Mr. Tharp, I believe?

His Friend. (*in deprecation*) Even he, madam. I will make myself very inconspicuous in a corner and be extremely docile.

His Wife. (*eyeing him coldly*) I am sure I don't know what you mean. But I guess you writing people are all alike. You make queer speeches that haven't any beginning, not much middle, and no sort of decent end, and then look down on us, because we like things plain and straight along.

His Friend. Oh, I protest! I assure you we are really very simple.

His Wife. (*laughing grimly*) I can well believe that, too—in a way. Why, Arthur protests, too—that his tastes are so simple that he can't even write in a room like this, and wants to go off to a little hole of a room by himself. After I had saved that place there (*pointing to a crowded niche*) especially for his desk, and meant to sit right by him every minute.

His Friend. (*eagerly*) But he would be sure to smash some of your—lovely things, you know!

His Wife. (*calmly*) Oh, no fear of that. I mean to watch him too well. I've frightened him almost to pieces already. He's afraid to move or take a deep breath.

His Friend. I am glad you take such interest in his work. It will be a great help and incentive, naturally.

His Wife. (*without enthusiasm*) Of course. But I'll admit just to you, though, that at first I didn't think much of his profession. Papa didn't, either; he said literary men were always poor, improvident fellows; but when I found out what a nice big check he could get just for a little bit of writing, I changed my mind—and then I changed papa's.

His Friend. I see. That's nice. What do you like best of what he has done lately? (*forgetting himself*) None of us can touch him on——

His Wife. (*with a gay laugh*) Oh! for mercy's sake, don't ask me about his things; I don't read them, I leave that for "the boys," as he calls you.

His Friend. (*soberly*) Do you really mean to tell me that you don't know anything about that last article of his in the *National*, that made such a hit. That one on the "Results of Applied Science to——"

His Wife. The very name makes me shiver. When we were first engaged I did try, but he came in and found me sound asleep and made me promise solemnly never to try again. I was willing enough.

His Friend. Naturally.

His Wife. So now he just gives me the money, and——

His Friend. You find that more interesting——

His Wife. And a great deal easier.

His Friend. He has done the best work of his life, so far, lately.

His Wife. (*consciously*) Yes, indeed! He said he felt as if his whole soul was at its high-water mark. (Petulantly.) But since, he has done nothing at all.

His Friend. Since what?

His Wife. Since our return from our wedding journey. Do you know he actually wanted to leave me alone and go poking into mills, and factories, and dirty machine places when we happened to be near any.

His Friend. So you went, too. Quite right.

His Wife. (*indignantly*) And get all my pretty dresses spoiled? No, indeed; I didn't go a single step, nor let him, either. I cried, and said machine-shops didn't belong in bridal trips, and he gave it up right off and was lovely.

His Friend. (*with emphasis*) He is angelic. And so he is writing nothing now? I've scarcely seen him to ask.

His Wife. No, he just sits at his desk, with the most dismal look, chewing the end of an old pipe—I won't let him light it—with a sheet of paper before him, and never writes a word for hours. I think it very provoking, and I hope papa won't catch him so idle.

His Friend. (*musing*) That is odd. He used to say his ideas drove his fingers to death.

His Wife. Once he really began, and begged me to go out so as not to interrupt him. Why, I hadn't said a thing for five minutes.

His Friend. Very unreasonable when you wished to talk, wasn't it?

His Wife. I thought so; but I believe in humoring him so far as possible. I have my own ideas, and I mean to carry them out. I manage papa wonderfully.

His Friend. (*beseechingly*) But literary folks are different.

His Wife. Oh, they're just men.

His Friend. (*speciously*) I may be a husband, too, some day. Won't you tell me some of these ideas of yours? It may teach me to be more manageable myself, and some one of your sex owe you a fine debt of gratitude.

His Wife. (*suspiciously*) I don't trust you very far; but I'd just as soon tell you. Probably the woman you marry will be even better at it than I.

His Friend. (*impulsively*) God forbid! I beg your pardon, but—

His Wife. Oh, you don't like the idea. None of them do, but they all submit sooner or later.

His Friend. I submit at once. Come, tell me how it is to be done in Arthur's case.

His Wife (*confidentially*). Well, in the first place, he is never to be left alone. (*An irrepressible groan bursts from his friend*) What's the matter, Mr. Tharp? Are you ill?

His Friend. It's only vicarious. Pray go on.

His Wife. (*decidedly*) A true wife will never allow herself to be separated from her husband, especially in his pleasures—and she will share all her troubles with him, so that he can't ignore them or act as if he were a martyr.

His Friend. Admirably true.

His Wife. (*with gusto*) Whatever she wants she ought to have; and if she can't get it by asking right out, she can bring up every little while until she succeeds——

His Friend. By virtue of his exasperation and her importunity.

His Wife He shouldn't get exasperated. What did he marry for, if not to do as she thinks best?

His Friend. Your methods seem to trifle dangerous, though so perfect. They might drive a man mad.

His Wife. No danger; they simply tire him out. It's much better and nicer than crying and getting one's nose red.

His Friend. You think all this a diplomatic necessity?

His Wife. I know it is. Just see how men lose those abominable, conquering airs, and get sensible and quiet, after marriage. They're ever so much nicer.

His Friend. And happier?

His Wife. Well, their wives are, and that's what they promise to make them.

His Friend. But your husband is a man of great talent, perhaps of genius. Are there no concessions, no modifications in such a case?

HIS WIFE. (*with vivacity*) That's why I have my mind most made up. Oh, I've heard people talk, and read some of this stuff about "the privileges of genius," and I know what that Mr. Stevenson says about marriage, and how it "withers all the wildings of her husband's heart." "Wildings," indeed! I should hope they would wither. (*Snapping her pretty be-ringed fingers softly.*) I don't care that for them all. The only trouble is that the wives get such a ridiculous idea of men's superiority, and begin by being weak. Then it is forever too late, and they get snubbed and neglected all their lives—and have to go about into society all alone, like a lot of dreary old maids.

HIS FRIEND. you mean to go into "society," then?

HIS WIFE. (*staring at him*) Why, what else would we do, pray?

HIS FRIEND. Arthur hates it so—and I believe a good deal of seclusion absolutely necessary to his best work.

HIS WIFE. Well, if he thinks so, I shall make it my first duty to convince him otherwise. I should die shut up here.

(A step is heard in the hall, and the Young Man of Talent enters. His friend holds out a shaking hand, as he feels an arm thrown round his shoulder. There is a slight contraction on the clear brow of the wife.)

THE YOUNG MAN OF TALENT. (*to his friend*) Dear old fellow. This is good. You're friends with Lillian already, I see. You'll stay to dinner, of course. (*His freind, who had meant to go, hesitates. The line on the forehead of the wife deepens into a frown.*)

HIS WIFE. Arthur, Mr. Tharp has an engagement, I believe.

HIS FRIEND. Yes, yes; I had forgotten. (*Grasps his friend's hand.*) Good-bye. I sympathize I mean, I congratulate you. (*Bows deeply to the wife, wrings his friend's hand, and goes.*)

THE YOUNG MAN OF TALENT. (*as the door closes behind him*)—You like him, don't you, darling?

HIS WIFE. (*slowly, but firmly*) I don't think we want to see too much of that sort of people, dear. They are so odd. Clever, of course, but apt to be rather uncomfortable—and not very well dressed. His boots were awfully cheap.

THE YOUNG MAN OF TALENT. (*very soberly*) But he is one of my best and truest friends, Lillian.

HIS WIFE. (*shrewdly*) Well, he isn't mine. *Pulling her husband down beside her on the sofa and slipping her arm through his.*) Besides, that was before you were married. Now you won't need anybody but me and my friends!

———:o:———

A COQUETTE.

SHE rambled through the meadows wide,
So richly gemmed with dew;
Her hair was bright as golden light,
Her eyes were azure blue.
And shyly, there, the farmer lad
Betrayed his love and woe;
She passed him by,
With head held high,
And coolly answered "No!"

She wandered to the woodland pool,
By wild-flowers all begirt;
She saw her beauty in its depth,
And smiled—the pretty flirt!
And there the curate told his love,
Though hope was almost dead;
But though she sighed,
She naught replied,
She only shook her head.

She lingered by the broad park gate,
The old lord lingered too;
He sought the maiden for his bride,
And knew, too, how to woo.
And though he feigned love's sad despair,
Her answer he could guess;
But could not spy
Her triumph high,
She smiled, and whispered "Yes."

—Temple Bar.

KEEPING UP APPEARANCES.

DRAMATIZED BY MISS A. O. BRIGGS.

CHARACTERS.

Mr. Steward.	*Mr. Somers.*
Mrs. Steward.	*James Somers.*
Miss Emily Heyward.	*Harriet Somers.*
Mr. Lansing.	*Mr. Jackson.*
Mrs. Lansing.	*John,—a Servant.*

SCENE I.

MR. *and* MRS. STEWARD *are sitting by a table.* JOHN, *a servant, enters with the morning mail.* MR. STEWARD *opens one envelope after another, and, after glancing at their contents, throws them down in disgust.*

MR. STEWARD. Bills! bills!! bills!!! Nothing but dunning letters! Enough to drive any one to distraction!

MRS. STEWARD. Well, who's to blame, I'd like to know? I'm sure I spend no more in dress than other ladies do who pretend to be at all fashionable. You always grumble when a bill is sent in—(*Enter* MISS EMILY HEYWARD, *a sister of* MRS. STEWARD, *who is spending a few days with her. She seats herself quietly at another table and takes up her fancy work.*)

MR. S. (*In a calmer tone.*) All I mean to say, Augusta, is that we must retrench in our expenses. They have been enormous this year —much greater than I can afford.

MRS. S. (*With spirit.*) I am perfectly willing, only don't impute all this extravagance to me, while you are giving dinners, belonging to clubs, and betting on elections——

MR. S. Well, well, we'll not go over that again; but I repeat it, a change must be made somewhere.

MRS. S. Very well, let it be made everywhere and welcome, but don't talk of my milliners' and dressmakers' bills while you——

MR. S. (*Interrupting.*) Well, I tell you I won't talk of them, that is, if you can be made to talk of anything else. (*Pettishly.*) You seem determined to harp on the same old string forever.

MRS. S. I am determined not to be found fault with without reason. I'll not be blamed——

MR. S. I do not wish to blame you, if you will only listen to reason and hear what I have to say— —

MRS. S. Certainly, now that you have changed your tone, I am willing to hear anything; but when you said just now——

MR. S. (*Impatiently interrupting.*) No matter what I said just now.

MRS. S. Oh, yes, it is very easy to say "no matter."

MR. S. But listen to what I say now. We must retrench, and that very decidedly, in our expenses.

MRS. S. And I again repeat that I am perfectly willing—I cheerfully acquiesce in any changes you think necessary. We can do without a carriage if you think so.

MR. S. Let that go then.

MRS. S. And the opera box—the season is just up.

MR. S. Very well.

MRS. S. And I'll send back the new epergne, for, of course, we shall have no further use for it.

MR. S. (*Hesitating a few moments.*) Well, we need be in no hurry about that. I rather doubt if Cox will take it back, and besides, the Secretary of State dines with us next week, we shall want it.

MRS. S. Surely, you will not think of giving that dinner!

MR. S. It would be rather awkward to do otherwise after having given the invitation.

MRS. S. You told me that it was so doubtful whether he remained in town until Thursday, that he was unwilling to promise positively for any time. Wait a day or two, and I'll answer for it, he will be engaged to more dinners than he can attend. Easy enough to get off when it is a great man you have asked. It is only your small people, who have few or no invitations, who pin you to the point.

MR. S. Well, well, we'll see about it. (*Looking at his watch.*) It is time I was at the counting-house. (*Takes his hat and leaves.*)

MRS. S. (*After waiting a few moments.*) Men are so unreasonable! You really would

have supposed, to hear Charles talk, that the few hundreds I spend upon dress was going to ruin him.

MISS HEYWARD. But he says he cannot afford it, Augusta.

MRS. S. He can afford it as well as he can afford other things.

MISS H. Perhaps so, but as I understood him, he thinks you are living altogether at an unwarrantable rate.

MRS. S. Then why should he begin on my personal expenses? Oh, if I only had something of my own, or if Charles would make me an allowance, as I have asked him again and again, that I need not be subject to such humiliations! To be scolded like a child whenever a bill is handed in, is really more than I can endure.

MISS H. Come, come, Augusta, now it is you who are unjust, for certainly a more liberal husband than yours I never saw. I am sure you have *carte blanche* to get whatever you want.

MRS. S. That is, I have *carte blanche* to run in debt, and when the account becomes due, it is mere luck and chance whether he becomes angry or not. Sometimes he pays bills three times as large as these without a word; at others, he goes on as he did this morning, and I will not put up with it any longer, for there is neither justice nor reason in it.

MISS H. Probably it is more convenient for him to spare the money at some times than at others.

MRS. S. I dare say it is, but that is not my fault. How am I to know when it is convenient and when it is not? I know nothing about his business.

MISS H. It would be infinitely better for you both if there could be a perfect understanding between you in regard to business matters. He could, at least, name the sum he would *be willing* for you to spend, why not?

MRS. S. I'm sure I don't know. When I have mentioned the subject, he only says, "Nonsense! get what you want and send the bill to me." How this bill is to be paid is more than I know. Madame De Goni writes that she wants her money, but I dare not speak to him again about it. Oh my! there's the bell. (*Calling from another room.*) John, go to *the door and tell them that I am not at home.*

JOHN. (*Enters with a card.*) Mrs. Lansing's compliments ma'am, and if you are going to the opera to-night she will be much obliged to you to call for her. (*Leaves the room.*)

MRS. S. No, I'm not going. (*Tossing the card upon the table.*) Thank fortune I have escaped her for to-day! I declare, the thought of that woman torments me more than all the rest. If it were not for her, I should not mind selling our carriage, for half the time I had rather walk than ride. Giving up the *opera is more of a sacrifice, for I really love music.*

MISS H. But it does not follow that you must give up the opera because you give up your box. Mr. Steward wishes a general retrenchment in your style of living, but I presume that does not include an occasional opera ticket or so.

MRS. S. Oh, as to that, if I can't go as I like, I would rather not go at all.

MISS H. I am sure one part of the house is as good as another, and most of the people we know, sit down-stairs, and, for my part, I would rather be there than in the private boxes.

MRS. S. I am not going to sit there, at any rate, while the Harringtons, and Lewises, and Remingtons, and all that set have their boxes. It is well enough for a young girl like you—I dare say, it is pleasanter, for the young men are all down there—and if we had not started with a box I should not have cared so much—but as it is, I shall say I'm tired of it. The prima donna is no great thing, and it is a bore to go every night in this way. To be sure, Mrs. Lansing will be curious, I suppose, if she finds we give up the box, and try to discover the true cause, for she has wit enough not to believe that I am tired of it all of a sudden—No matter if she does, I'll criticise the last piece, and find fault with the new singer, and as she does not know soprano from contralto and is dreadfully afraid of betraying her ignorance, I'll make her ashamed, in ten minutes, of having been pleased herself.

MISS H. And why should you care what such a woman thinks? Surely, her opinion can be a matter of no importance, one way or the other.

MRS. S. I hate to gratify her curiosity, for, after all, say what I will, she will have a secret feeling that economy is at the bottom of it. She

is such a purse-proud creature that her first idea always is that if you do not do anything it is because you can't afford it.

MISS H. Then I should tell her plainly so, in the beginning.

MRS. S. Not I, indeed! I would not gratify her so much on any account. She gives herself airs enough now without that.

MISS H. Well, you know her best, I suppose; but, really, it seems to me that she is only a very over-dressed, commonplace, little body.

MRS. S. That is just what she is, Emily, as commonplace a woman as ever you knew, and her taste in dress is outlandish. The idea of her giving herself airs and trying to be anybody is ridiculous.

MISS H. Droll enough! She seems to me as little meant by nature or education for a fine lady as any woman I have ever seen.

MRS. S. (*With animation.*) I wish you could have seen her when she first came to the city—you were such a child that you do not remember her then. Charles wanted me to call upon her and treat her with some attention, on her husband's account, as they were so connected in business. How humble and grateful she was! I had her at our house a great deal, introduced her to my friends, and, in short, gave her her first start in society. But by the time she knew everybody, her husband fell heir to quite an estate independent of his share in the partnership. Then she really began to fancy herself a person of importance; and now she seems very much disposed to patronize me. I declare, I believe I'll cut her.

MISS H. (*Laughing.*) What an idea.

MRS. S. Well, don't laugh at me, Emily. (*Pettishly.*) If she really suspected we were obliged to economize, there would be no keeping her down at all. I feel like going off by myself and having a good, hearty cry. Thank fortune, it is raining. Nobody can call to-day. I am too much out of sorts to see company, that's certain.

SCENE II.

MRS. STEWARD *and* MISS HEYWARD *are sitting at a lunch-table.* MR. STEWARD *enters.*

MR. S. Rather late, I see! Business detained me longer than usual. Such things can't be helped sometimes. I hope I have not kept you waiting.

MRS. S. Oh no! (*Indifferently.*) I did not know but you would take your lunch down town to-day. Your home seems so distasteful to you, of late.

MR. S. Pshaw! Augusta, don't begin again. Emily will think us not very sweet tempered, I fear. A constant broil is not very pleasant, to say the least. There goes the door bell!

MRS. S. I've instructed John to say I'm not at home. Oh, dear! they are coming right in here, I do believe. John is so heedless! (*Enter* MR. *and* MRS. LANSING. *They exchange greetings and take seats.*

MR. LANSING. I have come in early to ask if you are going to the opera to-night, for, if you are, I would like to consign my wife to your care, as I have an engagement that will prevent my joining her until a late hour.

MRS. S. No, (*Languidly*) the weather seemed so unpleasant that I did not mean to go to-night.

MR. S. Oh, you had better go, it will do you good, love.

MRS. S. No—not to-night. In fact, I am getting tired of this opera—the company is nothing wonderful, and, in short, to go night after night, as we have been doing, is something of a bore. I rather think we shall give up our box the next season.

MR. L. (*In surprise.*) Why, what is the meaning of this? Are you really going to give up your box?

MR. S. No, I don't feel the necessity that seems to oppress my wife of going every night, merely because we have a box. Come, Augusta, you had better let me order the carriage. (*She makes no further objection. He rings the bell and dispatches a servant for the carriage.*)

MRS. LANSING. (*Turning to* MRS. STEWARD.) I called this morning for you to go shopping with me, but found you already out. I was down at Cunard's. Have you seen those new shawls that he has just imported?

MRS. S. Yes, they are common looking things, don't you think so?

MRS. L. (*Looks somewhat confused.*) No, I don't—I admire them very much. I purchased one this morning.

MRS. S. Ah, really!

MRS. L. They are very expensive.

MRS. S. (*Carelessly.*) Are they?

MRS. L. Yes. (*With a look of importance.*) I gave eighty dollars for mine.

MRS. S. (*With surprise.*) Indeed! I should say that was very low for a good shawl.

MRS. L. They are all the fashion for carriage wraps.

MRS. S. Yes, I have seen some of them worn.

MR. L. (*To* MR. STEWARD.) Do you dine at Thornton's to-morrow.

MR. S. At Thornton's?—no, I do not.

MR. L. (*With a look of gratification.*) It is but a small party, I believe, to meet the Secretary of State.

MR. S. Yes, I was sorry I was engaged.

MR. L. (*With an air of disappointment.*) You were asked then?

MR. S. Oh! a week ago. By the way, I was going to ask you to meet him here on Thursday.

MR. L. (*Surprised.*) Who? The Secretary? Do you know him?

MR. S. Very well, indeed! I am indebted for a good many hospitalities at his house, in Washington, and I am very glad to have an opportunity of seeing him in my own.

MRS. L. The Remingtons and Lewises want me to join in giving alternate soirées, at my house, with them. They said they would speak to you about it.

MRS. S. Ah! I suppose that is what they called for this morning. I found their cards upon my table. *I am glad I was out.*

MRS. L. (*Anxiously.*) Why? Will you not join them?

MRS. S. No. These soirées are excessively dull. Nobody values a party where their is neither dancing nor supper. Here comes the carriage. Emily and I must hurry on our wraps. (*They leave the stage, aud soon reappear ready for the opera. Their guests rise and the curtain falls.*)

SCENE III.

MR. *and* MRS. STEWARD *and* MISS HEYWARD *at the breakfast table.*

MR. STEWARD. (*Laughing.*) How top-heavy a little attention makes some people! Did you observe how elated Lansing was at being invited to Thornton's? Here! (*Tossing some bank bills to his wife.*) You wanted some money for Madame DeGoné.

MRS. S. What did you mean to do about the box?

MR. S. Oh, keep it, of course. It doesn't cost much, and besides, it will not do to make such a decided change in our style of living as would attract remark—it would injure my credit. There can be a general attention to economy without doing anything so very marked. (*Looks at his watch.*) It is so very pleasant this morning you ladies had better seize the opportunity for a drive about the city. Shall I order the carriage on my way to the office?

MRS. S. If you like, dear. (*He takes his hat, bids them good-morniag and leaves the stage.*) Well, I shall not make myself unhappy another time for nothing, and think we are on the verge of bankruptcy because Charles happens to be angry. He really frightened me yesterday, and it seems, after all, that there was no cause for it.

MISS H. (*Smiling.*) You seem rather vexed that there is not. Upon the whole, I should say, it is more agreeable to be frightened without a cause than with one.

MRS. S. Well, I hardly know. A man has no right to talk so unless he means what he says. I declare, I scarcely slept an hour last night, and all, it seems, for nothing.

MISS H. Not quite for nothing, Augusta, Mr. Steward still says that economy is necessary.

MRS. S. Yes, in that sort of vague and general way, and what does it amount to? For my part, I do not even know what he means, and I doubt whether he does himself. However, here is the money for Madame De Goné, though she can't have the whole of it, for Estella has just sent in her bill. I will divide it between them, and that will cut down both accounts and satisfy them for the present.

MISS H. (*Gravely.*)I think that as your husband gave you the money for Madame De Goné, Augusta, you had better settle your account in full.

MRS. S. And what, then, am I to do with Estella?

MISS H. Give her bill to Mr. Steward when he comes in.

MRS. S. Thank you!—as I have not quite

forgotten yesterday morning's discussion, I do not feel prepared for another this evening. I don't see, Emily, how you can think of such a thing.

MISS H. I certainly think that perfect frankness is the best course. If I were married——

MRS. S. If you were married, you would, doubtless, make a model wife—all young girls think so, but when you are married you will find, just as other married women do, that you must manage as you can. I admit that Charles is as indulgent, kind-hearted, and affectionate a husband as ever lived, but he is quick tempered and often unreasonable. Though lovers may seem always charming, husbands are never perfect, and you must make the best of them, and get along with their imperfections as best you can. We will drive directly to Madame De Gone's, pay her bill and I will order a new dress for Mrs. Talmadge's ball.

MISS H. Why do you buy another dress? You have so many now you can't wear them all until they get out of fashion. The season is nearly over. You can retrench there and no one be the wiser for it.

MRS. S. Nonsense! Emily, Charles likes to see me well dressed, and particularly when I go among his own family. Mrs. Talmadge will be gratified, and Fanny is pleased to see me appear to advantage, and, in short, they all like it. The kind of dress that becomes a young girl is not at all suitable for a married woman. A simple book-muslin with a few flounces are as much as you require, but, ten years hence, you will find that soft satins and fine laces must shade and fill up the ravages of time, and, moreover, my position, my husband's fortune, all demand it—people will expect it of me. Well, here comes the carriage.

(*Curtain falls.*)

SCENE IV.

In MR. SOMERS' *Drawing-room.* MR. JACKSON *and* MR. SOMERS, *two old gentlemen.* JAMES SOMERS *and his sister* HARRIET.

MR. JACKSON. So Steward and Lansing have failed.

MR. SOMERS. Ah! I had not heard of it, but I am not at all surprised. Young men who enter business with small capital and dash ahead in that style must fail. I never believed they were making money as people said they were. I knew it could not be.

MR. J. Nor I. It was not the way men did business in our day, and fortunes are not made any more rapidly now than then.

MR. S. In those times, young merchants did not set up to be fine gentlemen, and give expensive dinners and run into every extravagance that happened to be the fashion. But now a young man begins with little or nothing, and in a few years, his wife must drive her carriage, have an opera box and dress like Queen Victoria. The pains-taking industry and patient economy of our times, which made their fathers' fortunes, is quite out of the fashion now; and here is the end of it.

MR. J. And they do say that this is an unusually bad case. The books show nearly double the amount of the whole receipts drawn out for private expenses. If this is so, there will be trouble yet, for creditors won't bear such fraud without making it warm for them, you may depend upon it.

Mr. S. Nor should they. (*Indignantly.*) It is absolutely dishonest and disgraceful.

HARRIET SOMERS. Ah, poor Mrs. Steward! we shall miss her pleasant soirées this winter. I am sorry for her.

JAMES SOMERS. And what is your particular interest in Mrs. Steward? All your sympathy seems reserved for her; did not Mrs. Lansing give soirées too?

H. S. I have no particular interest in her, but she is a graceful, pretty woman and was an ornament to society. Very different from Mrs. Lansing. Besides, she was used to luxury. Poor thing! How hard it will be for her to give up her carriage, and establishment, and all.

J. S. And learn the use of those dainty, little feet! (*Laughing.*)

H. S. How can you be so unfeeling, James?

J. S. I don't see the want of feeling in thinking that people who cannot afford to keep carriages had better walk, nor do I see the peculiar hardship in Mrs. Steward's case. What is it, pray, that makes the difference between Mrs. Lansing and her?

H. S. Oh! Mrs. Lansing is a vulgar, purse-proud, little body. It was nothing but her money that gave her any consequence at all. I never could see why people paid her so much attention. However, all that is over now. She

will not be too much courted, henceforth, I'm certain.

J. S. How you women do prize externals! All your sympathies are bestowed upon Mrs. Steward because she is pretty and graceful. Now I think, if I had any extra compassion to throw away, I should give it to Mrs. Lansing, who, in losing fortune, loses everything. Personal good qualities always command respect; and the wisest of us all, admire grace and beauty; but to be poor and plain, dull and destitude, is, really, something of a trial for a sensitive woman.

H. S. Oh, Mrs. Lansing is a good-hearted little woman, but her head was turned by their sudden prosperity. She was not used to it and could not bear it. Now she will return to her domestic duties, and, perhaps, be a much happier woman in her native obscurity than when she was straining every nerve to shine in society—a thing she could never do.

J. S. You, women, are natural aristocrats. She is *used* to it, or she is *not used* to it, seems to settle all your sympathies.

(*Curtain falls.*)

SCENE V.

MRS. STEWARD *and* MISS HEYWARD *alone*.

MRS. S. Well, the storm has come at last, and hard as the privations of poverty are to bear, the bitterest dregs that I have to swallow are the sarcastic and cutting remarks which come to me, from time to time, concerning my extravagance. Every little fault has been held up to view and so grossly magnified that I am almost distracted. Why is it that gossip seems, to most people, so sweet a morsel?

MISS H. Charles was decidedly to blame in not telling you frankly just how his business stood. He was as extravagant in his way as you were in yours. It is largely his own fault.

MRS. S. No, no, Emily, it is as much or more my fault than his. I might have restrained instead of urging him on, and it was my duty to do so. There is no computing the power of a wife's influence, and mine, I realize it now, has always been in the wrong direction.

MISS H. I would not make myself miserable over useless regrets. Mrs. Lansing does not seem to lay it to heart as much as you do. She is very much more agreeable than she used to be before this affair happened.

MRS. S. Yes, her native goodness of heart begins to assert itself. She is so tender and sympathetic in our mutual misfortunes that I think more of her than I ever supposed it possible.

MISS H. Adversity has cleared away the dross and revealed the pure gold of her womanly nature. There is nothing so attractive as unaffected humility. Don't grieve yourself to death, my dear sister, you are neither of you so old as to give up in despair of better days in store for you.

MRS. S. If those days ever do come, Emily, I will seek my enjoyment in the quietude of home. There is nothing satisfying in the envy and emulation of fashionable life, overtaxing purse and brain in ceaseless strife to keep up appearances.

———:o:———

A YEARN FOR GONE WOMANKIND.

OH, the beautiful woman, the woman of ancient days,
The ripe and the red, who are done and dead,
With never a word of praise;
The rich, round Sallies and Susans, the Pollies and Joans and Prues,
Who guard their fame and saw no shame
In walking in low-heeled shoes.

They never shrieked on a platform; they never desired a vote;
They sat in a row and liked things slow;
They lived with nothing of Latin, and a jolly sight less of Greek,
And made up their books and changed their cooks
On an average once a week.

They never ventured in hansoms, nor climbed to the topmost 'bus,
Nor talked with a twang in the latest slang—
They left these fashions to us.
But ah! she was sweet and pleasant, though possibly not well read—
The excellent wife who cheered your life
And vanished at 10 to bed.

And it's oh, the pity, the pity that time should ever annul
The wearers of skirts who mended shirts
And never thought nurseries dull;
For everything's topsy-turvy now, the men are bedded at 10,
While the women sit up and smoke and sup
In the club of the Chickless Hen.

THE ERRING SON RECLAIMED.

DRAMATIZED BY MISS A. O. BRIGGS.

CHARACTERS.

Mr. Lane,	*An unrelenting father.*
Mrs. Lane,	*An Indulgent mother.*
Robert Lane,	*A wayward son.*
Ella Lane,	*An idolized daughter*

SCENE I.

MRS. LANE *sits in a nicely furnished room reading a letter which she slips into her pocket as she hears her daughter's footsteps.* ELLA LANE *enters dressed for a party.*

MRS. LANE. Really, Ella, you have been very spry. I had no idea you could dress so soon.

ELLA LANE. You know, mamma, I never spend much time before the glass.

MRS. L. I am proud to say my daughter is not vain, for vanity is always the sign of a weak mind. Your dress is very becoming, my dear.

E. L. Then you think it will do to wear this evening?

MRS. L. It is just the thing.

E. L. I do so wish you could go with me!—why can't you, mamma?

MRS. L. I feel somewhat out of sorts, this evening, and although I have always enjoyed such little socials, I shall be obliged to send my regrets this time. (*Helps her daughter put on her wraps.*) The carriage is here, Ella.

E. L. Yes, I'm just in time. Good night, mamma.

MRS. L. Good night, my darling. (*Exit* ELLA.) Sweet, happy child,—how little she knows the bitter anguish of my soul to-night! Robert and his father have had some words, and he, our only son, has been forbidden to enter the house again. Ella looks on it as a temporary disagreement which will soon be reconciled, but alas! I fear it will prove a much more serious matter. (*Takes the letter from her pocket and reads.*) "Do not go out to-night, dear mother; I *must* see you. Father has gone to the city, the train will not be due till ten. I will be with you as soon as possible after Ella leaves. I wish to have a talk with you alone." (*Puts letter back into her pocket.*) My poor, poor boy! It may be wrong to deceive my husband, but how can a mother refuse to see her son! (*Listens.*) Ah! yes, I hear his footsteps. (*The door opens and* ROBERT *enters, takes off his hat and, throwing himself into a chair, near his mother, buries his face in his hands.*) Is it any new trouble, Robert? (*Laying her hand gently on his head.*) Any new—*guilt?* Tell your mother, Robert, tell her everything—she may help you—she will—O, Robert! You know she will love you and cling to you through it all.

ROBERT LANE. (*Looking up sadly into her face.*) I shall break your heart, mother, and poor little Ella's, too. Oh it is a dreadful thing to murder those one loves the best! I never meant to do it—try to believe that, dear mother, whatever comes.

MRS. L. I do believe it, Robert.

R. L. Ah! you know only a small part yet; but I could not go away without telling you. I knew you would learn it from others; I knew you would love me through it all, but I wanted to hear you say it.

MRS. L. I will, Robert, I will; but you, surely, have nothing to tell me worse than I know already? (*Passing her hand soothingly over his head.*) Whatever it is, Robert, you are not before a harsh judge now. Tell it to your mother, my dear boy, she can assist, advise and sympathize—

R. L. O, mother, you must not speak so, or I can never tell you. If you talk like this—if you do not blame me, I shall almost wish I had gone away without seeing you. Oh if I had only listened to you six months ago! I was not conscious then of doing anything decidedly wrong, but I know that my associates were not such as you would approve.

MRS. L. I feared they would lead you into their own evil paths.

R. L. And they have done so. They led me to the gambling dens. I won, at first, (a game they always play to give their victims courage) and then lost heavily. I asked my father for the money to pay my gambling debts and he refused his aid. It seemed dishonora-

ble not to pay those debts and I told him so—you know what followed.

MRS. L. Your father was angry, or he would not have refused. You tried his patience, Robert, and then, I fear, your language was not what a wayward son should use in addressing an exasperated father.

R. L. It was wrong, decidedly so, I will admit, but his refusal drove me to deeper crime—I was desperate—determined to have the money, mother, and I got it.

MRS. L. How, Robert?

R. L. Not honestly. (*Burying his face in his hands.*)

MRS. L. My poor lost boy, how did you get the money?

R. L. By forgery. No matter for the particulars—I could not tell them now and you could not hear. To-morrow all will be discovered and I must escape.

MRS. L. O Robert, it must be some horrid dream! I can't believe you guilty of such a dreadful crime.

R. L. Would it were but a dream! But I never meant it should come to this, mother, believe me, I never did. I meant to pay it before now, and I thought I could. I have won some money, but not enough; so there is nothing left but flight and disgrace. (MRS. LANE *sinks back in her chair as though stunned by the blow he takes her hand, rubs her forehead and tries to arouse her.*) Mother! mother! You do not answer me, mother. I knew I should break your heart. I knew——

MRS. L. (*Making a strong effort murmurs*) "To-morrow—to-morrow! Oh! my poor ruined boy!"

R. L. I know that nothing can compensate, mother, but if a life of rectitude, if—(*pauses suddenly and starts to his feet.*) I know that step, mother.

MRS. L. Hush! my son, hush! MR. LANE *enters—his brow is clouded with rage as he sees* ROBERT.)

MR. L. You here, sir? What business brings you to the home you have desecrated?

R. L. I came to see my mother, sir.

MRS. L. No; do not blame him, father. Let the fault be wholly mine. He is my own child and I must see him—a little while—you cannot refuse to leave me a little while with my own boy.

MR. L. (*sternly*) It is the last time, then.

R. L. The last time! (*In a tone of mocking bitterness.*)

MRS. L. The last time (*wringing her hands in agony.* MR. LANE *leaves the room.* MRS. LANE *buries her face as though weeping.*)

R. L. Oh, my poor, dear mother, what a wretch I am! Oh! if they had given me a coffin for a cradle, I should not have brought on us all such shame and sorrow, but it is too late now, too late!

MRS. L. (*Raising her head and starting up wildly.*) O, Robert, they will be here. Every moment is precious. You may not make your escape if you do not go now; but oh! promise me that you will forsake the ways of vice, and that, God helping, you will become a good and useful man—promise me this and then go. Your mother who has doted on you, entreats you for your own safety to be gone from her forever.

R. L. I cannot go, to-night, mother, I waited to see you until the last train has gone. I shall go to some of the landings, above, when I leave here, and in the morning go aboard the first boat that passes.

MRS. L. I am afraid you cannot escape the penalty for such a crime. (*Enter* ELLEN.)

ELLEN L. Has my mother retired? Oh no; she's up, waiting for me. And Robert! you here, too? So, you are sorry you quarreled with papa and have come back to be a good boy and go with me when I want a nice beau and all that? Well, it does look natural to see you here. (*Throwing off her wraps, she seats herself beside her brother.*) Now tell me all about it—you must have had strange doings this evening.

R. L. Yes, Ella strange doings!

E. L. What is it Robert? Has papa refused to let you come back? I will ask him—he never refuses me anything. (MRS. LANE *sits weeping*) Don't cry, mamma, I'll go to his room now and have it settled. Papa cannot say no to me, for I have on the very dress he selected himself; and he said I should be irresistible in it. I will remind him of that.

MRS. L. Alas! my poor Ella! This trouble is too great for you to settle. Our Robert has come home now for the last time—we part from him to-night forever.

E. L. Forever!

R. L. Yes, forever! I will tell you all about it, Ella. You seem not to know that it was something worse than a quarrel which drove me from home. I had contracted debts,—improperly, wickedly—and my father refused to pay them. I obtained the money for the purpose, and now, Ella, I must escape, or—or—

E. L. How did you get the money, Robert?

R. L. By forgery.

E. L. You! (*springing to her feet.*) You, Robert Lane? Is it so, mamma? is my brother a villain, a forger, is he—

MRS. L. Hush, Ella, hush! It is for those who have hard hearts to condemn, not for you, my daughter. There will be insults enough heaped upon his poor head to-morrow—let him, at least, have love and pity here.

E. L. Pity! Whom did he love or pity when he deliberately—

MRS. L. Ella, Ella! (*sternly.*)

R. L. O, mother, do not blame Ella, I have disgraced her name. She will deserve pity when people point at her and say, "There goes that forger's sister."

E. L. (*Affectionately.*) Forgive me, Robert, my own dear brother, I *do* pity you, I *do* love you; but, oh! it is a disgraceful thing to be a forger's sister. Horrible! horrible!

R. L. It *is* horrible, Ella; I never thought to bring it upon you, but—

E. L. Why are you here, Robert? Will they not find you and drag you to— O mamma, where shall we hide him—what can we do?

MRS. L. Don't get so excited, Ella, there is no immediate danger—the papers are not due until to-morrow.

E. L. The disgrace may be avoided, then. Papa will, of course, shield his own name. I will go to him at once.

MRS. L. But the sin, my child, the conscious degradation, what will you do with that, Ella?

E. L. Poor Robert, he is sorry for what he has done and our kind Heavenly Father is more ready to forgive than we. You will never do such a thing again, dear Robert, will you?

R. L. I will never again be led astray by evil companions. I will keep good company or none. No one can tell the fear, the remorse, the agony I suffer. It will do no good to entreat him, Ella, our father has an iron will.

E. L. I can but try, Robert, and if I fail I shall have the satisfaction of doing all I can for you.

SCENE II.

MR. LANE *sits in his library seemingly lost in thought. As Ella enters he rises and commences to walk the floor as though greatly troubled in his mind.*

E. L. O, papa, I am so wretched. Come down and see Robert, do;—come and save him. They will drag him to prison for forgery. You will be the father of a condemned criminal and I shall be his sister. Oh, do not let him go away from us so, papa—come down and see him, and you will pity him—you cannot help it.

MR. L. Forgery, Ella, he has not—

E. L. He *has!* and you must save him, papa, for your own sake, for all our sakes.

MR. L. Do you know this, Ella? It is a miserable excuse to get money from your mother—money to squander as he has been doing for the past six months. No, send him back to the rowdies he has chosen for his associates.

E. L. That is not the way to make him better, papa. You sent him back to them before. You shut the door on your only son, my only brother.—He became desperate, went from bad to worse, and now is about to become a fugitive from justice—without home without money—without friends to cheer or chide him. If he goes, I will go with him.

MR. L. Ella! Ella!

E. L. I know that one like you must feel remorse for what you have done; and when you reflect that poor Robert might have been saved if you had only had more patience with him, you can never sleep peacefully again.

MR. L. Ella, my child, what has come over you? Who has set you up to talk in this way to your father? I suppose I am to be answerable for this impertinence, too.

E. L. Forgive me, papa. You know that it is the anxiety I have for my brother which has caused me to speak so plainly. You must forgive Robert and you must save him and us the disgrace of an exposure.

MR. L. I will avert the disgrace while I have the power, Ella, but that will not be long, if he goes on at this rate. Do you know the amount of money he asks?

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E. L. *He* asks none—I ask for him the sum that you refused before.

MR. L. Ah! he has gained the victory, then. Well, tell him to enjoy his villainous triumphs. Give him that and say to him that, if he has any decency left, he will drop a name which has never been stained except by him, and leave us to the little peace we may glean after he has trampled our best feelingn under foot.

E. L. Thank you, papa; and may I not tell him that you forgive him?

MR. L. No!

E. L. That you pity him?

Mr. L. No!

E. L. May I not say that when he has reformed he may come back to us and be received with open arms?

MR. L. Say nothing but what I bid you, and go! (*Exit* ELLA. *The old gentleman wrings his hands and groans in agony.* ELLA *hears it and returns to the library.*)

E. L. Forgive me, dear papa, my first unkind words. I was thinking only of poor Robert, and did not know what I said. I am sorry, very sorry—cannot you forgive me, papa?

MR. L. Yes, child, yes. Good-night, darling!—there, go!

E. L. And Robert? (*No answer.*) You will feel better if you see him, papa.

MR. L. Go! go!

SCENE III.

ELLA *returns to the parlor where her mother and* ROBERT *are sitting. She hands her brother a roll of bills.*

E. L. Here is the money, Robert, and say to our father that you are sorry you made him miserable.

R. L. He will turn me from the door, Ella.

E. L. And do you not deserve it?

MRS. L. (*Sternly*) Ella!

R. L. I do; he will have no faith in my promises. He will think I am not sincere—O, Ella, I can't face him again after he has bidden me to depart forever.

E. L. Your manner and words will convince him that you mean all you say. You have very nearly killed our poor father, Robert. You ought to go to him, Robert—go on bended knees and, whatever he says to you, you will have no right to complain.

MRS. L. (*Sternly*) Ella, you have too much of your father's spirit—that is, too much for a woman. Beware how you break 'the bruised reed.'

R. L. Ella is right, mother. (*Rising.*) I will go to him—I will tell him how wretched I have made myself—how I wish I could bear the whole load of wretchedness and relieve those I love. I will promise him to look out some humble corner of the earth and hide myself in it, away from his sight forever. If he refuses to see me I shall have no cause to complain—I have brought it all upon myself.

E. L. But *I* will complain. Wherever you go, I will go with you. Poor, dear papa! I will never stay here, Robert, while you are without a home. Papa must—he *will* forgive you. Come! (*She takes his arm and leads him from the room.*)

MRS. L. God, grant that he may be forgiven! (*Buries her face in her handkerchief.*)

(*Curtain falls.*)

SCENE IV.

MR. LANE *sits with his elbows on his table resting his head in his hands.* ROBERT *and* ELLA *enter.* ROBERT *kneels at his father's feet*—ELLA *kisses her father's hand and places it upon* ROBERT'S *head.* MRS. LANE *enters quietly and stands with her hand on her husband's shoulder.*)

R. L. O, father can you forgive me? I am so sorry for all I have made you suffer!—Can you forgive if I will promise to do better?

E. L. Dear, papa, he is your only son—he will never act wickedly again—forgive my own dear brother. Say yes, papa, and then we can all be happy again—just as we were before this dreadful thing happened.

MR. L. Yes, yes, I will forgive him. Stay with us, Robert, we can none of us live without you.

MRS. L. Thank God, we are once again an unbroken family. How I have longed and prayed for this day!

(*Curtain falls.*)

THE TONIC OF A NEW SENSATION.

DRAMATIZED BY MISS A. C. BRIGGS.

CHARACTERS.

UNCLE LISHA ARNOLD,	*An old-fashioned farmer.*
AUNT DORCAS ARNOLD,	*His wife.*
TILLY,	*Their daughter.*
UNCLE GIDEON,	*His brother.*
GRACE ARNOLD, PATTY ARNOLD,	*Nieces from the city.*
JOHN REED,	*An admirer of Grace Arnold.*
JOE FARLEY,	*Tilly's beau.*
DR. WILLIAMS,	*A country doctor.*

SCENE I.

A nicely furnished room. GRACE ARNOLD *stands by a window looking out into the street.* PATTY *sits by a table reading.*

GRACE. What a wild, dismal night! The wind moans and howls so piteously!—enough to give any one the blues.

PATTY. (*Looking up from her paper.*) What is the matter with you, Grace, and why are you not dressing for the reception? I thought you were going.

GRACE. (*Turns from the window and throws herself languidly into a chair near her sister.*) Did you? To tell the truth, I need the tonic of a new sensation. Where am I to find it, Patty?

PATTY. (*Laughing.*) That is a conundrum, dear. I have fancied that you seem unhappy of late. You go around so listlessly with that far-away look in your eyes! You do not regret anything, Grace? You are not sorry——

GRACE. (*Interrupting her impatiently.*) No, no; But don't ask me: I do not know myself, and I told John Reed so when he asked me to be his wife. I am called a woman, but I am merely a work of art—an unnatural outgrowth of this hothouse life of ours—of dress, fashion, idleness, and so-called culture. What can such a being know of that natural, spontaneous impulse called love?

PATTY. I don't know. I have only been out one season, and, of course, I don't feel so —so bored as you do. But I rather think I could love, if only the right one should come along, and I don't think it is an impossibility with you; but you may need the "tonic:" it would do us both good. I'll tell you what I thought of while you were speaking: let us—you and I—go up to Craney Hollow and make Aunt Dorcas a little visit.

GRACE. (*Looks aghast.*) To Craney Hollow in the winter? You are surely crazy to think of such a thing.

PATTY. (*Earnestly.*) No, I am perfectly sane, I assure you. I should like it ever so much.

GRACE. What go from here, (*Looking around the warm, luxurious room.*) to the plastered walls and cold horrors of the country in winter? We should freeze to death, child. (*Shivering.*)

PATTY. Oh! no, no. We need not stay long. Aunt Dorcas will be glad to see us, dear old soul. Don't you remember that week we spent with her when we were children?

GRACE. Yes, I do. And I remember, the mountains, and how strangely they impressed me. I felt as though one would never dare to do wrong while they stood by, solemnly watching, as they always seemed to be. They must look wonderfully grand now, covered with snow. (*Dreamily.*)

PATTY. (*Impetuously.*) Come, let's go and see them. Don't you want to?

GRACE. (*Languidly.*) Well, I believe I will, though I have no doubt we shall leave our bones in some snow-drift for the bears to pick, or be frozen stark and stiff in our bed some cold winter morning.

PATTY. Such a fate would be much more heroic, I am sure, than to die here of stagnation. (*Laughing.*) Let us go at once, before we have time to retract.

GRACE. I see nothing to hinder our starting to-morrow. I dare say, we shall not need many new costumes (*With a shrug of the shoulders.*)

PATTY. Oh! no. Warm flannel dresses and stout boots and a few books—No, come to think of it, no books and no needle-work—we will find new resources and new employment in this undiscovered country. It shall be all fresh and new to us—a perfect change.

GRACE. John Reed will be sure to call early to know why we were not at the reception. We'll take the first train and avoid giving an explanation.

(*Curtain falls.*)

SCENE II.

A farmhouse kitchen. AUNT DORCAS *stands at the window.*

AUNT DORCAS. Wal sed! if there isn't the stage a stoppin' right in front of the house! I wonder if anything has broke down. Massy on me! Two women folks a gittin' out. (*Puts her apron over her head and goes to the door.*) My land sakes! I s'pose I know who you be, but I can't make it out jest now, if I suffer. Do come right in the back way; we hain't had no path ter the front door sence snow come. Lisha's kinder shiftless 'bout sech things. (*Grace and Patty enter.*)

GRACE. Don't you know us, Aunt Dorcas, —Grace and Patty Arnold? You must excuse us for not sending you word—We made up our minds to come last night and started off on the first train this morning.

AUNT D. I wanter know, now, I wanter know! (*Shaking hands with them both.*) Wal you're welcome any time, but I'm sorry I hain't got a fire in the front room, and things a little more to rights. But never mind; only dew tell if yer par and mar is dead and you're left orphins or what? Bless your hearts! You're welcome anyway. (*Takes their wraps.*) There, now, take these cheers right clost by the fire. It's stinging cold out. You must be chilled through and through. (*Takes their things into another room and returns.*)

PATTY. We are dressed quite warmly and so were very comfortable all the way.

AUNT D. Wal, how's all the folks ter hum?

GRACE. They're all well and sent you lots of love. We thought it would be nice to come out and make you a little visit.

AUNT D. Dew tell, now. I thought city folks was allers dretful 'fraid of the cold. Guess you ain't the delekit kind. You dew look healthy, that's a fact; and I'm glad on't, I'm sure. You don't remember your cousin Tilly I s'pose. (*Goes to the door and calls*) Tilly! Tilly! You can't guess who's here! Come right down.

TILLY. (*Answering from another room.*) Yis mar, I'll be down in a minit.

AUNT D. She's run off up chamber ter slick up, I think 'ts likely (*Chuckling.*) We don't git but tew meals these short days; and we've jest got the tea dishes washed up—I'll put on the teakettle and have you a nice, warm supper as soon as I can git it; for you must be hungry ridin' so fur.

PATTY. No, Auntie, we're not at all hungry. We took supper in the eating rooms at the depot while we were waiting for the stage.

AUNT D. Wal, I can git you a cup of tea and you can eat some bread and butter and apple sass. I've jest fried some fresh doughnuts this arfternoon, so I can git you up a lunch in a hurry.

GRACE. We ate a hearty supper, Auntie, and can't eat another mouthful to-night. So don't take the trouble to set the table for us. (*Enter Tilly arrayed in a long trailing illy-fitting tea-gown made of cheap material with bright, gaudy flowers.*)

AUNT D. Tillie, these are your Uncle Zebediah's gals, Grace and Patty, came all the way from Bosting to make us a visit.

TILLY. (*Shakes hands and gives them each a hearty kiss.*) I'm awful glad to see you, Cousin Grace and Cousin Patty. I've heard par and mar talk a great deal about you, so I feel 'most acquainted already. Ain't you dreadful tired riding so fur?

PATTY. Well, yes, we are somewhat tired, but I guess a good night's sleep will set us all right—(*Enter Uncle Lisha.*)

AUNT D. Wal, Lisha, have you ever seen these two young ladies afore?

UNCLE LISHA. Don't know as I ever have, least ways I don't remember—

AUNT D. Don't you remember Grace and Patty—your two neices who came out from Bosting to see us when they was little gals?

UNCLE L. I declare to goodness! You don't say! Wal, wal, I'm beat now! (*Shakes hands with them heartily.*) 'Spose you left yer par and mar both well to hum?

GRACE. Quite well, uncle, and wished to be remembered to you.

UNCLE L. 'Peers to me they might come out and see us sometime—It's a long while sence they've ben here.

PATTY. They have often talked of coming,

but papa's business keeps him so closely occupied that he finds but little time for visiting.

UNCLE L. Gettin' rich I 'spose?

PATTY. Doing measurably well, I think.

UNCLE L. Glad to hear it. Farmin' don't pay over'n above well, but we manage to make a livin' joggin' along in the old rut.

AUNT D. I 'spose you got up pretty early this mornin' to take the first train.

GRACE. Yes, and lay awake half the night for fear we should oversleep and miss it.

AUNT D. Ther's another day a comin' if we all live ter see it, so I reckon you'd best ter go ter bed early so's to get rested.

PATTY. Thanks, Auntie, I guess we will retire. (*They bid Uncle Lisha and Tillie good night. Curtain falls.*)

SCENE III.

AUNT DORCAS *lights a tallow candle and escorts them to the spare chamber.*

AUNT D. I spose taller-dips seem kinder funny to you, city folks, but we alus use 'em to run 'round the house with, cause lamp chimbleys is so easy to crack in cold weather. We've made up a good roarin' fire so's the stove-pipe could warm the room, and I guess I've put on bed clothes enough. If you need more you can put on that comforter at the foot of the bed there.

PATTY. (*Pointing to a vase on the mantel in which are two dried sunflowers.*) See, Grace, our emblem has preceded us! (*Laughing.*)

AUNT D. La now! them's some o' your Cousin Tilly's doin's. Our summer boarders put a good many silly notions into her head. They used to set store by sunflowers; said how't they was the *esthetic emblem*, or suthin' nuther. Tilly can tell you what they meant, but I'll take 'em away. (*Takes up the vase.*)

GRACE. (*Staying her hand.*) Oh, don't! We like them, too.

AUNT D. Do you now? (*Looking at her curiously.*) Oh, wal, all right then! But they're tew big and yaller to suit me. Never make no count of 'em here 'cept ter feed the hens,—the seeds you know. (*She sets down the candle, and bidding the girls "good night," leaves the room.*)

GRACE. How sacrilegious to feed such beautiful flowers to the hens!

PATTY. Well, what do you think of our cousin Tilly?

GRACE. I rather like her—great, green, good-natured girl—but oh! her dress is too outlandish for anything. If she was "slicked up" to-night, what a torture to the eyes must her ordinary apparel be!

PATTY. If she could only be sent away from home to some good boarding-school for a year or two, it would be the best thing in the world for her.

GRACE. Uncle Lisha is so old-fashioned and miserly he would never listen to such a thing.

PATTY. I presume not. Well, she will marry some country rustic and will, probably, lead a more contented and happy life than most young women with more refined natures and higher aspirations.

GRACE. You're right, sister, I sometimes almost envy such people.

PATTY. (*Surveying the room.*) This is the spare chamber. What a world of industry—of patient, persevering toil is here unfolded to our view! Braided mats, pieced-up chair cushions, worsted flowers, embroidered pin-cushions, Creton wall pockets, and other little trinkets too innumerable to mention.

GRACE. (*Looking behind some curtains.*) Do see this great white bed! Now isn't it too imposing! I wonder if there is a ladder anywhere about, by means of which we can mount this lofty structure? (*Curtain falls.*)

SCENE IV.

Breakfast at the farmhouse.

GRACE. So you had boarders from Boston last year. It must be very beautiful here in the summer.

AUNT D. Wal, I dunno, I think 'ts likely the mountains is ruther uncommon; but I never think much about 'em. I've allers lived right here, ye know. (*Uncle Lisha pours his tea into his saucer to cool.*)

UNCLE L. Our boarders belonged to them ther estheticks (*He eyes the two girls sharply.*) and I reckon whether or no you ain't the same sort. They say there's lots on 'em in the cities now!

AUNT D. (*Looking reproachfully at Tilly.*) There's more here in the country than I wish there was.

UNCLE L. Wal, I hain't no 'pinion on 'em, no way. I dispise the hull lot—estheticks, spiritoolists, freelovers and all. One's as bad as t'other 'cordin ' ter my way o' thinkin'.

TILLY. Why, par Arnold, ain't you ashamed?

UNCLE L. I'm jest speakin' a bit of my mind —that's all.

PATTY. We came up here to get away from every thing of that sort, Uncle Lisha.

UNCLE L. I'm glad you're sensible enough to want to git rid on 'em. Beats all what fools folks will make of themselves! Some o' them there boarders of ourn hadn't brains enough for a good sized muskecter.

PATTY. They were just too utterly utter for anything, weren't they, Uncle Lisha?

UNCLE L. I guess that's about it. I wouldn't give a fig for the hull kit and boodle on 'em. Mother, (*addressing his wife*) we're a layin' out to go up onter the mountain to-day ter look arter them traps; and I wish you'd put up a good hefty lunch, and git my mittens and other riggin' out. And see here; I shouldn't wonder if we all come back here ter supper, to-night; they'll be likely to be pooty hungry by that time.

AUNT D. (*Grumbling.*) Oh, yes, I 'spose so. But who's agoin' ter git supper for a pack o' men at a minute's warnin', I should like ter know? How many will there be, anyway?

UNCLE L. Why, there's me, and brother Gideon, and Joe Farley, and a young city chap that jest come to their house day before yesterday—come up ter hunt. That's all; only four.

TILLY. Say, par, can I hitch up old Dobbin and take the girls out sleigh-ridin'?

UNCLE L. Sakes alive! Yes, if you want to. But you must drive mighty keerful cause it's drifted quite bad in some places, and it wouldn't be so funny to git tipped over in a snow bank.

GRACE. Is it drifted? Oh, Tilly, I shall be afraid to go.

TILLY. 'Taint drifted much on the main road. We can git along all right.

UNCLE L. Don't be afeerd, child, Tilly can drive as well as any man—she's used to it; only she mustn't go into the cross roads, 'cause they're chuck full, clean up to the fences. There's a powerful sight of snow on the ground for this time o' year. Wall, we must hustle if I go this mornin', 'cause the boys'll be waitin'.

AUNT D. That's so, Lisha, time you was off.

SCENE V.

Evening at the farm-house. The girls return from their ride.

PATTY. O, Aunt Dorcas, we've had such a splendid time! I wish I could manage a horse like Tilly.

GRACE. Old Dobbin flew over the ground quite lively. I was almost afraid sometimes that Tilly couldn't hold him; but she proved herself equal to the occasion.

AUNT D. Tilly has always made a great pet of old Dobbin. He knows 'most as much as a reasonin' bein. You couldn't make him run away when she handles the lines. I guess the weather is a moderatin' a little, ain't it?

GRACE. Yes, it is very much warmer than it was yesterday.

PATTY. (*Tilly enters.*) You don't mean to say that you have unharnessed so soon?

TILLY. La! no. Jack Beebee's come over to do the chores to-night, 'cause par was afraid he wouldn't git back in time. So Jack said he'd take care of Dobbin for me.

PATTY. Who is Jack Beebee? Ah! Tilly, I believe he's your beau—isn't he, Aunt Dorcas?

AUNT D. Good land o' Goshen! No, he's one of the neighbors' boys that helps your Uncle Lisha sometimes.

PATTY. Then he isn't the one. Well, who is it, then? If I'm to have a new cousin before long I think you might invite him in and give us a chance to get acquainted.

AUNT D. You'll see him ter-night for he's comin' home with yer Uncle Lisha to supper.

PATTY. Ah, ha! Tilly, what makes you blush so? I guess there's something in it.

AUNT D. They're both on em kinder bashful, but land sakes! what's the use bein' so shy afore your own folks? Joe Farley is a good, stiddy feller, and his father is quite forehanded. Me and your Uncle Lisha likes him fust rate.

TILLY. There now, mar, you've let the cat out of the bag, hain't you?

AUNT D. Might as well be let out fust as last. 'Twouldn't be long, anyway, when they see the sheep's eyes he keep castin' at you.

PATTY. Sheep's eyes! Oh my! where does he get them?

AUNT D. O, you little goslin'. You're green 'bout some things, if you *do* live in the city. I wanter know if yer never hurd of sheep's eyes afore?

PATTY. Never, Aunt Dorcas.

AUNT D. Wal, sheep's eyes I 'spose means, kinder sly, sheepish looks—that's all.

TILLY. O, mar Arnold. You ought to be ashamed of yourself? (*Takes their wraps into another room and returns. Aunt Dorcas is stirring up something with a spoon.*)

GRACE. What are you making now, Aunt Dorcas? Poultices?

TILLY. Ha! ha! Miss City Greenhorn, she's a makin' a sweetened Johnny cake. Par and Joe is awful fond of 'em, so we're goin' to have some for supper. (*Goes to the window.*) Here they come now, and they're bringin a bear along, too, girls.

GRACE. A bear! Oh, me! is it—is it alive? (*Trembling with fright.*)

PATTY. Now you're in for a sensation, Grace.

TILLY. La, Grace, don't git scart before you're hurt. Hunters don't go huntin' to bring home live game, you goosey. (*They all go to the window.*)

AUNT D. A strange way to bring home a bear! See, its on a stretcher; and they walk as keerful as if it was a human bein'.

TILLY. It is a man, and par and Uncle Gid and Joe is carryin' him.

PATTY. Wouldn't it be perfectly dreadful if somebody has been killed! I do believe he is dead and they are coming in with him.—Who can it be? (*The three men enter, bearing a wounded man upon a stretcher. They lift him off carefully onto a lounge. He is unconscious.*)

AUNT D. Oh, massy me! This is jest awful! Who is he? How did it happen?

UNCLE GIDEON. You see we had trapped a bear and she had made off draggin' the trap with her. We was all follerin' the trail and this feller was the first to come upon her. Jest then his foot slipped and he fell forard, strikin' his head upon a stun. That must uv stunted him for he hasn't seemed to know nothin' sense. Ef I hadn't ben clost behind him he would have been killed in a jiffy, for the bear was jest a goin' ter make a spring when I popped her over, and she fell back deader than a nit. (*Joe disappears while Uncle Gideon is talking.*)

TILLY. Is he dead? Who is he, par?

UNCLE LISHA. No, he is only stunted. His heart beats. I guess he'll come tu afore many minits. He's that chap from the city.—Joe, knows him. I can't jest remember the name.

GRACE. From the city? Let me see if I know him. (*Steps near the lounge and looks at him.*) Oh! dear! what shall I do? what shall I do? It is John Reed and he is dead. (*She covers her face and moans piteously.*)

UNCLE G. Oh, bless you, no, child; he's only stunted. There! there! Grace, we'll bring him tew in a little while; he's only stunted, as it were, ye know.

PATTY. He is an old and dear friend of ours and my sister is not strong.

UNCLE L. Poor gal—poor gal! (*Looking after Grace as Patty helps her into another room.*) Who'd a thought it now—who'd a thought it?

AUNT D. Lisha Arnold, (*severely*) be you a goin' to stand there all night a makin' a fool o' yourself, or be you a-goin' to act like a sensible bein'? I should think it would be a good idee for somebody to go for the doctor.

UNCLE L. To be sure! To be sure! (*Looks around.*) Where's Joe? Oh, he's had sense enough to jump onto a horse and go for the doctor while we was so excited we didn't have our wits about us, Joe's level headed, he is! (*Looks knowingly at Tilly who hangs her head as though very bashful.*) If Gideon had ben a minit later that b'ar would have finished the poor feller, sartin. (*Joe returns with the doctor.*)

AUNT D. Glad to see you, doctor. How'd you happen to bring him so quick Joe?

JOE FARLEY. I met him comin' this way. He was agoin' out to Jonses farm on beyond. Their hired man is sick with the measels. Pooty sick, too, I reckon by what I've heerd. (*The doctor examines his patient.*)

DR. WILLIAMS. A bad fall! No bones are broken, however, and I hope to bring him out all right if he has sustained no internal injuries. I will give him something to revive him, if possible. I don't, at all, like this stupor. (*Calls for a glass of water and a teaspoon. Pours out*

some medicine into a tumbler and gives his patient a spoonful.

AUNT D. Can he swaller, Doctor?

DR. W. Yes, he swallowed that medicine all right. I must bandage his head. Will you bring me some old linen which I can tear up for a bandage? (*Addressing Tilly who goes out and returns with the bandages which the doctor binds about the head.*) Ah! he is coming to! (*The patient raises his head and opens his eyes in bewilderment.*)

JOHN REED. What's the matter? Where am I? Oh! how my temples throb!

DR. W. You are here among friends. You've had a fall, but never mind, don't worry! You'll be better in the morning. Keep just as quiet as you can till then. (*To Aunt Dorcas*) He'll need very careful nursing.

GRACE. (*Enters leaning on Patty.*) I'll take care of him, Aunt Dorcas. I'll watch by his bedside night and day if we only can bring him back to life again. There! (*talking low to Patty.*) He's in a stupor again. Poor John! what a dreadful thing to happen to him out here in the dreary wilds of Vermont.

DR. W. Since this young lady volunteers to act as nurse, I will jot down for her a few directions on paper. (*Takes a pencil and writes, then places the paper in her hands. Takes his hat to go.*) I think he will rest if everything is kept quiet. I've a very sick patient, at the next farm-house, to whom I must give immediate attention. Will be in early in the morning. (*Bids them good night and leaves.*)

GRACE. He seems to be sleeping, for he breathes natural. Don't you think he will get well, Aunt Dorcas, if I take good care of him?

AUNT D. Yes, my dear. You can do better in this case than any one else. I understand.

GRACE. (*Kissing her aunt.*) You know how anxious I feel—don't you!

AUNT D. Of course, I do. We'll all go out and leave you alone with him for a while, for the men must have their supper—then I'll come in while you go out and take yours.

GRACE. I can't eat a mouthful, Auntie, until I feel that he is out of danger.

AUNT D. You must eat somethin' or you can't stand it, watchin' all night. So I shall come in and you must go to the table and eat all you can. (*Curtain falls.*)

SCENE VI.

The patient sits in an easy chair, his head still bandaged. GRACE *brings in a tray of tempting food and places it on a stand before him, then sits down by him, pours his tea and spreads his bread for him.*

AUNT D. (*Aunt Dorcas enters.*) Grace, have you got everything you want for his lunch?

GRACE. Yes, I guess so. How is it John?

JOHN REED. Enough? I should think so and more than I can dispose of. Grace forgets that I am still an invalid.

AUNT D. How are you feelin' this mornin', Mr. Reed?

J. R. O, jolly! Don't I Grace? I believe we are the happiest couple of young simpletons you ever saw, Aunt Dorcas. I came out here to wean myself from her society, she came out to get away from me, and Providence has seen fit to throw us together. And——what's the rest of it, Grace?

GRACE. There's no use in telling Auntie any more. She has sharp eyes, if she *does* look through glasses. (*Enter Patty and Tillie arm in arm.*)

PATTY. O, Grace, you didn't know your own heart, did you? You needed "the tonic of a new sensation," and it came in a manner you least expected. Tilly and I know how the matter stands and have come to tender you our warmest congratulations.

J. R. And Tilly knows how it is herself—does she? Joe told me that things are all settled between you.

PATTY. You must call her "Cousin Tilly" if you please, John, after this, and me, "Sister Patty."

J. R. And I suppose I am to be "Brother John" and "Cousin John" hereafter? It's a poor rule that won't work both ways.

PATTY. Certainly it is. Well, well, this tonic of a new sensation works like a charm, doesn't it. It has restored you both to your senses and made us the merriest, happiest household in old Vermont.

HOW IT HAPPENED.

DRAMATIZED BY MISS A. O. BRIGGS.

CHARACTERS.

MR. SAMUEL SMITH, *A wealthy old gentleman.*
JOHN PADDINGTON, *An applicant for the stewardship.*
EDITH, *John's lady-love.*

SCENE I.

MR. SAMUEL SMITH *sits in his library, reading a letter.* JOHN PADDINGTON *sits anxiously watching until* MR. S. *finishes reading and looks up.*

MR. S. SMITH. Yes, I like your appearance, and your recommendations are excellent, excellent; but my steward must be a married man—a married man, sir. Here's a house for him, you see, and everything comfortable and proper for a nice little home; but I cannot engage a single man—I cannot do it.

JOHN PADDINGTON. (*Smiling.*) May I take the liberty to ask why?

MR. S. Why, yes, certainly you may. I am unfortunately, a widower and I have four daughters. I am fond of having fine looking people about me, therefore, I engaged a handsome young coachman; the consequence was, Amelia, my eldest daughter, eloped with him. Final result—I have settled a sum of money on Amelia and they are living on it at Hackensack. I had a very fine-looking gardener, pious, well-educated, had a quotation from the Bible for every occasion; Salina, my second girl, eloped with him. I settled something on Salina; and her canny Scotsman has used it to start a florist's establishment of his own. He is getting on in life, and more pious than ever, and because I happened to swear a bit over the elopement, prays for me night and morning as a misguided sinner.

Later, I employed a French cook with a mustache as long as himself, I never dreamed of danger there; but Corinna, my third girl, eloped with him. They have started a confectioner's establishment on what I gave 'em, and he is always calling me his "beau pere" and sending me some sort of flummery—a frosted cake with a Cupid on it, or a mould of jelly, and I don't know what. I can't quarrel with any one, or disown my girls. You see, I was a great flirt myself in old times, and ran off with poor Mrs. Smith from boarding school. They inherit it from me. But it cannot happen again. My youngest is still with me, and every one about me must be married or very old and ugly. My cook would frighten the crows, my gardener has a humpback and a Xantippe for a wife; and you—well, I do want you, I do indeed! I know you can manage my estate perfectly. I like you personally, and all that, but I kicked your predecessor out for kissing his hand to my daughter and have been seeing to my own business ever since. By the way, he made a very good thing of the case of assault and battery he brought against me. I suppose I shall have to get another deformity to attend to the estate if I don't want another elopement. (*Walks up and down the room for awhile and then suddenly stops and enquires*) Why haven't you married before this?

J. P. Well, sir, unfortunately, I have not felt that my pecuniary condition was such that I dared to marry. But if I secure this situation, I will be in a position to take a wife.

MR. S. You must be married before I engage you.

J. P. Very well. If you will give me the promise of the stewardship, on these conditions, I can show it to a young lady, who will, I think, be very willing to marry me, at once; and I can come to you on Monday with a wife.

MR. S. Good! Pretty girl?

J. P. Beautiful, and I am madly in love with her.

MR. S. Well, well, that will be satisfactory all round. (*Seats himself at his desk and writes the contract.*) I will read you the contract and see if it suits you.

(*Reads.*)

"I hereby promise John Paddington that if he fulfills his promise of marrying, at once, and brings me a wife on or before Monday next, I will engage him as steward of my estate for a period of five years from date

(*signed,*)

SAMUEL SMITH.

J. P. That is all right, sir, thank you. (*Takes the document and leaves the stage.*)

MR. S. Pretty smart fellow that! Hope he'll succeed in securing his wife, for I need just such a chap as he is to manage my affairs. (*Curtain falls.*)

SCENE II.

Mr. Paddington meets EDITH *in the park.*

J. P. Good morning, Edith. You are out early and looking prettier than ever.

EDITH. And you are naughtier than ever, to commence flattering me the first thing, I've a mind to be angry John.

J. P. Pshaw! Edith, you must never get angry at what I say. I am more in love than ever; if that is being naughty, I can't help it. Come, sit down here, (*Leading her to a seat*) I want to have a little talk with you.

E. I can't stop but a few minutes, John, for I promised to meet cousin Nellie when the train comes in.

J. P. All right. I'll not detain you long. We have had quite a flirtation. I think we know each other. I adore you and I want you to be my wife. Can you answer me candidly "Yes" or "No?"

E. (*Hesitating.*) This is so unexpected, John! but I haven't the heart to say "No."

J. P. Then it is "Yes?" Thank fortune! I am the happiest of men. I have delayed until now because I had not the means of giving you such a home as you deserve. For a year we have met each other constantly. I have cared for no one else. I am sure of my own heart. Are you of yours?

E. Yes, John, I am. I have often wondered of late, if, in the end, you would not despise me for having made acquaintance so easily. I have been wrong, I know.

J. P. If it had been any one else, it would have been very wrong; but, you see, ours was a case of love at first sight. You never flirt with any other fellow, I am sure.

E. Not since I knew you, John.

J. P. I want you to marry me to-morrow, dear.

E. Oh! to-morrow? But why such haste, John?

J. P. My position depends upon my being a married man. I shall have a nice little house, a contract for a salary for five years,——You will be very comfortable. Here is a paper the old gentleman signed promising all this to me. (*Hands her the paper which she reads and returns to him.*)

E. Ha! ha! ha! What an odd idea!

J. P. Well, he has his reasons. You understand, the conditions? He is a solid old gentleman, has a nice estate, and lives in a very elegant residence. The cottage we are to have is a cosey little nest of a house, furnished in good style throughout. O Edith, we shall be so happy in such a nice little home of our own!

E. But it strikes me, the old man must be a crazy old crank to make such a request as that.

J. P. He is somewhat eccentric, it seems, but perfectly sane, I assure you. He has had trouble with his daughters. One eloped with his coachman, another, with his French cook, and another, with his gardener. He has only one left. He thinks a bachelor unsafe to have about; and that is why we must marry at once.

E. Ha! ha! How very ludicrous!

J. P. You take in the situation! Will you aid me in carrying out my part of the contract?

E, I suppose it would be very wrong, under the circumstances, for me to refuse. So I'll think of it and let you know——

J. P. O, Edith, we have very little time for deliberation! Why keep me longer in suspense? Will you marry me to-morrow? Say "Yes" like a good girl, there is no need of waiting.

E. Well, yes, I will marry you to-morrow if you like. (*He raises her hand to his lips.*)

J. P. But of course I must ask your father's consent. I don't want to be dishonorable. As you are of age——

E. Twenty-two.

J. P. As you are of age, I shall marry you, whether or no, but I wish to be respectful.

E. (*Hesitates a few moments.*) John, I know papa better than you do; it would be of no use. We will marry and tell him afterwards and avoid a scene; he generally submits to the inevitable. We will take the cars out to Edenville to-morrow, go to the parsonage and be married—where no one knows us—and thus avoid gossip about our affairs. You can take the certificate to Mr. Samuel Smith and secure the position.

J. P. Bravo, Edith! It takes a woman to plan anything in the line of romance. Our marriage will be a surprise to everyone.

E. So much the better!

J. P. Certainly, my dear, nothing could please me more, I am sure.

E. I will meet you at the cottage on Monday, at whatever hour you may designate, and later, we will tell papa.

J. P. I will go in the morning and have the papers signed and meet you at our cottage, No. 115 Irving Avenue, at 2 p. m.

E. Oh, my! it is nearly train time and I must go this very minute. Bye-bye till to-morrow morning, John. (*Starts up in a hurry.*)

J. P. Bye-bye, darling? (*Kisses his haud to her. She leaves the stage.*) Well, this is a strange courtship anyhow. I wonder what sort of a father Edith has and why she was so unwilling for me to ask his consent. It may be that her parents are very poor and she is ashamed of them; but I worship her and their social position could make no difference with me. It is a strange sort of thing, to marry a girl of whose antecedents I know nothing. My friends would call me mad if they should know it. But why should I care? Edith is an angel and I love her for her own dear self alone.

(*Curtain falls.*)

Scene III.

MR. SAMUEL SMITH *is sitting in his library.* JOHN PADDINGTON *enters, and after their morning greeting, hands* MR. S. *his marriage certificate as a proof of his title to the stewardship.*

MR. S. (*Very cordially.*) Perfectly satisfactory, Mr. Paddington. Well, I congratulate you. Here are the papers which my attorney made out for us on Saturday. (MR. SMITH *takes his pen and signs the contract, then rises and gives* MR. PADDINGTON *a seat at the desk for him to do likewise.*)

MR. S. (*Holding out his hand to* JOHN.) The more I see of you, Mr. Paddington, the better I like you. I've no doubt your wife will be a prudent little matron, who will set a good example to my wild witch of a daughter and will be good enough to watch over her a little. (EDITH *enters behind them, unobserved.*) Now I shall have a vacation, and, no doubt, my affairs will prosper in your hands. I'm a very poor business man myself.

E. And Mr. Paddington is a good one.

J. P. (*Turns and sees his wife in home dress, and is greatly shocked at her boldness.*) You forget that I have not introduced you to Mr. Smith, my dear. This is Mrs. Paddington, sir.

MR. S. Where? (*Looking around with a puzzled expression.*) Mrs. Paddington! I don't see her. This is my daughter Miss Edith, sir. Now, Edith, are your playing some joke—hiding Mrs. Paddington somewhere?

J. P. (*Regarding him with astonishment.*) This is my wife, Mr. Smith.

MR. S. Sir, I tell you, this is my daughter, Miss Edith Smith. Are you crazy, man.

E. Yes, papa, I am your daughter, but I am his wife also. You ordered him to be married, and he married me. He had no idea who I really was, though we have known each other for a year. Smith is such a common name, you know. I thought I'd vary the program a little, and not elope as my sisters did.

J. P. Good heavens! (*Sinking into a chair.*) You know, Edith, I have implored you to let me ask your father's consent. I never once surmised the true state of affairs. I believed your father to be some worthless old man of whom you were ashamed. I had no idea——

MR. S. (*Holding out his hand.*) Mr. Paddington, I hold you guiltless. As for that little good for nothing——

E. Don't call me names, papa. You like John very much. He won't want you to settle money on him, and he 'll be a splendid steward. Say you forgive me, papa. I won't ever do so again—I, surely won't.

MR. S. (*Laughs and holds out his hand, which* EDITH *grasps affectionately.*) I always was an old fool. That little witch will have her own way, and I can't find it in my heart to lay up anything against her, no matter how much she may provoke me. You have taken a great load of care from my shoulders, Mr. Paddington.

If, through her love for you, she will cease her wild pranks and settle down into anything like a woman of good, sober common-sense I shall be most thankful for the peculiar train of circumstances which brought it about.

J. P. I feel greatly honored by your confidence, Mr. Smith, and shall endeavor to prove myself worthy of it. I married your daughter for herself—for her sterling good qualities of head and heart. I know that my love for her is fully reciprocated.

E. Yes, papa, no one can help loving John. I am going to make him a model wife, and you, a most dutiful daughter—just see if I don't!

MR. S. (*Taking them both by the hand.*) My own dear children, you have my hearty forgiveness and warmest blessing. I shall lean on you, my steward son-in-law, as the prop of my declining years, and our little, warm-hearted, impulsive Edith will be the sunshine of my old age. This is a streak of luck to us all, as welcome as it was unexpected; and in this, as in all other mysteries of our truly mysterious destinies, we can but wonder how it happened.

A LITTLE SURPRISE.

ADAPTED FROM THE FRENCH OF ABRAHAM DREYFUS BY CONSTANCE BEERBOHM.

CHARACTERS:

SIR WILLIAM BEAUCHAMP, BART. (43). MR. JAMES DUGDALE (23).
LADY FLORENCE BEAUCHAMP (39). KATE DUGDALE (18).
PORTER, *the Lady's-maid* (30).

SCENE: *A country drawing-room. A French window opening on to a flower garden at the back of the stage. Doors right and left. A sofa, arm-chairs, smaller chairs, etc.*

At the rise of the curtain, JEM *and* KITTY *are discovered sitting with their backs to one another evidently sulking.* JEM *looks round every now and then, trying to catch his wife's eye, and she studiously avoids his glance. At length their eyes meet.*

JEM. (*rises.*) No! I tell you I can't stand it!

KITTY. And why not? I always went out with the guns at home.

JEM. "At home" and your husband's house are two very different places.

KITTY. So I find!

JEM. And I have told you over and over again I detest to see any woman—more especially a girl of eighteen, like yourself—tramping over the moors in gaiters, and a skirt by a long way too short!

KITTY. Perhaps, with your old-maidish

ideas, you would like to see me taking my walks abroad with a train as long as my Court frock!

JEM. Perversity!

KITTY. I only know that papa, mamma, and grandmamma always said———

JEM. Ah! But your grandmother———

KITTY. How dare you speak in that way of dear grandmamma?

JEM. I never said a word against her———

KITTY. But you were going to!

JEM. Nothing of the sort.

KITTY. (*repeats.*) I only know that papa, mamma, and grandmamma always said———

JEM. Oh, Heavens! (*He escapes.*)

KITTY. Was ever anyone so wretched as I? Only three months married, and to find my husband an obstinate, vindictive, strait-laced country bumpkin! Well, not a bumpkin perhaps, after all, but almost as bad as that! Why, oh! why did I leave my happy home, where I could do what I liked from morning till night, and no one was ever disagreeable to me? And yet during my engagement what a lovely time I had! Jem seemed so kind and gentle, and promised me he would never say a cross word to me! He declared our married life should be one long sunshiny summer day; whilst I promised to be his little ministering angel! I reminded him of that yesterday. And what did he say? That he had never thought a little ministering angel could be such a little brute! I can hardly believe he is the same man I used to love so dearly! (*Exit in tears.*)

(*After a moment, Porter, the lady's-maid, enters, ushering in Lady Florence Beauchamp.*)

LADY FLO. Your mistress is not here, after all, Porter?

PORTER. No, milady! Yet I heard her voice only a few moments ago.

LADY FLO. Well then, Porter, you must go and tell her a lady wishes to speak with her in the boudoir, and be sure not to say who the "lady" is, however much she may ask. I wish this visit to be a little surprise to her. Nor must you mention that Sir William is here.

(*Enter Kitty, with traces of tears on her face.*)

LALY FLO. Kitty, darling, Kitty!

KITTY. Aunty! Can it be you? This is delightful! (*They embrace.*)

LADY FLO. I'm glad you call it delightful! I came here as a little surprise to you; but I daresay you will think me a great bore for taking you by storm, and interrupting your *tête-à-tête* with Jem.

KITTY. Oh! far from it! I am only too, too happy you've come!

LADY FLO. Is that the real truth?

KITTY. Indeed, it is!

LADY FLO. I thought I should find you as blooming as a rose in June; but you are not quite so flourishing as I expected. Those pretty eyes look as if—as if—well, as if you had a cold in the head!

KITTY. They look as if I had been crying, you mean! And so I have. (*Bursts into tears afresh, and throws herself into Lady Flo's arms.*)

(*Enter Sir William and Jem, the former standing amazed. Kitty, leaving Lady Flo's arms, throws herself into those of Sir William, with renewed sobs. Sir William turns in surprise to Jem. Lady Flo looks down in embarrassment.*)

JEM. Oh! yes, Kitty! This is all very well. Why not tell them I'm a monster at once?

KITTY. And so you are!

JEM. (*aside.*) Have you no sense of decency?

LADY FLO. (*aside.*) This is truly shocking.

SIR W. (*aside.*) Good Heavens!

KITTY. Is it my fault that my uncle and aunt are witnesses of your ill-temper?

(*Enter Porter.*)

PORTER. Your ladyship's trunks have just arrived from the station.

LADY FLO. (*hesitating.*) Let them be taken back again.

SIR W. We had intended staying but an hour or two.

JEM. (*to Sir W.*) But I beg you to stay.

KITTY. (*to Lady Flo.*) Never were you so much needed.

JEM. (*to Porter.*) Let her ladyship's trunks be taken to the Blue Rooms.

KITTY. Not to the Blue Rooms. They are quite damp. (*To Jem.*) I may speak a word in my own house, I suppose? (*To Porter.*) Let the trunks be taken to the Turret Room.

JEM. The chimneys smoke there.

KITTY. Excuse me. They do not.

JEM. Excuse *me*. They do.

SIR W. They smoked once upon a time, perhaps, but may not now.

PORTER. Where may I say the luggage is to be carried?

JEM. Take your orders from your mistress.

KITTY. No! From your master!

JEM. (*to Kitty.*) Spare me at least before the lady's-maid!

KITTY. (*to Jem.*) Oh! nobody knows better how you behave than Porter. Our quarrels are no secret from *her.*

JEM. That must be your fault. How can she know of them but from you?

KITTY. I tell her nothing. But your voice would reach to the ends of the earth.

JEM. As for yours—why———

KITTY. Grandmamma always said my voice was the most gentle she had ever heard.

JEM. But, then, your grandmother——

SIR W. (*to Lady Flo.*) I really think we had better leave, after all.

LADY FLO. (*affectionately.*) No! dearest Will! I really think we had better stay.

SIR W. For *my* part——

LADY FLO. I tell you we *must* stay.

SIR W. Very well, Flo, as you wish. You always know best. (*They exchange smiles.*)

LADY FLO. (*to Jem.*) Kitty will take me to my room. So I leave my better half in your good company. (*Exit with Kitty.*)

SIR W. I can't help regretting I came here, old fellow. It was your aunt's idea. I made objections. But she insisted that you'd both be glad enough to have a little interruption in your honeymoon.

JEM. She never said a truer word.

SIR W. Then the honeymoon is not so great a success, after all?

JEM. To tell the truth, it's all a ghastly failure!

SIR W. Poor boy! Believe me, I'm awfully sorry for you. (*Puts his hand on Jem's shoulder.*)

JEM. I'm awfully glad you're sorry.

SIR W. I pity you from my heart.

JEM. Thanks very much.

SIR W. For my part, if I led a cat-and-dog life with your aunt, I should wish to blow my brains out.

JEM. So that's the advice you give me! (*Moves toward door.*)

SIR W. Oh! no! All I want is five minutes' chat with you. Anything that affects Flo's niece naturally affects me.

JEM. Naturally. (*Laughs.*)

SIR W. Now come! Tell me! How did your misunderstandings begin?

JEM. I really couldn't say.

SIR W. And yet quarrels always have a beginning.

JEM. Of course, when women are so confoundedly selfish.

SIR W. Kitty is selfish.

JEM. I don't want to make any complaints about her. Yet I must admit that she takes absolutely no interest in anything which interests me. You know my hobby—fishing——

SIR W. And Kitty doesn't care for fishing?

JEM. Not she! Though, finding myself here, surrounded with trout streams, you may imagine how I was naturally anxious to spend

SIR W.: "IT STRIKES ME YOU ARE UNREASONABLE."
JEM: "OH, NO! I'M NOT!"

my days. Kitty said fishing was a bore, and after having come out with me once or twice, she sternly refused to do so any more. And why? Simply because she wanted to tramp about with the shooters from Danby.

SIR W. All this is but a trifling dissimilarity of taste, and insufficient to cause a real estrangement.

JEM. A trifling dissimilarity! Why, our tastes differ in every essential point! Kitty has got it into her head that a woman should take an interest in things "outside herself." A friend of her mother's, who used to conduct her to the British Museum, taught her to believe in Culture—with a capital "C." To hear her talk of Pompeiian marbles, Flaxman's designs, and all that sort of thing—why, it's sickening!

SIR W. It strikes me you are unreasonable.

JEM. W. Oh, no! I'm not! A woman who takes an interest in things outside herself becomes a nuisance.

SIR W. And yet I believe that with a little tact, a little gentleness, you would be able to manage Kitty, just as I have managed your aunt all these long years. There is no doubting the dear girl's affection for you. Remember her joy when her mother's scruples as to the length of your engagement were overcome.

JEM. That's true enough. Kitty was very fond of me three months ago. But it isn't only fondness I require of a wife. She must be bored when I'm bored, and keen when I'm keen, and that sort of thing, you know.

SIR W. Yes! I see. In fact, lose her identity, as your dear good aunt has lost hers!

JEM. (*aside.*) Or, rather, as you have lost yours!

SIR W. Well, I'll try and view things in your light, my good fellow. At the same time, you must have great patience—very great patience, Jem, and then all may come right in the end. It is true I never needed patience with your aunt. But had there been the necessity, I should have been equal to the demand. Now, I daresay your little quarrels have been but short lived; and that after having caused Kitty any vexation, you have always been ready to come forward with kind words to make up your differences?

JEM. Yes, ready! But not *too* ready, as I feared too much indulgence might not be advisable. Now, one morning, after having been out early, I determined to give up fishing for the rest of the day to please Kitty. On my way home—remember, it was before eight o'clock—I met her betaking herself to what she calls "matins." Now, I like a girl to be good and strict, and all that sort of thing. But imagine going to church at eight o'clock on a Monday morning!

SIR W. A slight error in judgment; you might easily forgive the dear child.

JEM. I didn't find it easy. I said so. And Kitty refused her breakfast in consequence—only to aggravate me.

SIR W. No! No! Perhaps she fasted only to soften your heart!

JEM. Far from it. In fact, to sum up the whole matter, we have no common sympathies. Kitty has not even any ambition, for instance, as to my future. You know I wish to stand for Portborough one day?

SIR W. *You!!*

JEM. Why not?

SIR W. Oh, no! Of course! Why not, as you say?

JEM. Yet if I begin to discuss it all with her, *she* begins to yawn; and her yawning drives me nearly mad, when I am talking on a matter of vital interest.

SIR W. Dear! Dear! I begin to find all this more serious than I thought. For it does seem to me as if you differed on most subjects.

JEM. (*moodily.*) So we do.

SIR W. Ah! I am afraid it may be pretty serious! And after listening to all your story I can't help feeling, my dear fellow, that there is not the chance of things bettering themselves, as I had hoped in the first instance.

JEM. You feel that?

SIR W. I do! I do! This divergence of taste and sympathies is no laughing matter. It rather alarms me when I think that the abyss between you and your wife as time goes on may only widen. (*He indicates an imaginary abyss, which Jem stares at dubiously.*) Yes! widen—and widen!

JEM. (*after a moment's pause of half surprise, half pain.*) What you say is not consoling.

SIR W. At first I thought differently; but now I hesitate to mislead you, and I admit my heart sinks when I think of your future, after hearing all you have to say. Indeed, I hope I may be mistaken. I have, as you know, but

SIR W.: "WOMEN ARE SO INDISCREET."

little experience in these matters. Your aunt and I have lived in undisturbed harmony these fifteen years. Never has an angry word been heard within our walls.

JEM. Whilst Kitty and I squabbled as soon as we had left the rice and slippers behind us! And since then scarcely an hour has passed without some sort of difference. I declare, when I think over it, that it would be best for us to plunge into the ice at once. A separation is the only hope for us. But, hush! I think I hear Aunt Flo's and Kitty's footsteps! (*Lowers his voice, speaking rapidly*) For Heaven's sake, don't breathe a word of what I have said! Fool that I've been! Worse than a fool—disloyal! Not a word to my aunt!

SIR W. Oh! I promise you! (*Mysteriously into Jem's ear*) Women are so indiscreet. Now, I wouldn't tell your aunt for the wide world!

(*Enter Lady Flo and Kitty, who have overheard the last words.*)

LADY FLO. (*icily.*) I beg pardon! We interrupt!

JEM. Not at all! We were merely discussing the relations of man and wife! Uncle Will has been telling me that a wife—you, under the circumstances—has everything in her own hands.

LADY FLO. (*flattered.*) Indeed!

KITTY. Indeed! I must say that no one could appreciate Aunt Flo's virtues more than I, although at the same time I am certain she would very soon have lost her sweet temper if her husband had been aggravating, ignorant, domineering!

JEM. Why not call me a savage at once?

KITTY. A savage! Yes! A savage!

LADY FLO. Oh! Kitty! Kitty! Is this the way to make friends?

JEM. Come, Uncle Will. Let us go into the smoking-room! I shall choke here! (*Exit.*)

SIR W. There's but little hope for them! Little hope! Little hope! (*Exit, shaking his head.*)

KITTY. Now, perhaps, you believe that I have something to put up with?

LADY FLO. (*soothingly.*) And yet there's no doubt Jem is extremely fond of you.

KITTY. He has a strange way of showing it! The other morning, after we had had one of our little scenes, I went down to the stream to find him when he was fishing. I would even have been willing to try and bait (*shudders*) his hook. But as I was starting off I met him coming up the garden, and he stared at me like an avenging god (or demon, I should say), and asked if I wasn't on my way to matins? Naturally, I did not contradict him.

LADY FLO. Dearest. You distress me!

KITTY. There's another thing I can't endure! You know I took the pledge, so as to be a good example to the village people here. Well! Jem is furious every time I refuse wine

at luncheon or dinner. He declares that I *pose!* Can you imagine such nonsense?

LADY FLO. Well, dear! I confess I sympathize with Jem. I don't think any really nice women ever take the pledge—do they? I only ask, you know.

KITTY. Why, yes! Of course they do, aunty—when they want to be good examples. Jem cannot understand this; and, far from taking the pledge himself, he revolts me day after day by drinking—(*whispers mysteriously*)—Bass's pale ale!

LADY FLO. Ah! That's bad! But, oh! my dear, if you only knew the proper way to manage a husband!

KITTY. How could I? For Jem is as unmanageable as the Great Mogul.

LADY FLO. I see you don't realize how the most violent men are those most easy to subdue. Now, there's your uncle——

KITTY. I always thought him as mild as Moses!

LADY FLO. So he is *now!* But there *was* a time——

KITTY. Oh! Do tell me all about it!

LADY FLO. Well. There *was* a time when your uncle imagined he might be allowed to complain if dinner were late. One day he actually dared to ask, in a voice of thunder, "Is dinner ready?"

KITTY. Jem dares that every day.

LADY FLO. It happened to be the cook's fault.

KITTY. Ah! That would make no difference to Jem.

LADY FLO. (*impatient.*) I wish, darling, you would allow me to speak!

KITTY. Oh! I beg pardon.

LADY FLO. (*continuing, blandly.*) Not at all! Now, I replied: "The salmon has just fallen into the fire, and cook has had to send for another!"

KITTY. That was true?

LADY FLO. Not in the least! I had ordered red mullet. And Will ate his fish without noticing the difference.

KITTY. Jem would not have made that mistake.

LADY FLO. Oh, yes, he would, if you had just glanced at him in the right manner.

KITTY. (*eagerly.*) Show me how to do it!

LADY FLO. (*drily.*) It requires the inspiration of the moment. Ah! could you but see me with Will!

KITTY. It is certain you are very happy together.

LADY FLO. So we are; owing to my always using sweetness, firmness, and indifference just at the right moment. But all this, I confess, requires intelligence.

"KITTY. Had I but the intelligence! It must be splendid to be able to avert a coming storm in this way.

LADY FLO. There never has been the question of a storm between Will and me!

KITTY. Happy, happy people!

LADY FLO. And you, my very dear children, must become happy, happy people too! William would feel your sorrow as deeply as I. We must do all in our power to restore peace and comfort between you! I shall try my very utmost to show you your little failings—here and there—you know. And as for Will! Why, he'll talk Jem over in no time! Before a week is out we shall see you walking arm in arm to matins—the happiest couple in all Yorkshire.

KITTY. Impossible!

LADY FLO. Nay! We can but try. (*Enter Sir William.*) Ah! Here comes your uncle. Now, run away, dear, and leave us alone for a discreet little talk. Who knows but what we may hit upon a plan to help you! (*Exit Kitty.*)

LADY FLO. Will, dearest! We must talk very seriously over our niece and nephew together.

SIR W. (*aside.*) It is high time!

LADY FLO. But, first of all, by the way, I want to know what it was you were saying to Jem, when I came into the room a few minutes ago.

SIR W. (*consciously.*) To Jem? Why, I was saying nothing to Jem!

LADY FLO. Oh, yes, you were. Now try to remember. Kitty and I heard you talking in quite an excited manner as we came down-stairs. Then as we came nearer the door you lowered your voice.

SIR W. Indeed, *no!*

LADY FLO. Yes, yes, you did, dear!

SIR W. No, no, I didn't, dear!

LADY FLO. Don't tell fibs, darling.

SIR W. You want to know too much, my dear, good Flo.

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LADY FLO. Too much? Oh, no! That would be impossible! However, I know you will tell me the whole truth by-and-by.

SIR W. First let me know what you have to say.

LADY FLO. Well, I'm in the deepest distress about the two young people. They seem to be at terrible loggerheads. Now, perhaps Jem confided the secret of his unhappy married life to you?

SIR W. He never said a word about it! (*Bites his lip.*)

LADY FLO. Nevertheless, I assure you they lead a cat-and-dog existence.

SIR W. Oh, dear, dear! Is that so?

LADY FLO. Why, of course! You saw them quarrelling yourself. But still I have hopes we may be able to arrange matters a little for them. Who knows but what we may see them re-united before we leave this house?

SIR W. We will do our best to help them, poor young things!

LADY FLO. Yes! Poor young things!

SIR W. And I've no doubt we shall succeed.

LADY FLO. At the same time, it seems to me as if the abyss between them *may* widen.

SIR W. That may be so. The abyss *may* widen! (*Indicates an imaginary abyss, at which Lady Flo shakes her head.*)

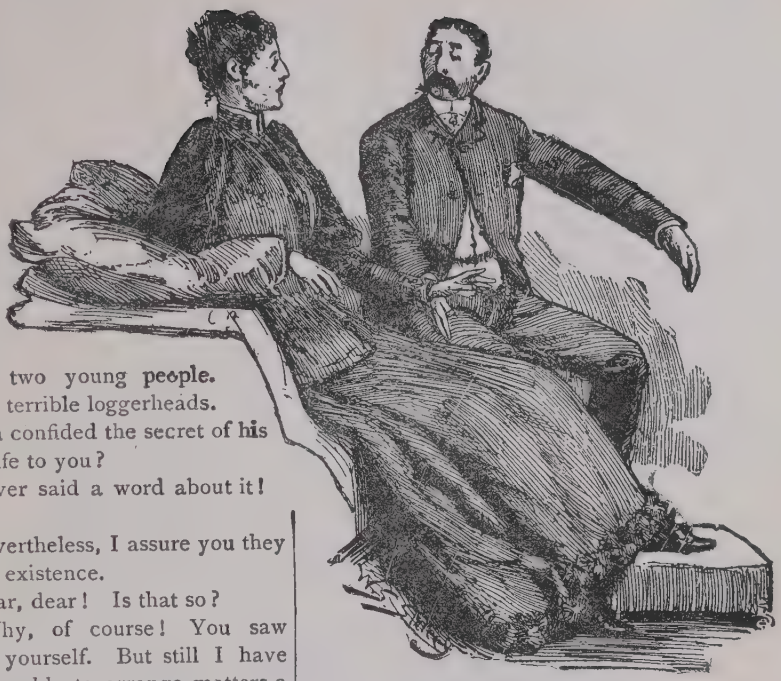
LADY FLO. If a man and woman aren't made for one another——

SIR W. Like you and me. I pointed that out to Jem.

LADY FLO. I'm afraid it didn't affect him as it ought. (*With a sentimental sigh.*) The only consolation we can derive from the misfortune of our nephew and niece is that we are happier than they!

SIR W. Clever little woman! (*Kisses her.*)

LADY FLO. Dear old Will! (*Kisses him. Then with a sudden change of tone.*) But now I *must* hear what it was Jem was saying to you when I came into the room! You answered that "of course you wouldn't tell his aunt for the wide world." That must have been a *façon de parler!*



SIR W.: "THE ABYSS MAY WIDEN!" (INDICATES AN IMAGINARY ABYSS.)

SIR W. Of course! of course! And you shall know all about it as soon as I have asked Jem's leave! Meanwhile we must attend to the fates of these unhappy young people. We had better first try to show them their grevious fault as gently as possible, and if gentleness does not answer——

LADY FLO. Oh, yes! Gentleness is all very well! But I tell you quite candidly, Will, that before we talk of gentleness I must insist on knowing what it is you told Jem that you would not let me hear.

SIR W. The fact is, my dear——(*Coughs.*)

LADY FLO. Tell me what the fact is, and at once, my dear!

SIR W. The facts are, dear child——(*Coughs again.*)

LADY FLO. (*irritated.*) Don't cough!

SIR W. (*continues coughing.*) Well! it's a long story.

LADY FLO. Haven't you a lozenge?

SIR W. Never mind the lozenge! The story, I say, is a long one.

LADY FLO. Long or short, I must hear it!

SIR W. I'll tell it you, later on.

LADY FLO. I begin to suspect you can't tell me all about, simply—because you *can't!*

SIR W. Oh! I can! I could!

LADY FLO. Oh, no, you can't. You couldn't, and you ought to be ashamed of yourself!

SIR W. You are going just a little bit too far, Florence.

LADY FLO. Oh, no; it was *you* who went too far. Why, I knew it by the look on your face the instant I came into the room!

SIR W. (*aside.*) She is going very much too far. (*aloud.*) Nonsense!

LADY FLO. I beg pardon?

SIR W. I repeat "Nonsense." And *ridiculous nonsense!*

LADY FLO. When a man has reached your time of life and remains as great a fool——

SIR W. (*furious.*) A fool?

LADY FLO. Yes! As great a fool and an idiot as ever——

SIR W. I was always aware you had the very devil of a temper, Florence, and now, after fifteen years of married life, I make the discovery that you can be excessively—ahem!—unladylike.

LADY FLO. It's highly amusing to hear you express an opinion on the subject of how a lady should behave. When one remembers your sisters, one is inclined to believe you were not, perhaps, brought up in a school of the very highest standard.

SIR W. You insult my sisters! (*Becomes*

JEM: "WHAT IS THE MATTER?"

LADY FLO. Then, how dare you?

SIR W. You forget yourself strangely.

LADY FLO. Do not attempt to adopt your nephew's manner to his wife toward me!

SIR W. It is *you*, my love, who are unfortunate in your choice of a manner this morning; and although pettishness in a young girl like Kitty has a certain little charm of its own——

LADY FLO. Yes!

SIR W. When a woman has reached your time of life——

LADY FLO. (*furious.*) Yes!!!

SIR W. Petulence sits remarkably ill upon her—upon *you*, my dear——

much excited and takes her by the arm.) Repeat that again!

(*Enter Jem. Stands in amazement.*)

JEM. For Heaven's sake, what *is* the matter?

SIR W. Ask your Aunt Florence, my dear boy.

LADY FLO. I feel positively ashamed that you should come upon us—upon your uncle, I mean—at a moment when he is behaving like a raving madman!

JEM. A raving madman! My uncle William!

LADY FLO. Man-like, you side with a man!

(*With increasing agitation*). I have always known your uncle to be a weak, nerveless—— (*Enter Kitty. Looks around, dumbfounded.*)

KITTY. Dear aunty! I'm frightened! You can't be well! What does this mean?

LADY FLO. Only that your husband is inciting mine to be abusive.

KITTY. Impossible!

LADY FLO. Woman-like, you side with a man! Let me tell you that your poor uncle is pitiable in his foolishness this morning.

SIR W. (*turning to Jem.*) A man not admitted to his own house! That's rather too good, isn't it, Jem?

LADY FLO. We shall see! (*Turns to Kitty*). Meanwhile, Kitty, I bid you good-bye.

KITTY. Oh! Aunty! You can't mean that! Pray don't say good-bye!

LADY FLO. (*dramatically.*) Yes, I mean "*Good-bye*"! (*Brushes furiously past Sir William, and exit. Kitty makes movement to follow, but returns to Sir William and Jem.*)

KITTY: "SPLENDID! I NEVER SAW ANYTHING SO WELL DONE!"
SIR W.: "IT'S NO LAUGHING MATTER!"

SIR W. Florence! Once for all, I assert my authority. Be silent this moment, or I shall feel obliged to ask you to return home.

LADY FLO. Without you?

SIR W. If that pleases you!

LADY FLO. It would suit me remarkably well.

SIR W. In that case—"Go!"

LADY FLO. I shall, instantly; and when you desire to come home, I shall give the servants orders not to admit you——

SIR W. (*bitterly.*) Don't hold her back, Kitty.

JEM. You are mad!

SIR W. Less mad than you, when an hour ago you told me you found life intolerable with Kitty.

KITTY. (*moved.*) He said that? *Jem* said that to you?

JEM. No, no! (*Compunctions.*)

SIR W. Oh! It's an easy matter for two young people to kiss again with tears. 'Twill be

a different matter between your aunt and me. Florence will have no chance, however much she may wish it. The time has come for me to put down my foot at last. (*Exit, talking and gesticulating angrily.*)

(*After the exit of Sir William, Jem and Kitty look up slowly at one another. Their eyes meet. They turn away.*)

JEM. (*much embarrassed.*) Kitty!

KITTY. Jem!

JEM. This is painful! In fact, it's worse than wicked—it's vulgar!

KITTY. (*gently.*) It's simply dreadful to see two people behaving in such a way.

JEM. And at their time of life!

KITTY. That's the awful part of it!

JEM. I wonder how they can do it!

KITTY. (*archly, yet on the verge of tears.*) So do I!

(*At the last words they turn; theer eyes meet. Kitty falters. Jem falters. After a moment they fall into ane another's arms.*)

Enter PORTER. Her ladyship has bidden me to put her trunks together, ma'am.

KITTY. Wait a minute, Porter. Perhaps I can persuade her ladyship to stay. (*Voices from without.*)

LADY FLO. I wish to go this instant, and alone.

SIR W. By all means, and to-morrow my lawyer shall wait on you.

LADY FLO. And mine on you. (*After a moment, they enter.*)

LADY FLO. And it has come to this, William!

SIR W. By mutual consent. This is the happiest day of my life. I breathe again. I know now I never breathed until this moment since the day I married you!

LADY FLO. This is beyond everything! (*Violently excited.*)

JEM. (*whispers aside to Kitty, unobserved; play on both sides; then, after evidently agreeing on a plan, pretend to treat the matter as a joke; advancing.*) Bravo! Bravissimo! *Capital!* (*Roars with forced laughter.*)

KITTY. Splendid! I never saw anything so well done! (*Joins her husband in laughter.*)

SIR W. It's no laughing matter!

JEM. Ha! ha! I daresay not.

KITTY. Irving and Ellen Terry are not in it! (*Continues laughing.*)

LADY FLO. What *can* you mean?

JEM. Oh, don't pretend that you and my uncle have not been getting up this little comedy of a quarrel, merely to show Kitty and me what fools we look when *we* are fighting! Why! It was better than any play I ever saw!

SIR W. It's all been in sober earnest, I assure you.

(*Lady Flo recovers slightly. Looks first at Jem, then at Kitty, and lastly at Sir William.*)

LADY FLO. (*slowly.*) You call—all—this—a little comedy? (*Recovers more, but very gradually.*)

KITTY. Why, yes? Don't attemps to say it wasn't—(*slyly*)—especially after all you told me this morning about how cleverly you manage my uncle. Just let me see you glance at him in the way you said you could. (*Whispering.*)

(*Lady Flo further recovers herself. Her expression softens. After a minute or two she smiles meaningly to herself.*)

JEM. Now, Uncle Will, do finish off by pretending to make up the quarrel! There's my aunt waiting with her smile already!

SIR W. (*stupidly.*) *Pretend* to make up the quarrel?

LALY FLO. (*Suddenly radiant.*) Why, yes! You silly old goose! Don't you see the fun? Pretend to give me a kiss at once. (*They kiss.*)

JEM and KITTY. (*aside.*) That's a comfort. (*They walk up stage,*)

LADY FLO. (*aside to Sir William.*) I can see you are dying to make amends for all you have just said!

SIR W. I don't deny that I may be!

LADY FLO. Then tell me what it was you were concocting with Jem! There's an old dear!

SIR W. Since we are all good friends again I don't mind telling you Jem was confiding his little troubles to me.

LADY FLO. But you had already found them out!

SIR W. And also that there was a possibility of a separation!

LADY FLO. Silly children!

SIR W. Had you not at once flown into a rage, I should have broken my promise to Jem, and have told you all!

LADY FLO. That was quite right of you. (*They walk up stage, amicably, arm-in-arm. Jem and Kitty walk to center.*)

JEM. You will find me ready dressed to start for eight o'clock matins, to-morrow morning Kitty!

KITTY. Oh! That's very much too much to ask of you!

JEM. Not at all! Providing you won't insist on going out with the guns.

KITTY. I shall only wish what *you* wish from this day forward, dearest Jem!

JEM. That's all right! (*They kiss, laughingly, as the curtain descends. Lady Flo and Sir William look on smiling.*)

A HOT BOX.

A COMEDY FOR TWO, BY HELEN BOOTH.

Characters:

Mrs. Truxton, Captain Donnithorn,

SCENE: *A plainly furnished apartment with rail-way placards hanging on the walls. Enter Mrs. Truxton, in long traveling cloak, bonnet and veil.*

MRS. T.—What a predicament! The idea of a hot-box disabling the engine on this particular trip! of course it happens when I am in haste to reach Althea's house where her dear five hundred friends have been invited to inspect her affianced, Captain Donnithorn. I knew when I arose this morning that I should have an unpropitious day—wasn't there a pin on the floor with the point toward me? I missed the morning train the first thing, and coming in this train I knew I should barely reach the house at 10 o'clock to-night, yet I did not bargain for this frightful detention. Let me see! (*consulting her watch*), it is 9:30; we are an hour's travel from Althea's station; I shall not enter her drawing-room much before 11, and my dear friend will have imagined me murdered or stolen. But oh! to arrive at Althea's at 11 o'clock at night! He will have gone perhaps—for assemblies in the country recognize only arcadian hours. He! not Captain Donnithorn, but Captain Donnithorn's best man, Arthur Grey, the inimitable, about whom women rave, as I heard over in Paris a month ago. And to think that I have never met him! yet Althea has almost created an intimacy between us by means of my picture in her album. An intimacy? More than that, if Althea the dear little matchmaker, has anything to do with it. But—(*man's voice heard*). Dear me! the porter's wife promised that I should have her parlor to myself; and here she is admitting some one else. Is it possible!—a man! (*Pulls down veil and goes back of stage. Enter Captain Donnithorn carrying port-manteau*).

CAPT. D. Of all the misfortunes in the world! and wild to meet Althea my fiancée. The train will not move for a half hour, and all because of a miserable hot-box. Bah! But where is my umbrella? I am helpless without my umbrella. (*Drops bag, and exit*).

MRS. T. He leaves his luggage here. Then he must be coming back. What a dreadful creature is that porter's wife; she takes my money for the use of her room, and then admits a gentleman. He appears annoyed also. His name is on the portmanteau. I wonder if I am inquisitive in desiring to know the name of one forced upon my society? and yet he too may be a guest going to Althea's, and—(*stooping, reads name on portmanteau and utters a cry*), "Arthur Grey"—the man I am on my way to meet! was ever anything so remarkable! shall I discover myself to him?—shall I not rather endeavor to find out the kind of person he is, and—ah! here he comes! (*withdraws to back. Enter Captain Donnithorn who slams his umbrella on table.*)

CAPT. D. I'll prosecute the company! I'll claim heavy damages! such a shivering set of passengers outside, and no shelter for them except the stuffy cars. Hot boxes and freezing passengers! I pay five dollars to the porter's wife for the use of this room; why not invite the passengers in? I will (*loudly*) go and call them all in! (*going to door, Mrs. T. opposes him*).

MRS. T. Pray, do not!

CAPT. D. A lady!

MRS. T. I overheard your reckless remark. Do not admit all the other passengers to this room; I have purchased the privacy of this room.

CAPT. D. Why so have I.

MRS. T. The porter's wife promised that my privacy should not be intruded upon.

CAPT. D. For which intrusion, blame the porter's wife. I'll boycott the company and all its attaches. Madame, your servant! (*Leaving*).

MRS. T. Oh, sir, I could not entertain such a proposition. I—I shall insist upon your remaining where you are, or I shall accuse myself of unwarranted rudeness.

CAPT. D. You rented the room before I did. and your lease has not expired.

MRS. T. You can sublet the apartment.

CAPT. D. From its present tenant, good!

Madame, I thank you, and become your guest. But blame the porter's wife.

MRS. T. I shall if any blame were necessary.

CAPT. D. Madame, you are too good, and will you pardon me when I ask the privilege of contributing to your comfort in some wise! Is there nothing I can do to lessen the unpleasantness of your present position?

MRS. T. Nothing, except to mention it no further. And, again, nothing unless you can start the train at once; I am in haste to reach my destination.

CAPT. T. And I to reach mine. And there is no telling when we shall go on.

MRS. T. Do not the train men promise to start in a half hour?

CAPT. D. They promise; but where is the fulfilment? A reader of the future might solve the problem.

MRS. T. (*Aside*) A reader of the future! good! He gives me my cue! (*aloud*) A reader of the future, do you say! Ah (*with affected hesitation*) suppose I should avow my ability to clarify the mists of the time yet to be?

CAPT. D. (*aside*) A fortune-teller! and I fancied she was a lady! (*aloua*) Do I understand you to say, Madame, that you profess the gift of foresight?

MRS. T. To a certain extent.

CAPT. D. But your paraphernalia?

MRS. T. I require none; I am not a charlatan; I am simply *gifted*. For instance, I may read *your* future.

CAPT. D. Mine! Why—By the way, do ladies of your cult always wear their veils down like orientals?

MRS. T. (*aside*) He is treating me as a common clairvoyant. (*Aloud*) Sir, I pass over the lack of courtesy.

CAPT. D. Your pardon! I presumed!

MRS. T. A woman so pronounced as I should expect no more than a man of the world is willing to grant. I am acting in a most unconventional manner, I know.

CAPT. D. But, Madame.

MRS. T. You are pardoned.

CAPT. D. For which—(*bowing*).

MRS. T. Yet have I your permission to impart to you some of your future movements?

CAPT. D. Would you attempt impossibilities.

MRS. T. Women rarely attempt impossibilities; they do not go beyond the improbable. And—well, suppose I should say that to-night you are hastening to meet a lady?

CAPT. D. The ordinary accusation of the modern witches of Endor.

MRS. T. (*Aside*) I will find out if he is as anxious to meet me as Althea fancies he is. (*Aloud*). This lady is of considerable interest to you.

CAPT. D. Of course.

MRS. T. She is something to you.

CAPT. D. Ah, indeed?

MRS. T. She—she—(*agitatedly*),

CAPT. D. Your method is hackeyed, Madame.

MRS. T. (*Excitedly*) But your feeling for her has received a check.

CAPT. D. What is that?

MRS. T. (*Aside*) Ha! he is touched! (*Aloud*), You falsely express yourself when you would infer that you are dying to meet her.

CAPT. D. Madame, this approaches impudence.

MRS. T. Impudence is the stock-in-trade of a reader of the future, (*turning aside*).

CAPT. D. (*Aside*) What does she mean! I never credited any of this mind-reading clap-trap, yet suppose there is something in it! Here are more things than are dreamed of in our philosophy, as the Bard has it. Suppose this woman can reveal my dear girl's self to me, and—(*aloud*) Madame, were I to subscribe to the legitimacy of your claims should you endeavor to tell me anything of the lady you mention.

MRS. T. Everything.

CAPT. D. A sweeping answer. Can you inform me as to the state of her affections?

MRS. T. I—I can.

CAPT. D. Of course it is all nonsense and—ah, tell me, if you can, what thinks this lady of the man who is hastening to meet her on hot boxes and half hour delays?

MRS. T. (*Aside*) Ah, my heart! But then he shall never know who I am—I am fascinated by him; and suppose he should be apprized of my identity! (*Aloud*) Sir, a lady is not prone to avow so much to a man.

CAPT. D. She is not avowing anything; you are interpeting her.

MRS. T. (*Aside*) Nearly exposed myself.

(*Aloud*) She has many admirers, she may care for some of them.

CAPT. D. What! And—ah you can describe these admirers?

MRS. T. One of them.

CAPT. D. Well?

MRS. T. (*Describing himself and laughing covertly*).

CAPT. D. (*Aside*) Heaven and earth! she describes Arthur Grey, Althea always liked Arthur. This woman is a witch. Yet Arthur and I are of one height, have the same colored hair and eyes. Here! I'll take a further step into this nonsense. (*Aloud*) I would test your powers. Is it possible for you to give me any definite description of this gentleman? that you have given may apply to many men of his height and complexion.

MRS. T. I can give you the initials of his name.

CAPT. D. (*Boldly*) What are they?

MRS. T. (*As boldly*) A. G.

CAPT. D. A. G.—Arthur Grey. Who are you? What are you?

MRS. T. Only a foolish woman!

CAPT. D. The universal description of your sex. And ah! the woman I thought so anxious to see me to-night!

MRS. T. Do not doubt her.

CAPT. D. Eh! Did I speak aloud?

MRS. T. Do not doubt that woman. She thinks more of you every minute. Hers is a susceptible heart,—

CAPT. D. Susceptible! I should say so. Here I am rushing to her.

MRS. T. Is she not rushing to you?

CAPT. D. What do you mean?

MRS. T. (*Aside.*) I shall disclose myself yet. (*Aloud.*) You can scarcely be said to be rushing to her. Remember the hot-box outside.

CAPT. D. (*In reverie.*) And the man she cares for is so unworthy!

MRS. T. A. G., do you mean?

CAPT. D. (*Savagely.*) You are a reader of the future; you ought to know.

MRS. T. Not every thing, my gift has limits. What of this man?

CAPT. D. Why should I talk of these matters to you?

MRS. T. Because you cannot help yourself. You are a disappointed man in the presence of a woman; discretion flies when indignation crawls in. This man?

CAPT. D. I tell you he cares nothing for the woman.

MRS. T. Sir! When you have just said—

CAPT. D. He is over head and ears in love with some one else.

MRS. T. (*Aside.*) And I am in his presence too? Oh, Althea, I'll box your ears for this! A hot box too. (*Aloud.*) Sir, a short time ago you said—

CAPT. D. I insist that A. G. has been traveling all this day in order to meet a lady.

MRS. T. Not the one who cares for him?

CAPT. D. Decidedly not. But one who has been represented to him as a paragon of virtues.

MRS. T. (*Aside.*) That's Althea, the minx! (*Aloud.*) Sir, who is this lady?

CAPT. D. I really cannot tell why I am upon such familiar terms with you, Madame. I own that I am exceedingly indignant, that I am giving utterance to many thoughts and shall be sorry for it in the future.

MRS. T. (*Impatiently.*) The future! who cares for the future! This lady, sir—pray describe her. I may not be quite the vulgar fortune-teller you take me to be. This lady—is she blonde? brunette?

CAPT. D. (*Gloomily describing herself in general terms.*)

MRS. T. (*Aside.*) Althea Herbert to a T! He describes her lovingly!—he has come between Captain Donnithorn and Althea! oh, that wretched girl! and she is said to have hair and eyes like mine! I'll get a wig to-morrow! I'll wear goggles! Blue ones too. I shall turn around and go home and never speak to her again. Poor Captain Donnithorn! Hateful Arthur Grey!

CAPT. D. You are muttering to yourself, are you not?

MRS. T. (*With an effort.*) I am invoking familiar spirits. Let me give you a further proof of my power. You are on the way to see Althea Herbert whom you hope to wed.

CAPT. D. (*Falling back.*) This strange revelation!

MRS. T. Tell me—I am correct!

CAPT. D. I insist upon your telling me whom you are.

MRS. T. You need never know. Go to Althea Herbert, the false, cruel creature; she

deserves not the man who is better than you and who loves her fondly.

CAPT. D. (*Aside.*) Arthur Grey! (*Aloud.*) I insist upon knowing whom you are. You are speaking with authority, and of the dearest girl in the world.

MRS. T. (*Aside.*) Shameless Arthur Grey! (*Aloud.*) My knowledge is my authority. For I too have been deceived; I believed in the truth of a man, and to-night I am undeceived; he is as false as Althea Herbert.

CAPT. D. And he is?

MRS. T. Arthur Grey.

CAPT. D. Madame, you appear to know him.

MRS. T. And despise him. From his own lips have I listened to his condemnation.

CAPT. D. He has acknowledged.

MRS. T. That he loves Althea Herbert, the fiancée of Captain Guy Donnithorn.

CAPT. D. How dare you!

MRS. T. That is right! say "dare" to your fortune-teller, and then go to her you love with vows of tenderness, she and I are both women.

CAPT. D. And you are more than you say that you are. Who told you that Arthur Grey loves Althea Herbert? that she loves him? Tell me!

MRS. T. Are you insane? Did you not tell me as much?

CAPT. D. I tell you!

MRS. T. You did—you know you did, Arthur Grey.

CAPT. D. Arthur Grey! what do you mean? I am not Arthur Grey.

MRS. T. Sir, this denial is simply preposterous. You possibly imagine me to be a more important personage than I really am. You fear that you have disclosed too much to a stranger. But rest assured I shall not publish to the world the story of your broken fealty to a friend. I shall leave you now; I refuse to remain in the room with you.

CAPT. D. Allow me to go—I am but your guest, you know. But first (*picking up portmanteau and umbrella*) allow me to reiterate my denial—I decline to be confounded with Arthur Grey though I have been confounded by him, and confound him! to my hearts' despair. I am not Arthur Grey.

MRS. T. Cease, pray. And let me be free with you as you are with me. I am indeed other than I appear. When you left this room to go in search of your umbrella I read your name on your portmanteau.

CAPT. D. This portmanteau? This belongs to Arthur Grey, the man who has deeply wronged me, according to your assertions, which I shall proceed to investigate at Althea's.

MRS. T. What do you say?—Arthur Grey wronged you?

CAPT. D. So you say. Besides you appear to know him; you described very accurately his personal appearance.

MRS. T. I described *your* person.

CAPT. D. My person! I am—

MRS. T. Arthur Grey.

CAPT. D. Pardon me! I am in possession of Mr. Grey's portmanteau simply because in his haste to get to Miss Herbert's house he left in this morning's train and by mistake took my luggage instead of his own; a business telegram delivered at the station prevented my departure before this evening, and I am carrying his portmanteau to him. I cannot credit all that you have said relative to Althea and him—Arthur who was wild to get to Althea's that he might meet a lady over whose picture in Althea's album he has long spooned, a lady whom he loves even before he has seen her in the life—the fair widow, Emily Truxton.

MRS. T. (*Faintly.*) Support me! (CAPT. D. *runs to her.*) No, no, do not touch me—I am a terrible creature. (*On her knees.*) Oh, Captain Donnithorn, I see it all, my miserable mistake. (CAPT. D. *drops bag and umbrella.*) The portmanteau deceived me; I described your personal appearance and you imagined I meant Mr. Grey; I asserted that Mr. Grey was anxious to meet a certain lady, but I never meant Althea Herbert—Althea who loves you as few men were ever before loved. And yet your description brought her plainly before me, and you said that she loved Arthur Grey.

CAPT. D. I described her friend Mrs. Truxton, whom I am yet to meet—described her as the photographer's art has presented her to me.

MRS. T. (*Throwing off bonnet and cloak.*) Behold her!

CAPT. D. My Althea's friend! Arise, Madame, arise!

MRS. T. Not before you promise me that no one shall hear, of what has occurred in this room.

CAPT. D. Surely I may tell Althea?

MRS. T. After you are married; not before.

CAPT. D. But Arthur Grey, my best-man, may know?

MRS. T. Never.

CAPT. D. Never?

MRS. T. At least—not now.

CAPT. D. But after he is married? (*Whistle and bell heard.*)

MRS. T. (*Rising confusedly and hurrying on bonnet and cloak.*) The train is ready! Take me to Althea.

CAPT. D. (*Smiling.*) The hot-box has become refrigerated. The train will now carry us to—

MRS. T. Althea. Remember your promise.

CAPT. D. That Arthur Grey shall know nothing of your powers of fortune-telling until after you are married, Madame?

MRS. T. Until after *he* is married.

CAPT. D. Certainly. He shall not know of it until after you *or* he is married, or until after you *and* he—

MRS. T. Pray escort me to the train, I desire to be out of this room, which has proven a veritable—

CAPT. D. Hot-Box.

(*Whistle and bell sounding as arm and arm they go to the door.*)

(*Curtain.*)

JENNIE.

JENNIE toiling in the mill,
Small of form and more than pale,
Smiled and made her shuttle trill
Through the warp. "Ah, never fail,"
Were the words she always said,
"For light's ahead!"

We were many, we were poor,
Often sad with poverty,
The wolf not seldom at the door,
His gleaming eye-balls fierce to see.
But Jennie, poor as any, said,
"Light's ahead!"

Tom was down with fever; Jen
Went and helped to nurse. "Cheer up,"
She said, "that's half the battle." Then
Made hot Tom a cooling cup.
"That's prime," he gasped. "Of course," she said,
"Ain't light ahead?"

Margery lost her little child,
Jennie went and made it fair,
Looked upon it long, and smiled,
And laid a flower near its hair.
"For this dear babe," she softly said,
"Light's ahead."

She helped us all; we did not know
How much she did till all was done;
Ne'er complaining, she would show
A face that shone as in the sun
When things were darkest, "chums," she said,
"Light's ahead."

All the mill looked up to her,
She not knowing that 'twas so;
All the men and women were
Better made by her, you know,
Or by her two words, cheerful said,
"Light's ahead!"

We did not know how weak she grew,
She was so pale at best of days;
But one day she came not—we knew
Some thing must be up. The ways
We talked, and missed the words she said—
"Light's ahead!"

At night when work was done we went
To her house. We found her there,
Faint and frail and nearly spent.
"Glad to see you," smiled she; "where
Is woman blest as I," she said,
"Light's ahead!"

"Lads and lasses, all is done.
What I've suffered you know not,
For surely, friends, most every one
Has pain and sorrow in his lot;
So why make ours the most," she said,
"Ain't light ahead?"

Next eve we went. We all were there:
Jennie scarce could speak. She lay
Panting. Then, "Good bye! and fare
You well," she smiled. "'Twill soon be day,
And lay me where ther's sun," she said;
"Light's ahead!"

Then she grew quite still. Each lass
Began to cry—aye, lads did too.
We gazed at Jennie—wee, small mass
Of woman was she—and then through
The room some woman weeping said,
"Light's ahead!"

Well, she is gone, the mill seems dull,
The work too hard, our anger stirred.
Yet when we growl there comes a lull
When some one thinks of Jen's bright word—
We hear her cheery voice that said,
"Light's ahead!"

THE OLD MAN'S VIGIL.

By the bed the old man, waiting, sat in vigil, sad and tender,
Where his aged wife lay dying; and the twilight shadows, brown,
Slowly from the wall and window, chased the sunset's golden splendor
Going down.

"Is it night?" she whispered, waking, (for her spirit seemed to hover
Lost between the next world's sunrise and the bedtime cares of this).
And the old man, weak and tearful, trembling as he bent above her,
Answered "Yes."

"Are the children in?" she asked him. Could he tell her? All the treasures
Of their household lay in silence many years beneath the snow;
But her heart was with them living, back among her toils and pleasures
Long ago.

And again she called at dew-fall, in the sweet, old, summer weather,
"Where is little Charley, father? Frank and Robert, have they come?"
"They are safe," the old man faltered,—all the children are together,
Safe at home."

Then he murmured gentle soothings, but his grief grew strong and stronger,
Till it choked and stilled him as he held and kissed her wrinkled hand,
For her soul, far out of hearing, could his fondest words no longer
Understand.

Still the pale lips stammered questions, lullabies and broken verses,
Nursery prattle—all the language of a mother's loving needs,
While the midnight 'round the mourner, left to sorrow's bitter mercies,
Wrapped its weeds.

There was stillness on the pillow—and the old man listened, lonely—
Till they led him from the chamber with the burden on his breast,
For the faithful wife and mother, his early love and only,
Lay at rest.

"Fare—you—well," he sobbed, my Sarah; you will meet the babes before me;
'Tis a little while, for neither can the parting long abide.
And you soon will come and call me, and kind heaven will then restore me
To your side."

* * * * * *

It was even so. The spring time, in the steps of winter treading,
Scarcely shed its orchard blossoms ere the old man closed his eyes;
And they buried him by Sarah—and they had their "diamond wedding"
In the skies.

———:o:———

BROKEN ENGLISH.

I TRIES to teach my wife to spik zis fonny English tongue,
And talks so much, and talks so long, I hurts me in ze lung.

She is ze brightest demoiselle, as effer she could be,
But still she nevaire learn to spik ze English vell as me.

She always say "I vas content" ven "happy" she do mean,
And tumbles effery time she tries, right plump in ze tureen.

I like to have zat wife of mine ze English language know,
But still her speaking nevaire is, or can be *comme il fault.*

I am disgust, I try so hard, and sometimes get ver' mad,
For, ze diabel! ven I teach, vy do she spik so bad!

But vat care I to zis or zat—she understands my luff—
And zen for womens all mens knows zat one tongue is enough.

—*The San Francisco Wasp.*

FOR THE LITTLE FOLKS.

Selections Adapted to Children of from Five to Fifteen Years.

SOMEBODY'S MOTHER.

The woman was old and ragged and gray,
And bent with the chill of the winter's day;
The street was wet with a recent snow,
And the woman's feet were aged and slow.
She stood at the crossing and waited long—
Alone, uncared for, amid the throng
Of human beings who passed her by,
Nor heeded the glance of her anxious eye.
Down the street, with laughter and shout—
Glad in the freedom of "school let out,"
Came the boys, like a flock of sheep,
Making the snow piled white and deep.
Past the woman, so old and gray,
Hastened the children on their way,
Nor offered a helping hand to her,
So meek, so timid, afraid to stir,
Lest the carriage wheels or the horses' feet
Should crowd her down in the slippery street.
At last came one of the merry troop—
The gayest laddie of all the group;
He paused beside her, and whispered low,
"I'll help you across if you wish to go."
Her aged hand on his strong young arm
She placed, and so, without hurt or harm,
He guided the trembling feet along,
Proud that his own were firm and strong.
Then back again to his friends he went
His young heart happy and well content.
"She's somebody's mother, boys, you know,
For all she's aged, and poor, and slow;
And I hope some fellow will lend a hand
To help *my* mother, you understand,
If ever she's poor, and old, and gray,
When her own dear boy is far away."
And "somebody's mother" bowed low her head
In her home that night, and the prayer she said
Was: "God be kind to the noble boy,
Who is somebody's son, and pride, and joy!"

—*Harper's Weekly*

MRS. RABBIT'S SCHOOL.

Mrs. Rabbit had a school
Of little bunnies, five;
Said she: "I think each one's a fool,
As sure as I'm alive.

"I've tried to teach them numbers,
I've tried to make them sing,
And now the term is almost out,
They haven't learned a thing."

Committee came, one day, to see
If they were doing well
She told him how, of all the five,
Not one could read or spell.

Said he: "My friend, I do believe
Of time it is a waste
To try and teach a rabbit,
And not consult his taste."

So, he took away their "Primers,"
And in each little paw
He placed—now what do you suppose?
A good-sized turnip, raw.

How they got on, I cannot tell,
But this, I know, is true:
When school was out, they knew as much
As other rabbits do.

—"*Treasure Trove.*"

WEIGH. WEIGH.

"Jump on the scale," the butcher said
Unto a miss one day,
"I'm used to weighing, and," said he,
"I'll tell you what you weigh."

"Ah, yes," came quick the sweet reply
From lips seemed made to kiss;
"I'm sure, sir, that it would not be
First time you've weighed amiss."

The butcher blushed; he hung his head
And knew not what to say;
He merely wished to weigh the girl—
Himself was given away.

SIX YEARS OLD.

O, Sun! so far up in the blue sky,
O, clover! so white and so sweet,
O, little brook! shining like silver,
And running so fast past my feet,—

You don't know what strange things have happened
Since sunset and starlight last night;
Since the four-o'clocks closed their red petals,
To wake up so early and bright.

Say! what will you think when I tell you
What my dear mamma whispered to me,
When she kissed me on each cheek twice over?
You don't know what a man you may see.

O, yes! I am big and I'm heavy;
I have grown, since last night, very old,
And I'm stretched out as tall as a ladder;
Mamma says I'm too large to hold.

Sweet clover, stand still; do not blow so;
I shall whisper 'way down in your ear,
I was six years old early this morning.
Would you think so to see me, my dear?

Do you notice my pants and two pockets?
I'm so old I must dress like a man;
I must learn to read books and write letters,
And I'll write one to you when I can.

My pretty gold butterflies flying,
Little bird and my busy brown bee,
I shall never be too old to love you,
And I hope you'll always love me.

FROWNS OR SMILES.

Where do they go, I wonder
The clouds on a cloudy day,
When the shining sun comes peeping out
And scatters them all away?
I know! They keep and cut them down
For cross little girls who want a frown.
Frowns and wrinkles and pouts—oh! my,
How many 'twould make—one cloudy sky!

I think I should like it better,
A sunshiny day to take,
And cut it down for dimples and smiles—
What beautiful ones 'twould make!
Enough for all the dear little girls,
With pretty bright eyes and waving curls,
To drive the scowls and frowns away,
Just like the sun on a cloudy day.

SYDNEY DAYRE.

ONE THING AT A TIME.

Work while you work,
Play while you play,
That is the way to be
Cheerful and gay.

All that you do,
Do with your might;
Things done by halves
Are never done right.

One thing each time,
And that done well,
Is a very good rule,
As many can tell,

Moments are useless,
Trifled away,
So work while you work,
And play while you play.

DON'T.

I believe, if there is one word that grown-up folks are more fond of using to us little folks, than any other word in the big dictionary, it is the word D-o n-t.

It is all the time "Don't do this," and "Don't do that," and Don't do the other," until I am sometimes afraid there will be nothing left that we can do.

Why, for years and years and years, ever since I was a tiny little tot, this word "Don't" has been my torment. It's "Lizzie, don't make a noise, you disturb me," and "Lizzie, don't eat so much candy, it will make you sick," and "Lizzie, don't be so idle," and "Don't talk so much," and "don't soil your clothes," and "Don't everything else." One day I thought I'd count how many times I was told not to do things! Just think! I counted twenty-three "don'ts," and I think I missed two or three little ones besides.

But now it is my turn. I have got a chance to talk, and I'm going to tell some of the big people when to Don't! That is what my piece is about. First, I shall tell the papas and mammas—Don't scold the children, just because you have been at a party the night before, and so feel cross and tired. Second, Don't fret and make wrinkles in your faces, over things that cannot be helped. I think fretting spoils big folks just as much as it does us little people. Third, Don't forget where you put your scissors, and then say you s'pose the children have taken them. Oh! I could tell you ever so many "don'ts," but I think I'll only say one more, and that is—Don't think I mean to be saucy, because all these don'ts are in my piece, and I had to say them.

E. C. Rook.

WHICH LOVED BEST.

"I love you, mother," said little Ben,
Then forgetting his work, his cap went on.
And he was off to the garden swing,
And left her the water and wood to bring.

"I love you, mother," said rosy Nell—
"I love you better than tongue can tell;"
Then she teased and pouted full half the day,
Till her mother rejoiced when she went to play.

"I love you, mother," said little Fan,
"To-day I'll help you all I can;
How glad I am school doesn't keep;"
So she rocked the babe till it fell asleep.

Then, stepping softly, she fetched the broom,
And swept the floor and tidied the room;
Busy and happy all day was she,
Helpful and happy as child could be.
"I love you, mother," again they said
Three little children going to bed;
How do you think that mother guessed
Which of them really loved her best?

PITCHER OR JUG.

They toiled together side by side,
In the field where the corn was growing;
They paused awhile to quench their thirst,
Grown weary with the hoeing.

"I fear, my friend," I said to one,
That you will ne'er be richer;
You drink, I see, from the little brown jug,
Whilst your friend drinks from the pitcher.

"One is filled with alcohol,
The fiery drink from the still;
The other with water clear and cool
From the spring at the foot of the hill.

"In all of life's best gifts, my friend,
I fear you will ne'er be richer,
Unless you leave the little brown jug,
And drink, like your friend, from the pitcher."

My words have proved a prophecy,
For years have passed away;
How do you think have fared our friends,
That toiled in the fields that day?

One is a reeling, drunken sot,
Grown poorer instead of richer;
The other has won both wealth and fame,
And he always drank from the pitcher

—*M. P. Chick*

THE RAINDROP'S RIDE.

Some little drops of water,
Whose home was in the sea,
To go upon a journey,
Once happened to agree.

A cloud they had for carriage;
They drove a playful breeze;
And, over town and country,
They rode along at ease.

But oh, there were so many!
At last, the carriage broke,
And to the ground came tumbling
These frightened little folk.

And through the moss and grasses
They were compelled to roam,
Until a brooklet found them
And carried them all home.

—*Anonymous.*

WHAT BECAME OF A LIE.

First, somebody told it,
Then the room wouldn't hold it,
So the busy tongues rolled it
Till they got it outside;
When the crowd came across it,
And never once lost it,
But tossed it and tossed it
Till it grew long and wide.

From a very small lie, Sir,
It grew deep and high, Sir,
Till it reached to the sky, Sir,
And frightened the moon;
For she hid her sweet face, Sir,
In a veil of cloud-lace, Sir,
At the dreadful disgrace, Sir,
That happened at noon.

This lie brought forth others,
Dark sisters and brothers,
And fathers and mothers—
A terrible crew;
And while headlong they hurried,
The people they flurried,
And troubled and worried,
As lies always do.

And so, evil-bodied,
This monstrous LIE goaded,
Till at last it exploded
In smoke and in shame;
When from mud and from mire
The pieces flew higher,
And hit the sad liar,
And killed his good name!

Mrs. M. A. Kidder.

THE SAND-MAN.

Oh! how does the sand-man come,
And how does the sand-man go?
Does he drop from the sky like a cloud at night,
Does he walk through the streets in broad daylight.
To visit the high and the low?

Oh! what does the sand-man do,
And why is the sand-man here?
Does he carry a sack on his little round back,
While he scatters the sand with a lavish hand
To tell us that sleepy time's here?

Ah! my dear children, nobody knows
How the sand-man comes and the sand-man goes;
For though we may wish very much for the sight,
When the sand-man comes we shut our eyes tight.

—*Harper's Young People.*

FOR A SMALL GIRL.

The other girls and boys in school
All said I was too young
To stand up here, like them, and use
My hands, and feet, and tongue.

But now I guess they'll own that I
Am quite as smart as they,
For all my speech is not as long
As some the rest may say.

THE CAT'S BATH.

A "LITTLE FOLKS'" SONG.

As pussy sat washing her face by the gate,
A nice little dog came to have a good chat;
And after some talk about matters of state,
Said, with a low bow, "My dear Mrs. Cat,
I really do hope you'll not think I am rude;
I am curious, I know, and that you may say—
Perhaps you'll be angry—but no, you're too good—
Pray why do you wash in that very odd way?
Now I every day rush away to the lake,
And in the clear water I dive and I swim;
I dry my wet fur with a run and a shake,
And am fresh as a rose and neat as a pin.
But you any day in the sun may be seen,
Just rubbing yourself with your red little tongue;
I admire the grace with which it is done—
But really, now, are you sure you get yourself clean?
The cat, who sat swelling with rage and surprise
At this, could no longer her fury contain,
For she had always supposed herself rather precise,
And of her sleek neatness had been somewhat vain;
So she flew at poor doggy and boxed both his ears,
Scratched his nose and his eyes, and spit in his face,
And sent him off yelping; from which it appears
Those who ask prying questions may meet with disgrace.

THE QUEER LITTLE HOUSE.

There's a queer little house,
And it stands in the sun.
When the good mother calls,
The children all run.
While under her roof
They are cozy and warm,
Though the cold wind may whistle
And bluster and storm.

In the daytime, this queer
Little house moves away,
And the children run after it,
Happy and gay;
But it comes back at night,
And the children are fed,
And tucked up to sleep
In a soft feather-bed.

This queer little house
Has no windows nor doors—
The roof has no shingles,
The rooms have no floors—
No fire-places, chimneys,
Nor stoves can you see,
Yet the children are cozy
And warm as can be

The story of this
Funny house is all true,
I have seen it myself,
And I think you have, too,
You can see it to-day,
If you watch the old hen,
When her downy wings cover
Her chickens again.

BABY'S LOGIC.

ELIZABETH W. BELLAMY.

She was ironing her dolly's new gown,
Maid Marian, four years old,
With her brows puckered down
In a painstaking frown
Under her tresses of gold.

'Twas Sunday, and nurse coming in
Exclaimed in a tone of surprise:
"Dont you know it's a sin
Any work to begin
On the day that the Lord sanctifies?"

Then, lifting her face like a rose,
Thus answered this wise little tot:
"Now, don't you suppose
The good Lord he knows
This little iron ain't hot?"

—*Wide Awake.*

WORDS OF WELCOME.

Kind friends and parents, we welcome you here
To our nice pleasant school-room, and teacher so dear;
We wish but to show you how much we have learned,
And how to our lessons our hearts have been turned.

But hope you'll remember we all are quite young,
And when we have spoken, recited and sung,
You will pardon our blunders, which, as all are aware,
May even extend to the President's chair.

Our life is a school time, and till that shall end,
With our Father in heaven for teacher and friend.
O let us perform well each task that is given,
Till our time of probation is ended in heaven.

GRANDFATHER'S BARN.

Oh, don't you remember our grandfather's barn,
Where our cousins and we met to play;
How we climbed on the beams and the scaffolds so high,
Or tumbled at will on the hay?
How we sat in a row on the bundles of straw,
And riddles and witch stories told,
While the sunshine came in through the cracks of the South,
And turned the dust into gold?

How we played hide and seek in each cranny and nook,
Wherever a child could be stowed?
Then we made us a coach of a hogshead of rye,
And on it to "Boston" we rode;
And then we kept store and sold barley and oats,
And corn by the bushel or bin;
And straw for our sisters to braid into hats,
And flax for our mothers to spin.

ADVICE TO A YOUNG MAN.

Remember, my son, you have to work. Whether you handle a pick or a pen, a wheelbarrow or a set of books, digging ditches or editing a paper, ringing an auction bell or writing funny things, you must work If you look around, you will see the men who are the most able to live the rest of their days without work are the men who work the hardest. Don't be afraid of killing yourself with overwork. It is beyond your power to do that on the sunny side of thirty. They die sometimes, but it is because they quit work at six P. M., and don't get home until two A. M. It's the interval that kills, my son. The work gives you an appetite for your meals; it lends solidity to your slumbers; it gives you a perfect and grateful appreciation of a holiday.

There are young men who do not work, but the world is not proud of them. It does not know their names, even; it simply speaks of them as "old So-and-so's boys." Nobody likes them; the great, busy world doesn't know that they are there. So find out what you want to be and do, and take off your coat and make a dust in the world. The busier you are, the less harm you will be apt to get into, the sweeter will be your sleep, the brighter and happier your holidays, and the better satisfied will the world be with you. R. J. BURDETTE.

DO SOMETHING.

If the world seems cold to you,
Kindle fires to warm it!
Let their comfort hide from you
Winters that deform it.

Hearts as frozen as your own
To that radiance gather;
You will soon forget to moan,
"Ah! the cheerless weather."

ADIEU. 384

If the world's a vale of tears,
Smile till rainbows span it;
Breathe the love that life endears—
Clear from clouds to fan it.

Of our gladness lend a gleam
Unto souls that shiver;
Show them how dark sorrow's stream
Blends with hope's bright river!

BABY'S SOLILOQUY.

[The following selection can be made very humorous if the person reading it assumes the tones of a very little child, and in appropriate places imitates the cry of a baby.]

I am here. And if this is what they call the world, I don't think much of it. It's a very flannelly world, and smells of paregoric awfully. It's a dreadful light world, too, and makes me blink, I tell you. And I don't know what to do with my hands. I think I'll dig my fists in my eyes. No, I won't. I'll scratch at the corner of my blanket and chew it up, and then I'll holler; whatever happens, I'll holler. And the more paregoric they give me, the louder I'll yell. That old nurse puts the spoon in the corner of my mouth, sidewise like, and keeps tasting my milk herself all the while. She spilt snuff in it last night, and when I hollered, she trotted me. That comes of being a two-days-old baby. Never mind; when I'm a man, I'll pay her back good. There's a pin sticking in me now, and if I say a word about it, I'll be trotted or fed; and I would rather have catnip-tea. I'll tell you who I am. I found out to-day. I heard folks say, "Hush! don't wake up Emeline's baby; and I suppose that pretty, white-faced woman over on the pillow is Emeline.

No, I was mistaken; for a chap was in here just now and wanted to see Bob's baby; and looked at me and said I was a funny little toad, and looked just like Bob. He smelt of cigars. I wonder who else I belong to! Yes, there's another one—that's "Gamma." "It was Gamma's baby, so it was." I declare, I do not know who I belong to; but I'll holler, and maybe I'll find out. There comes snuffy with catnip-tea. I'm going to sleep. I wonder why my hands won't go where I want them to!

BOYS WANTED.

Boys of spirit, boys of will,
Boys of muscle, brain and power,
Fit to cope with anything,
These are wanted every hour.

Not the weak and whining drones,
Who all troubles magnify;
Not the watchword of "I can't,"
But the nobler one, "I'll try."

Do whate'er you have to do
With a true and earnest zeal;
Bend your sinews to the task,
"Put your shoulder to the wheel."

Though your duty may be hard,
Look not on it as an ill;
If it be an honest task,
Do it with an honest will.

In the workshop, on the farm,
At the desk, where'er you be,
From your future efforts, boys,
Comes a nation's destiny.

THE RAGGEDY MAN.

JAMES WHITCOMBE RILEY.

Oh, the Raggedy Man! He works for Pa;
An' he's the goodest man ever you saw!
He comes to our house every day,
An' waters the horses an' feeds 'em hay;
An' he opens the shed—an' we all ist laugh
When he drives out our little old wobble-ly calf!

An' nen, ef our hired girl says he can,
He milks the cow for 'Lizabuth Ann.
Ain't he a' awful good Raggedy Man?
Raggedy! Raggedy! Raggedy Man!

W'y, the Raggedy Man—he's ist so good
He splits the kindlin' an' chops the wood;
An' nen he spades in our garden, too,
An' does most things 'at boys can't do.
He clumbed clean up in our big tree,
An' shook a' apple down fer me!
An' 'nother 'n', too, fer 'Lizabuth Ann!
An' 'nother 'n', too, for the Raggedy Man!
Ain't he a' awful kind Raggedy Man?
Raggedy! Raggedy! Raggedy Man!

An the Raggedy Man he knows most rhymes,
An' tells 'em, ef I be good, sometimes—
Knows 'bout Giunts, an' Griffuns, an' Elves,
An' the Squidgicum-Squees 'at swallers theirselves!
An' wite by the pump in our pasture-lot,
He showed me the hole 'at the Wunks is got
'At lives 'way deep in the ground, an' can
Turn into me—er 'Lizabuth Ann!
Ain't he a funny old Raggedy Man!
Raggedy! Raggedy! Raggedy Man!

The Raggedy Man—one time, when he
Was makin' a little bow-'n'-arry fer me,
Says, "When *you're* big, like your pa is,
Air you go' to keep a fine store like his,
An' be a rich merchunt, an' wear fine clothes?
Er what *air* you go' to be, goodness knows!
An' nen he laughed at 'Lizabuth Ann,
An' I says, "'m go' to be a Raggedy Man—
I'm ist go' to be a nice Raggedy Man!
Raggedy! Raggedy! Raggedy Man!—*Century Magazine.*

A GREVIOUS COMPLAINT.

EUDORA S. BUMSTEAD.

"It's hard on a fellow, I do declare!"
Said Tommy one day, with a pout;
"In every one of the suits I wear
The pockets are 'most worn out.
They're 'bout as big as the ear of a mole,
And I never have more than three;
And there's always coming a mean little hole
That loses my knife for me.

"I can't make 'em hold but a few little things—
Some cookies, an apple or two,
A knife and pencil and bunch of strings,
Some nails and maybe a screw,
And marbles, of course, and a top and ball,
And shells and pebbles and such,
And some odds and ends—yes honest that's all!
You can see for yourself 't is'nt much.

"I'd like a suit of some patent kind,
With pockets made wide and long:
Above and below and before and behind,
Sewed extra heavy and strong.
I'd want about a dozen or so,
All easy and quick to get at;
And I should be perfectly happy - know,
With a handy rig like that."

St. Nicholas.

THE FARMER.

(For Several Boys.)

This is the way the happy farmer (1)
  Plows his piece of ground,
That from the little seeds he sows
  A large crop may abound.

This is the way he sows the seed, (2)
  Dropping with careful hand,
In all the furrows well prepared
  Upon the fertile land.

This is the way he cuts the grain (3)
  When bending with its weight;
And thus he bundles it in sheaves, (4)
  Working long and late.

And then the grain he threshes thus, (5)
  And stores away to keep;
And thus he stands contentedly (6)
  And views the plenteous heap.

1. Arms extended forward as though holding a plow.
2. A motion as of taking seed out of a bag or basket, and scattering with the right hand.
3. Motion as of cutting with a scythe.
4. Arms curved and extending forward.
5. Hands as though grasping a flail. Strike with some force
6. Erect position, arms folded, or hands on the hips.

OPENING ADDRESS.

I am a tiny tot,
  And have not much to say;
But I must make, I'm told,
  The "Welcome Speech" to-day.

Dear friends, we're glad you've come
  To hear us speak and sing.
We'll do our very best
  To please in every thing.

Our speeches we have learned;
  And if you'll hear us through,
You'll see what tiny tots—
  If they but try—can do.

OCTOBER'S PARTY.

October gave a party;
  The leaves by hundreds came—
The Ashes, Oaks, and Maples,
  And leaves of every name.

The sunshine spread a carpet,
  And everything was grand;
Miss Weather led the dancing,
  Professor Wind, the band.

The Chestnuts came in yellow,
  The Oaks in crimson dressed.
The lovely Misses Maple
  In purple looked their best.
All balanced to their partners
  And gayly fluttered by;
The sight was like a rainbow
  New-fallen from the sky.

Then in the rusty hollows
  At hide-and-seek they played
The party closed at sundown,
  But everybody stayed.
Professor Wind played louder:
They flew along the ground,
And then the party ended
  In jolly "hands all round."

FOR A SMALL BOY.

There are some things that puzzle me,
  Boy as I am; these things I see—
For instance; men who dress quite fine,
  They smoke cigars and drink rich wine;
And others still down lager beer,
  Till on the street they scarce can steer;
And yet, when they go home, they swear,
  They haven't got a cent to spare;
Their children need both bread and meat,
  And shoes to cover naked feet;
Their wives don't have a copper cent,
  Because they sew to pay the rent.
Now these are things I daily see,
  And, as I said, they puzzle me.

ONLY A BOY.

Only a boy with his noise and fun,
  The veriest mystery under the sun;
As brimful of mischief and wit and glee,
As ever a human frame could be,

And as hard to manage—what! ah me!
'Tis hard to tell,
Yet we love him well.

Only a boy with his fearful tread,
Who cannot be driven, must be led!
Who troubles the neighbors' dogs and cats,
And tears more clothes and spoils more hats,
Loses more kites and tops and bats
Than would stock a store
For a week or more.

Only a boy with his wild, strange ways,
With his idle hours or his busy days,
With his queer remarks and his odd replies,
Sometimes foolish and sometimes wise,
Often brilliant for one of his size,
As a meteor hurled
From the planet world.

VALEDICTORY.

A. F. SHOALS.

The golden glow of a summer's day
Rests over the verdant hills,
And the sunlight falls with mellow ray
On fields and laughing rills;
But ere its last beam fades away
Beyond the mountain high,
Our lips must bravely, sadly say
The parting words, "Good-bye."

Kind friends and parents gathered here,
Our gratitude is yours
For all your care and sympathy,
Which changelessly endures.
We'll try to use the present hours
So they will bring no sigh,
When to our happy days of school
We say our last "Good-bye."

Dear teacher, we shall ne'er forget
The lessons you have taught:
We trust the future may perfect
The work your hands have wrought;
And may they bring good gifts to you,
These years that swiftly fly,
And may you kindly think of those
Who bid you now "Good-bye."

"Good-bye!" it shall not be farewell,—
We hope again to meet;
But happy hours are ever short,
And days of youth are fleet.
There's much to learn and much to do;
Oh, may our aims be high,
And ever lead toward that bright land,
Where none shall say "Good-bye."

SONG OF THE ALL-WOOL SHIRT.

My father bought an undershirt
Of bright and flaming red—
"All-wool, I'm ready to assert,
Fleece-dyed," the merchant said.
"Your size is thirty-eight, I think;
A forty you should get,
Since all-wool goods are bound to shrink
A trifle when they're wet."

That shirt two weeks my father wore—
Two washings, that was all—
From forty down to thirty-four
It shrank like leaf in fall.
I wore it then a day or two,
But when 'twas washed again,
My wife said "Now 'twill only do
For little brother Ben."

A fortnight Ben squeezed into it,
At last he said it hurt,
We put it on our babe—the fit
Was good as any shirt.
We never will wash it more while yet
We see its flickering light,
For if again that shirt is wet,
'Twill vanish from our sight.

Chicago News.

MAMMA'S KISSES.

A kiss when I wake in the morning,
A kiss when I go to bed,
A kiss when I burn my fingers,
A kiss when I bump my head.

A kiss when my bath is over,
A kiss when my bath begins,
My mamma is full of kisses,
As full as a nurse is of pins.

A kiss when I give her trouble,
A kiss when I give her joy;
There's nothing like mamma's kisses,
To her own little baby boy.

WINTER JEWELS.

A million little diamonds
Twinkled in the trees;
And all the little maidens said,
"A jewel, if you please!"
But while they held their hands outstretched
To catch the diamonds gay,
A million little sunbeams came
And stole them all away.

A RECIPE FOR A DAY.

Take a little dash of water cold
And a little leaven of prayer,
And a little bit of morning gold
Dissolved in the morning air.

Add to your meal some merriment,
And a thought for kith and kin,
And then, as your prime ingredient
A plenty of work thrown in.

But spice it all with the essence of love
And a little whiff of play,
Let a wise old book and a glance above
Complete the well made day.

HATTIE'S VIEWS ON HOUSE-CLEANING.

Our folks have been cleaning house—and, oh! it is just dreadful, I think! Why, a little girl might just as well have no mamma as to have a mamma who is cleaning house. She does not have any time to tend to me at all. She ties her head up in an old apron, and wears an ugly old dress, and she don't look a bit pretty. Then she pulls everything out of its place, and the house looks—oh! so bad. We do not have any good dinners, either, 'cause there's no time to stop to get them ready. And I cannot find my dear Margaret that was broken a little, and the saw-dust ran out of her. Mamma said she made so much dirt that she must be burnt up, and oh! I'm afraid that is where she has gone. And ever so many of my playthings are lost—lost in the house-cleaning. What if they were old and broken! I loved them. So is it any wonder I think house-cleaning is a dreadful thing?

When I grow up to be a big woman, I mean never to clean house at all, but be just as dirty and happy as I can.

MR. TONGUE.

My friend, Mr. Tongue,
He lives in my mouth,
He's red as a rose,
And as warm as the South.
He has not a foot,
But how quickly he goes,
My little friend Tongue,
As red as a rose.

THE CHICKENS.

Said the first little chicken,
With a queer little squirm,
"I wish I could find
A fat little worm."

Said the next little chicken,
With an odd little shrug,
"I wish I could find
A fat little slug."

Said the third little chicken,
With a sharp little squeal,
"I wish I could find
Some nice yellow meal."

Said the fourth little chicken,
With a small sigh of grief,
"I wish I could find
A little green leaf."

Said the fifth little chicken,
With a faint little moan,
"I wish I could find
A wee gravel stone."

"Now, see here," said the mother,
From the green garden patch,
"If you want any breakfast,
Just come here and scratch."

LITTLE LIZETTE.

KATHERINE S. ALCORN.

As little Lizette was out walking one day,
Attired with great splendor in festal array,
She met little Gretchen, in sober-hued gown,
With a basket of eggs, trudging off to the town.

"Good-morning! Good morning!" cried little Lizette,
"You haven't been over to visit me yet.
Come over and live with me always; pray do;
For I have no sisters; how many have you?"

"Nein," answered wee Gretchen. Lizette cried, "Ah, me!
I have to pretend I have sisters, you see.
But try as I will, I can't make it seem true.
And I have no brothers. How many have you?"

"Nein," answered wee Gretchen.
"Nine!" echoed Lizette.
"Why, you are the luckiest girl I have met!
And have you a baby at home, tell me now?"
"Nein," answered wee Gretchen, and made a droll bow.

Then lingered Lizette by the roadside that day,
To watch the wee maiden go trudging away.
"Nine brothers, nine sisters, nine babies to pet!
Oh, I wish I was Gretchen!" sighed little Lizette.

—*St. Nicholas.*

TALE OF A DOG AND A BEE.

Great big dog,
Head upon his toes;
Tiny little bee
Settles on his nose.

Great big dog
Thinks it is a fly,
Never says a word,
Winks mighty sly.

Tiny little bee
Tickles dog's nose—
Thinks like as not
'Tis a blooming rose.

Dog smiles a smile,
Winks his other eye,
Chuckles to himself
How he'll catch a fly.

Then he makes a snap,
Mighty quick and spry,
Gets the little bug,
But doesn't catch the fly.

Tiny little bee,
Alive and looking well,
Great big dog,
Mostly gone to swell.

MORAL.

Dear friends and brothers, all,
Don't be too fast and free,
And when you catch a fly
Be sure it ain't a bee.

THE BUSY BEE AND MULE.

How doth the little busy bee
  Improve each shining hour,
And gather stores of honey by,
  To eat in winter's hours?

How doth the little busy mule
  Toil patiently all day,
And switch his tail, and elevate
  His lofty ears, and bray?

How doth his eye, with drowsy gleam,
  Let naught escape his ken,
But when he elevates his heels,
  Where is the driver then?

WHO WAS SHE?

I was going down the walk,
  So pleasant, cool and shady;
Right in the middle of the path
  I met a little lady.

I made to her my sweetest bow;
  She only walked on faster.
I smiled, and said, "Good-morning, ma'am!"
  The moment that I passed her.

She never noticed me at all,
  I really felt quite slighted;
I thought, "I'll follow you—I will—
  Altho' I'm not invited."

Perhaps you think me very rude,
  But then, she looked so funny—
From head to foot all dressed in fur
  This summer day so sunny.

She didn't mind the heat at all,
  But wrapped the fur around her,
And hurried on, as if to say,
  "I'll 'tend to my own gown, sir!"

I followed her the whole way home,
  Her home was in my garden,
Beneath my choicest vine—and yet
  She never asked my pardon.

I never heard her speak a word;
  But once I heard the miller,
Coming down the sidewalk, say,
  "There goes Miss Caterpillar!"

THE LITTLE TEACHER.

(Little Mary addresses her doll, which is seated in a chair.)

Well, little girl, you wish to come to school, do you? I hope you are a very good girl, and will not give me any trouble. What is your name? Lucy, is it? Well, Lucy, do you know your letters? Can you read and spell and write? You don't know anything, eh? How shocking! Well, then, I will try to teach you how to spell your name the first thing, because every little girl, when she is as big as you, ought to know how to spell her name. Lucy—that's an easy name to spell. Now say "L"—you can remember that if you'll just think of "Aunt El.;" then "U"—u, remember, not me—that's L-U. Next comes "C"—that's what you do with your eyes, you know—"C." L-U-C, and the last is "Y," that's easy—"Y." Why, of course! And now you have it all!—L (for Aunt El.)-U (not me)-C (with your eyes)-and Y (why, of course)—Lucy.

That is very good. You'll soon be a good scholar, I see! Now you may take a recess.

THE GUNNER AND THE BIRD.

A little bird sat in a cherry tree,
Singing its song of chink, chink, chee;
A man came by with a dog and gun,
And shot the birdie, just for fun;
At least that's all he had to say,
When on the ground the birdie lay,
With a broken wing and a hole in its side;
It fluttered and squeaked, and then it died,
And sister and I just stood and cried.

I'd rather be a dog or a cat,
Or the meanest kind of a big gray rat,
Than an ugly man with a dog and gun,
Who shot a birdie just for fun.

AMONG THE ANIMALS.

One rainy morning,
Just for a lark,
I jumped and stamped
On my new Noah's ark.

I crushed an elephant,
Smashed a gnu,
And snapped a camel
Clean in two.

I finished the wolf
Without half trying,
Then the wild hyena
And roaring lion.

I knocked down Ham
And Japhet too,
And cracked the legs
Of the kangaroo.

I finished, besides,
Two pigs and a donkey,
A polar bear,
Opossum, and monkey.

Also the lions,
Tigers, and cats,
And dromedaries,
And tiny rats.

There wasn't a thing
That didn't feel,
Sooner or later,
The weight of my heel.

I felt as grand
As grand could be—
But, oh! the whipping
My mamma gave me!

GOOD COMPANY.

"I'll try" is a soldier,
"I will" is a king:
Be sure they are near
When the school bells ring.

When school days are over,
And boys are men,
"I will try" and "I will"
Are good friends then.

—*Harper's Young People.*

DO YOUR BEST.

Do your best, your very best,
And do it every day.
Little boys and little girls,
That is the wisest way.

Whatever work comes to your hand,
At home or at your school,
Do your best with right good will
It is a golden rule.

For he who always does his best,
His best will better grow;
But he who shirks or slights his task,
Lets all the better go.

What if your lessons should be hard?
You need not yield to sorrow,
For he who bravely works to-day,
His task grows bright to-morrow

A BOY'S OPINION.

The girls may have their dollies,
Made of china or of wax;
I prefer a little hammer,
And a paper full of tacks.

There's such comfort in a chisel!
And such music in a file!
I wish that little pocket-saws
Would get to be the style!

My kite may fly up in the tree;
My sled be stuck in mud;
And all my hopes of digging wells
Be nipped off in the bud.

But with a little box of nails,
A gimlet and a screw,
I'm happier than any king;
I've work enough to do.

JACK AND THE RABBIT.

A gay little rabbit,
Of frolicsome habit,
Went out for a cool midnight stroll;
And a strange fixture meeting,
Though it set his heart beating,
"Dear me!" said the rabbit, "how droll!"

He stopped for a minute,
To see what was in it,
And nibbled a bit at the bait;
Very tempting he found it,
He walked all around it,
And then he went in at the gate.

But quicker than winking,
And quicker than thinking,
Master Rabbit was swung on high,
And not a bit tardy,
Came little Jack Hardy
From where he'd been hiding close by.

The old moon was crying,
The pine-trees were sighing,
And I think that the stars were in tears,
As into his casket,
Jack's snug, covered basket,
Poor Bunny was dropped by the ears.

Then Jack fled the gateway,
In order that straightway
Some other good game he might trap,
When Bunny kicked over
The basket and cover,
And scampered off to his home and his wife!

A LITTLE SONG.

Sing a song of summer-time
Coming by and by,
Four-and-twenty blackbirds
Sailing through the sky;
When the season opens
They'll all begin to sing,
And make the finest concert
Ever heard upon the wing.
Blackbirds, yellowbirds,
Robins and the wrens,
All coming home again
When the winter ends.

Sing a song of summer-time,
Coming very soon,
With the beauty of the May,
The glory of the June.
Now the busy farmer toils,
Intent on crops and money,
Now the velvet bees are out
Hunting after honey.
Well they know the flowery nooks
Bathed in sunshine mellow,
Where the morning-glories are,
And roses pink and yellow.

Youth's Companion.

A NEW YEAR'S TALK.

"Here I am." said the New Year, popping his head in at the door.

"Oh! there you are eh?" replied the Old Year. "Come in and let me have a look at you, and shut the door after you, please!"

The New Year stepped lightly in, and closed the door carefully.

"Frosty night," he said. "Fine and clear, though. I have had a delightful journey."

"Humph!" said the old year. "I don't expect to find it delightful, with this rheumatism racking my bones. A long, cold drive, I call it; but to be sure, I thought it pleasant when I was your age, youngster. Is the sleigh waiting?"

"Yes," replied the other. "But there is no hurry. Wait a bit, and tell me how matters are in these parts."

"So, so!" the Old Year answered, shaking his head. "They might be better, and yet I suppose they might be worse, too. They were worse before I came; much worse, too. I have done a great deal. Now I expect you,

my boy, to follow my example, and be a good year all the way through."

"I shall do my best," said the New Year, "depend upon it! And now tell me a little what there is to do."

"In the first place," replied the other, "you have the weather to attend to. To be sure, you have a clerk to help you in that, but he is not always to be depended upon; there is a great deal of work in the department. The seasons have a way of running into each other, and getting mixed, if you don't keep a sharp lookout on them; and the months are a troublesome, unruly set. Then you must be careful how to turn on wet and dry weather; your reputation depends in a great measure on that. But you must not expect to satisfy everybody, for that is impossible. If you try to please the farmers the city people will complain; and if you devote yourself to the cities, the country people will call you all manner of names. I had rather devote myself to apples and that sort of a thing; everybody speaks of me as 'a great apple year;' 'a glorious year for grapes!' and so on. That is very gratifying to me. And one thing I want you to do very carefully; that is, to watch the leaves that are turned."

"I thought Autumn attended to that sort of thing," said his companion.

"I don't mean leaves of trees," said the Old Year. "But at the beginning of a year, half the people in the world say, 'I am going to turn over a new leaf!' meaning they intend to behave themselves better in various respects. As a rule, leaves do not stay turned over. I know a great many little boys who promised me to turn over a new leaf in regard to tearing their clothes, and losing their jack-knives, and bringing mud into the house on their boots, and little girls who were going to keep their bureau drawers tidy and their boot buttons sewed on. But I haven't seen much improvement in most of them. Indeed, what can you expect of the children, when the parents set them the example? Why, there is a man in this neighborhood who has turned over a new leaf in the matter of smoking every year since 1868, and after the first week of each New Year, he smokes like a chimney all the rest of the year."

"What is his name?" inquired 1892, taking out his note-book.

"His name is Smith—John Smith," said the Old Year. "There are a great many of them, and all the rest are probably as bad as the particular one I mention, so you need not be too particular."

"I'll attend to it," said the New Year. "Any other suggestions?"

"Well," said the Old Year, smiling, "I have never found that young people, or young years, were very apt to profit by good advice. You must go your own way after all. Don't start any new inventions—there have been quite enough lately. Above all, take care of the children, and give them all the good weather you can conscientiously. And now," he added, rising slowly and stiffly from his seat by the fire, "the horses are getting impatient, and my time is nearly up, so I start on my long drive. You will find everything in pretty good shape, I think, though, of course, you will think me an old fogy as perhaps I am. Well! well! good-bye, my boy! Good luck to you! And whenever you hear my name mentioned, try to put in a good word for old 1891.

LAURA E. RICHARD.

TWO KINDS OF FUN.

For Two Boys.

CHARACTERS.

JACK. TOM.

Enter Jack (R.), Tom (L.), meet (C.). Both wear hats. Jack carries a sling-shot.

Tom.—Well, Jack, where have you been this long hot day? (*Removes his hat, wipes his forehead with his handkerchief, and retains his hat in his hand, fanning himself with it.*)

Jack.—Oh, I've been off in the woods, where it was cool. Had lots of fun, too.

Tom.—What doing?

Jack.—Shooting birds with this. [*Holds up sling-shot.*] I tell you it's lots of fun.

Tom.—What did you shoot them for? Don't you like birds?

Jack.—Why, yes, I like them well enough. I like to shoot them, too.

Tom.—Well, I know how I can have some fun. I am coming down to your house early to-morrow morning with a sling-shot, and I'm going to shoot all the lovely flowers in your front yard.

Jack (*angrily*).—Well, I guess you won't. My mother'd have you arrested in a minute.

Tom.—But it would be lots of fun. Just think what a splendid mark those large red roses would be! I just believe I could hit one every time and knock it all to pieces.

Jack (*threateningly*).—Well, I'll just tell you, you hadn't better try it.

Tom.—Why not, I'd like to know? Don't I tell you it would be fun?

Jack.—I don't care if it is fun. You've no right to shoot the flowers. They don't belong to you. They belong to my mother.

Tom.—Oh, pshaw! what of that? A fellow's got to have some fun.

Jack.—You can have all the fun you want, if you don't meddle with things that don't belong to you.

Tom.—Do the beautiful birds in the wood belong to you, I'd like to know?

Jack.—W-e-l-l, no, but that's different.

Tom.—I don't see why it is. The birds belong to God. He made them, just as He did so many other lovely things, to help make the earth beautiful, and I cannot see why you have any more right to steal them away from the earth than I have to take your mother's flowers.

Jack (*thoughtfully*).—Well, maybe you are right. I am sure I never thought about it in that way before.

Tom.—Well, think about it now, and just suppose for a moment that every boy in the city should go out in the woods and kill just one bird.

Jack.—Oh, my! that would be awful. There wouldn't be many birds left, I'm thinking. I'll tell you what it is, Tom, I'll never shoot another bird. Here, do you want my sling-shot? (*Offers it.*)

Tom.—No, thank you, Jack; that's something my mother will not allow me to own; and if I were you, I wouldn't give it to any one. I'd take it home and put it in the fire.

Jack.—I believe I will.

Tom.—And let us get all the other boys who have them to burn them up.

Jack.—Yes, and let us form a "Club," like the big fellows do, and let us call it the "Anti-Sling-Shot Club," and get all the boys to join it.

Tom.—That would be fun.

Jack.—Yes, and fun for the birds, too, wouldn't it?

Tom.—Yes, indeed. You see there are two kinds of fun, don't you—the real and the make-believe? And if we can get the boys all waked up about it, so that they'll start the clubs all over the city, the woods around here will soon be full of birds.

Jack.—Well, let's be off and find some of the boys. Getting up these clubs will be the very thing for the vacation. But first we must go to my house, so that I can burn my sling-shot.

Tom.—All right, come on. You've had one kind of fun to-day—now we'll have the other kind. (*Exeunt. Tom leading.*)

FOUR CELEBRATED CHARACTERS.

A simple one act drama for four little girls.

CHARACTERS.

CINDERELLA. SLEEPING BEAUTY.
GOLD SPINNER.

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD.—The child who personates this part should be smaller than the others.

COSTUMES.

CINDERELLA.—A ragged calico dress, feet bare, hair flowing, but smooth and tidy.

RED RIDING HOOD.—Long scarlet cloak, with hood.

SLEEPING BEAUTY.—A handsome costume of white, made with train; hair flowing; a garden hat on her head.

GOLD SPINNER.—White dress, with train; hair done high on the head, in womanish style; wears a hat.

(*Enter Red Riding Hood* (*R.*), *Cinderella* (*L.*), *meet in centre.*

Cinderella.—Why, Red Riding Hood, is that really you? I thought you were dead long ago.

Red Riding Hood.—Dead? No, indeed. What would become of all the children if I were to die? Who else could amuse them so well as little Red Riding Hood?

Cinderella.—They might take up with me, I suppose. But, indeed, I cannot understand how you can be alive. I am sure the old wolf ate you up.

Red Riding Hood.—Yes, but you forget the rest of the story,—how the hunter chanced to come along and cut the wolf open, so that both my grandmother and I were set free. But where are you going?

Cinderella.—They have sent for me to come up to the palace and try on a glass slipper.

Red Riding Hood.—A glass slipper?

Cinderella.—Yes, and I don't mind telling you a secret—because you look as if you could keep one. I know the slipper will fit me, because it is mine, and I have the mate to it in my pocket.

Red Riding Hood.—But aren't you afraid some one will get there before you do, and put on the slipper, and so claim it.

Cinderella.—No, indeed. Do you suppose there is another foot like that in all the kingdom? [*Holding out her foot.*]

Red Riding Hood.—It certainly is a pretty foot, but are you going to the palace in that ragged dress, and barefoot, too?

Cinderella.—Of course. Have you never heard my story? I am Cinderella.

Red Riding Hood (*reflecting*).—It seems as if I have, yet I do not remember any of it now. You know I don't hear much of what is going on in the world. I just go back and forth to my grandmother's every day.

Cinderella.—Well, my bad step-mother will not give me any decent clothes to wear. So when I wanted to go to the ball at the palace, my god-mother dressed me up very fine indeed; but, as I cannot wear those clothes except at night, in the daytime I go as you now see me.

(*Enter Sleeping Beauty* (*R.*).

Cinderella.—Why, that is the Sleeping Beauty.

Sleeping Beauty.—Good morning. I am so glad to meet some one. I have come a long way alone.

Cinderella.—But when did you awake?

Sleeping Beauty.—Only yesterday.

Cinderella —But since you are awake, there must be a Prince. Where is he?

Sleeping Beauty.—Oh, he has gone hunting, and I was tired of staying in the palace alone, so I come out for a walk. But who are you? [*pointing to Cinderella*], and you? [*pointing to Red Riding Hood.*]

Red Riding Hood.—I am Red Riding Hood, a very celebrated character.

Cinderella.—And I am Cinderella.

Sleeping Beauty —I never heard of either of you before.

Red Riding Hood.—That's because you have been sleeping so long.

Sleeping Beauty.—Well, I shall surely go to sleep again if my Prince does not return pretty soon. I'd rather be asleep than be lonesome. But who is that coming?

(*Enter Goldspinner* (*R.*).

Cinderella.—Oh, that is Gold Spinner. Surely you have heard of her.

Sleeping Beauty.—No, I never have.

Red Riding Hood.—Well, I'm glad I haven't been asleep so long. That's worse than going back and forth to my grandmother's, because I do hear a little news now and then.

Cinderella.—And I would rather wear rags all my life than to sleep so many years.

Gold Spinner (*sharply*).—But why do you stand here, Cinderella, idly chatting? Don't you know you have been sent for? But if there isn't Sleeping Beauty! Good morning to you. I am glad to see you awake.

Sleeping Beauty.—I thank you, but why are you hurrying Cinderella away? Surely, nobody wants her, unless it is to clean the pots and kettles.

Gold Spinner.—Indeed, there you make a very great mistake. My eldest son, who, you remember, is the one that the bad Lumberleg——

Sleeping Beauty.—Why no, what is it about Lumberleg? I never heard of him before.

Red Riding Hood.—Oh, she doesn't know anything hardly. She hadn't even heard of me!

Gold Spinner.—Well, I declare, are you there, Little Red Riding Hood? You do beat all the children I ever saw for getting out of tight places. Of course, Sleeping Beauty can't be expected to know all about these stirring events, since she has been asleep so long. But come, Cinderella, why don't you hurry along? You know the Prince will marry you, if the slipper fits you, and a prince like him is not to be found every day.

Red Riding Hood.—Oh, poor Cinderella, I don't believe that I should want to marry even a prince. That's worse than being eaten by a wolf, because when you're in, you can't get out.

Sleeping Beauty (*sighing*).—No, indeed, I wouldn't advise any one to marry a Prince.

Cinderella.—But my Prince is different from all the others—so lovely, so charming.

(*Exit* (*R.*) *running.*)

Sleeping Beauty.—But what in the world can he want with that little rag-a-muffin?

Gold Spinner.—Oh, Cinderella is very lovely in spite of her old clothes, and my son is wise enough to know it. Oh, but it was a happy day for me when I found out old Lumberleg's name.

Sleeping Beauty.—Do tell me about old Lumberleg. Maybe it will drive away my lonesomeness.

Gold Spinner.—Well, come with me, and I will tell you all about him. Good-bye, Little Red Riding Hood.

Sleeping Beauty.—Oh, yes, I almost forgot you. Good-bye. Come up to the palace some day and see me.

(*Exit* (*R.*). *Sleeping Beauty and Gold Spinner, arm in arm.*)

Red Riding Hood (*calling after them*) good-bye (*facing the audience*).—And now I must hurry along. I've stood here so long, I'm afraid grandmother's soup is cold. I hope I shan't meet any wolves to-day.

(*Exit* (*L.*).)

TABLEAUX.

YOU CANT FIND ME.

A chair with a large shawl carelessly arranged over it. A child's smiling face peeping out from behind the drapery, while its body is hidden. One hand holds the drapery aside from the face.

THE MATCH-BOY.

A small boy in ragged jacket, and old hat pushed back from his forehead, holding a large package under his arm, and some boxes of matches in his extended hand. A little girl handsomely dressed, with open pocket-book in hand and a pitying look on her face is holding a coin ready to give to the boy.

DOLLY'S DOCTOR.

A little girl seated with a doll on her lap. A doll's baby-coach or cradle stands beside her. A boy with high silk hat and long coat touching the floor, with watch in one hand, is holding the wrist of the doll as if feeling its pulse. A caba stands on the floor beside him.

RAISE THE GATES.

Two small girls with hands joined and raised as in the game. A still smaller child is about passing under the "gates." His hands are clasped behind him, and one foot is raised on tip-toe. His back is toward the audience, and his head stretched a little forward.

TIRED OUT.

A child asleep in a large chair. One arm thrown over the arm of the chair; the other in his lap, having just loosened his hold of a picture-book, which lies open on his knee. His mouth is a little open, and his head drooped carelessly forward.

PUTTING THE CHILDREN TO BED.

A toy bedstead in which are placed two or three dolls. A little girl bending over the bed, with her hand in position for tucking in the bed-clothes.

SUNSHINE OR SHOWER.

Three little girls with laughing faces are huddled closely together under a large dilapidated umbrella. The umbrella, held open behind them, forms the back-ground of the picture.

DRESSED FOR THE PARTY.

Little girl in party dress, with fan partly open in her hand, is looking backward over her shoulder. Little boy, also in party dress, is holding a bouquet toward the girl.

THE YOUNG ARTIST.

A small boy holding a large slate, on which is partly drawn with chalk a ludicrous outline of a little girl. Standing near the boy is a little girl with the solemn look of importance on her face befitting the occasion of having her portrait made. The boy holds his crayon on the unfinished picture, and he is looking intently at the girl as if studying his subject.

GESTURE

AND

EXPRESSION.

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THE following series of sixteen pictures suggests a framework about which the fancy may weave a romance, and the student of expression may see an emotion carried from its incipience by a logical sequence to its extreme. It also shows clearly the changes of expression, gesture and pose necessary in passing from the portrayal of each emotion to the next of the series. We may imagine a woman of deep, passionate nature awaiting the coming of one beloved. *Anticipation* deepens into *Expectation* and that into supreme *Joy* as she becomes conscious of his approach. Then follows the *Greeting* and the *Blessing;* after which she *Invites* him to remain with her, and he *Hesitates.* Love is strong, and she *Entreats*, while he *Rejects.* Stung by his manner, she *Commands* obedience only to be met by his *Defiance.* Upon this she angrily *Accuses* him, and his *Guilt* being *Fear*, in rage she threatens him with *Vengeance*, while he, in *Fear*, slinks away. Left alone, her first emotion is *Contempt* for so vile a wretch, which is quickly followed by *Horror* at her discovery. Slowly it dawns upon her that all her hopes are crushed and she is bowed with *Grief*, which, deepened and intensified into *Mourning*, quickly leads to *Despair.* Then the cords of the heart snap, the mind gives way—and *Madness* ends the tragedy.

ANTICIPATION. 401

402 EXPECTATION

DESPAIR. 415

416 MADNESS.

John Ploughman's Pictures,

—OR—

PLAIN TALK FOR PLAIN PEOPLE.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

Many of the following "Plain Talks," by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, though not originally written for the purpose of being spoken are nevertheless appropriate for recitation at entertainments, as well as being very interesting reading at any time.

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IF THE CAP FITS, WEAR IT.

FRIENDLY READERS,

Last time I made a book I trod on some people's corns and bunions, and they wrote me angry letters, asking, "Did you mean me?" This time, to save them the expense of a half-penny card, I will begin my book by saying—

Whether I please or whether I tease,
I'll give you my honest mind;
If the cap should fit, pray wear it a bit,
If not, you can leave it behind.

No offence is meant; but if anything in these pages should come home to a man, let him not send it next door, but get a coop for his own chickens. What is the use of reading or hearing for other people? We do not eat and drink for them; why should we lend them our ears and not our mouths? Please then, good friend, if you find a hoe on these premises, weed your own garden with it.

I was speaking with Will Shepherd the other day about our master's old donkey, and I said, "He is so old and stubborn, he really is not worth his keep." "No," said Will, "and worse still, he is so vicious, that I feel sure he'll do somebody a mischief one of these days." You know they say that walls have ears; we were talking rather loud, but we did not know that there were ears to haystacks. We stared, I tell you, when we saw Joe Scroggs come from behind the stack, looking as red as a turkey-cock, and raving like mad. He burst out swearing at Will and me, like a cat spitting at a dog. His monkey was up and no mistake. He'd let us know that he was as good a man as either of us, or the two put together, for the matter of that. Talking about *him* in that way; he'd do—I don't know what. I told old Joe we had never thought of him, nor said a word about him, and he might just as well save his breath to cool his porridge, for nobody meant him any harm. This only made him call me a liar, and roar the louder. My friend, Will, was walking away, holding his sides, but when he saw that Scroggs was still in a fume, he laughed outright, and turned round on him and said, "Why, Joe, we were talking about master's old donkey, and not about you; but, upon my word, I shall never see that donkey again without thinking of Joe Scroggs." Joe puffed and blowed, but perhaps he thought it an awkward job, for he backed out of it, and Will and I went off to our work in rather a merry cue, for old Joe had blundered on the truth about himself for once in his life.

The aforesaid Will Shepherd has sometimes come down rather heavy upon me in his remarks, but it has done me good. It is partly through his home thrusts that I have come to write this new book, for he thought I was idle; perhaps I am, and perhaps I am not. Will forgets that I have other fish to fry and tails to butter; and he does not recollect that a ploughman's mind wants to lie fallow a little, and can't give a crop every year. It is hard to make rope when your hemp is all used up, or pancakes without batter, or rook pie without the birds; and so I found it hard to write more when I had said just about all I knew. Giving much to the poor doth increase a man's store, but it is not the same with writing; at least, I am such a poor scribe that I don't find it come because I pull. If your thoughts only flow by drops, you can't pour them out in bucketfuls.

However, Will has ferreted me out, and I am obliged to him so far. I told him the other day, what the winkle said to the pin: "Thank you for drawing me out, but you are rather sharp about it." Still, Master Will is not far from the mark; after three hundred thousand people had bought my book it certainly was time to write another; so, though I am not a hatter, I will again turn cap-maker, and those who have heads may try on my wares; those who have none won't touch them.

So, friends,

I am, Yours, rough and ready,

JOHN PLOUGHMAN.

BURN A CANDLE AT BOTH ENDS, AND IT WILL SOON BE GONE.

Well may he scratch his head who burns his candle at both ends; but, do what he may, his light will soon be gone, and he will be all in the dark. Young Jack Careless squandered his property, and now he is without a shoe to his foot. His was a case of "easy come, easy go; soon gotten, soon spent." He that earns an estate will keep it better than he that inherits it. As the Scotchman says, "He that gets gear before he gets wit is but a short time master of it," and so it was with Jack. His money burnt holes in his pocket. He could not get rid of it fast enough himself, and so he got a pretty set to help him, which they did by helping themselves. His fortune went like a pound of meat in a kennel of hounds. He was everybody's friend, and now he is everybody's fool.

He came in to Old Alderman Greedy's money, for he was his nephew; but, as the old saying is, the fork followed the rake, the spender was heir to the hoarder. God has been very merciful to some of us in never letting money come rolling in upon us, for most men are carried off their legs if they meet with a great wave of fortune. Many of us would have been bigger sinners if we had been trusted with larger purses. Poor Jack had plenty of pence, but little sense. Money is easier made than made use of. What is hard to gather is easy to scatter. The old gentleman had lined his nest well, but Jack made the feathers fly like flakes of snow in winter-time. He got rid of his money by shovelfuls and then by cartloads. After spending the interest, he began swallowing the capital, and so killed the goose that laid the golden eggs. He squandered his silver and gold, in ways which must never be told. It would not go fast enough, and so he bought race-horses to run away with it. He got into the hands of blacklegs, and fell into company of which we shall say but little; only when such madams smile, men's purses weep: these are a well without a bottom, and the more a fool throws in, the more he may. The greatest beauty often causes the greatest ruin. Play, women, and wine are enough to make a prince a pauper.

Always taking out and never putting back soon empties the biggest sack, and so Jack found it; but he took no notice till his last shilling bade him good-bye, and then he said he had been robbed; like silly Tom who put his finger in the fire and said it was his bad luck.

> His money once flashed like dew in the sun;
> When bills came due, of cash he had none;

"Drink and let drink" was his motto; every day was a holiday and every holiday was a feast. The best of wines and the dearest of dainties suited his tooth, for he meant to lead a pig's life, which they say is short and sweet. Truly, he went the whole hog. The old saying is, "a glutton young, a beggar old," and he seemed set upon proving it true. A fat kitchen makes a lean will; but he can make his will on his finger-nail, and leave room for a dozen codicils. In fact, he never will want a will at all, for he will leave nothing behind him but old scores. Of all his estate there is not enough left to bury him with. What he threw away in his prosperity would have kept a coat on his back and a dumpling in his pot to his life's end; but he never looked beyond his nose, and could not see to the end of that. He laughed at prudence, and now prudence frowns at him. Punishment is lame, but it comes at last. He pays the cost of his folly in body and in soul, in purse and in person, and yet he is still a fool, and would dance to the same tune again if he had another chance. His light purse brings him a heavy heart, but he couldn't have his cake and eat it too. As he that is drunk at night is dry in the morning, so he that lavished money when he

had it feels the want of it all the more when it is gone. His old friends have quite dropped him; they have squeezed the orange, and now they throw away the peel. As well look for milk from a pigeon as help from a fellow who loved you for your beer. Pot friends will let you go to pot, and kick you when you are down.

Jack has worse wants than the want of money, for his character is gone, and he is like a rotten nut, not worth the cracking: the neighbors say he is a ne'er-do-well, not worth calling out of a cabbage garden. Nobody will employ him, for he would not earn his salt, and so he goes from pillar to post, and has not a place to lay his head in. A good name is better than a girdle of gold, and when that is gone, what has a man left?

What has he left? Nothing upon earth! Yet the prodigal son has still a Father in Heaven. Let him arise and go to him, ragged as he is. He may smell of the swine-trough, and yet he may run straight home, and he shall not find the door locked. The great Father will joyfully meet him, and kiss him, and cleanse him, and clothe him, and give him to begin a new and better life. When a sinner is at his worst he is not too bad for the Saviour, if he will but turn from his wickedness and cry unto God for mercy. It's a long lane that has no turning, but the best of all turns is to turn unto the Lord with all your heart. This the great Father will help the penitent prodigal to do. If the candle has been burned all away, the Sun in the heavens is still alight. Look, poor profligate; look to Jesus, and live. His salvation is without money and without price. Though you may not have a penny to bless yourself with, the Lord Jesus will bless you freely. The depths of your misery are not so deep as the depth of God's mercy. If you are faithful and just in confessing the sins you would have forgiven, God will be faithful and just in forgiving the sins which you confess.

But, pray, do not go on another day as you are, for this very day may be your last. If you will not heed a plain word from John Ploughman, which he means for your good, yet recollect this old-fashioned rhyme, which was copied from a grave-stone:

> The loss of gold is great,
> The loss of health is more,
> But the loss of Christ is such a loss
> As no man can restore.

HUNCHBACK SEES NOT HIS OWN HUMP, BUT HE SEES HIS NEIGHBOR'S.

He points at the man in front of him, but he is a good deal more of a guy himself. He should not laugh at the crooked until he is straight himself, and not then. I hate to hear a raven croak at a crow for being black. A blind man should not blame his brother for squinting, and he who has lost his legs should not sneer at the lame. Yet so it is, the rottenest bough cracks first, and he who should be the last to speak is the first to rail. Bespattered hogs bespatter others, and he who is full of fault finds fault. They are most apt to speak ill of others who do most ill themselves.

> "We're very keen our neighbors hump to see,
> We're blind to that upon our back alone;
> E'en though the lump far greater be,
> It still remains to us unknown."

It does us much hurt to judge our neighbors, because it flatters our conceit, and our pride grows quite fast enough without our feeding. We accuse others to excuse ourselves. We are such fools as to dream that we are better because others are worse, and we talk as if we could get up by pulling others down. What is the good of spying holes in people's coats when we can't mend them? Talk of my debts if you mean to pay them; if not, keep your red rag behind your ivory ridge. A friend's faults should not be advertised, and even a stranger's should not be published. He who brays at an ass is an ass himself, and he who makes a fool of another is a fool himself. Don't get into the

habit of laughing at people, for the old saying is, "Hanging's stretching and mocking's catching."

Some must have their joke whoever they poke;
For the sake of fun mischief is done,
And to air their wit full many they hit.

Jesting is too apt to turn into jeering, and what was meant to tickle makes a wound. It is a pity when my mirth is another man's misery. Before a man cracks a joke he should consider how he would like it himself, for many who give rough blows have very thin skins. Give only what you would be willing to take: some men throw salt on others, but they smart if a pinch of it falls on their own raw places. When they get a Roland for their Oliver, or a tit for their tat, they don't like it; yet nothing is more just. Biters deserve to be bitten.

We may chide a friend, and so prove our friendship, but it must be done very daintily, or we may lose our friend for our pains. Before we rebuke another we must consider, and take heed that we are not guilty of the same thing, for he who cleanses a blot with inky fingers makes it worse. To despise others is a worse fault than any we are likely to see in them, and to make merry over their weaknesses shows our own weakness and our own malice, too. Wit should be a shield for defence, and not a sword for offence. A mocking word cuts worse than a scythe, and the wound is harder to heal. A blow is much sooner forgotten than a jeer. Mocking is shocking. Our minister says "to laugh at infirmity or deformity is an enormity." He is a man who ought to know a thing or two, and he puts a matter as pat as butter.

"Who ridicules his neighbor's frailty
Scoffs at his own in more or less degree;
Much wiser he who others' lets alone,
And tries his hardest to correct his own."

IT IS HARD FOR AN EMPTY SACK TO STAND UPRIGHT.

SAM may try a fine while before he will make one of his empty sacks stand upright. If he were not half daft he would have left off that job before he began it, and not have been an Irishman either. He will come to his wit's end before he sets the sack on its end. The old proverb, printed at the top, was made by a man who had burnt his fingers with debtors, and it just means that when folks have no money and are over head and ears in debt, as often as not they leave off being upright, and tumble over one way or another. He that has but four and spends five will soon need no purse, but he will most likely begin to use his

wits to keep himself afloat, and take to all sorts of dodges to manage it.

Nine times out of ten they begin by making promises to pay on a certain day when it is certain they have nothing to pay with. They are as bold at fixing the time as if they had my lord's income; the day comes round as sure as Christmas, and then they haven't a penny-piece in the world, and so they make all sorts of excuses and begin to promise again. Those who are quick to promise are generally slow to perform. They promise mountains and perform mole-hills. He who gives you fair words and nothing more feeds you with an empty spoon, and hungry creditors soon grow tired of that game. Promises don't fill the belly. Promising men are not great favorites if they are not performing men. When such a fellow is called a liar he thinks he is hardly done by; and yet he is so, as sure as eggs are eggs, and there's no denying it, as the boy said when the gardener caught him up the cherry-tree. People don't think much of a man's piety when his promises are like pie-crust, made to be broken; they generally turn crusty themselves and give him a bit of their mind. Like old Tusser, who said of such an one:

'His promise to trust to is slippery as ice,
His credit much like to the chance of the dice.'

Creditors have better memories than debtors, and when they have been taken in more than

once they think it is time that the fox went to the furrier, and they had their share of his skin. Waiting for your money does not sweeten a man's temper, and a few lies on the top of it turn the milk of human kindness into sour stuff. Here is an old-fashioned saying which a bad payer may put in his pipe, and smoke or not, as he likes:

> "He that promiseth till no man will trust him,
> He that lieth till no man will believe him,
> He that borroweth till no man will lend him,
> Let him go where no man knoweth him."

Hungry dogs will eat dirty puddings, and people who are hard up very often do dirty actions. Blessed be God, there is some cloth still made which will not shrink in the wetting, and some honesty which holds on under misfortune; but too often debt is the worst kind of poverty, because it breeds deceit. Men do not like to face their circumstances, and so they turn their backs on the truth. They try all sorts of schemes to get out of their difficulties, and like the Banbury tinker, they make three holes in the saucepan to mend one. They are like Pedley, who burnt a penny candle in looking for a farthing. They borrow of Peter to pay Paul, and then Peter is let in for it. To avoid a brook they leap into a river, for they borrow at ruinous interest to pay off those who squeeze them tight. By ordering goods which they cannot pay for, and selling them for whatever they can get, they may put off one evil day, but they only bring on another. One trick needs another trick to back it up, and thus they go on over shoes and then over boots. Hoping that something will turn up, they go on raking for the moon in a ditch, and all the luck that comes to them is like Johnny Toy's, who lost a shilling and found a two-penny loaf. Any short cut tempts them out of the high road of honesty, and they find after awhile that they have gone miles out of their way. At last people fight shy of them, and say that they are as honest as a cat when the meat is out of reach, and they murmur that plain dealing is dead, and died without issue. Who wonders? People who are bitten once are in no hurry to put their fingers into the same mouth again. You don't trust a horse's heels after it has kicked you, nor lean on a staff which has once broken. Too much cunning overdoes its work, and in the long run there is no craft which is so wise as simple honesty.

I would not be hard on a poor fellow nor a bankrupt. All is not lost while pour water on a drowned mouse: If through misfortune, the man can't pay, why he can't pay, and let him say so, and do the honest thing with what little he has, and kind hearts will feel for him. A wise man does at first what a fool does at last. The worst of it is that debtors will hold on long after it is honest to do so, and they try to persuade themselves that their ship will come home, or their cats will grow into cows. It is hard to sail over the sea in an egg-shell, and it is not much easier to pay your way when your capital is all gone. Out of nothing comes nothing, and you may turn your nothing over a long time before it will grow into a ten-pound note. The way to Babylon will never bring you to Jerusalem, and borrowing and diving deeper into debt, will never get a man out of difficulties.

The world is a ladder for some to go up and some to go down, but there is no need to lose your character because you lose your money. Some people jump out of the frying-pan into the fire; for fear of being paupers they become rogues. You find them slippery customers; you can't bind them to anything: you think you, have got them, but you can't hold them any longer than you can keep a cat in a wheelbarrow. They can jump over nine hedges, and nine more after that. They always deceive you and then plead the badness of the times, or the sickness of their family. You cannot help them, for there's no telling where they are. It is always best to let them come to the end of their tether, for when they are cleaned out of their old rubbish they may perhaps begin in a better fashion. You cannot get out of a sack what is not in it, and when a man's purse is as bare as the back of your hand, the longer you patch him up the barer he will become, like Bill Bones, who cut up his coat to patch his waistcoat, and then used his trousers to mend his coat, and at last had to lie in bed for want of a rag to cover him.

Let the poor, unfortunate tradesman hold to his honesty as he would to his life. The straight road is the shortest cut. Better break stones on the road than break the law of God. Faith in God should save a Christian man from anything like a dirty action; let him not even think of playing a trick, for you cannot touch pitch without being defiled therewith. Christ and a crust is riches, but a broken character is the worst of

remains; but still *it is hard to make an empty sack stand upright.*

There are other ways of using the old saying. It is hard for a hypocrite to keep up his profession. Empty sacks can't stand upright in a church any better than a granary. Prating does not make saints, or there would be plenty of them. Some talkatives have not religion enough to flavor soup for a sick grasshopper, and they have to be mighty cunning to keep the game going. Long prayers and loud professions only deceive the simple, and those who see further than the surface soon spy out the wolf under the sheepskin.

All hope of salvation by our own good works is a foolish attempt to make an empty sack stand upright. We are undeserving, ill-deserving, hell-deserving sinners at the best. The law of God must be kept without a single failure if we hope to be accepted by it; but there is not one among us who has lived a day without sin. No, we are a lot of empty sacks, and unless the merits of Christ are put into us to fill up, we cannot stand in the sight of God. The law condemns us already, and to hope for salvation by it is to run to the gallows to prolong our lives. There is a full Christ for empty sinners, but those who hope to fill themselves will find their hopes fail them.

HE WHO WOULD PLEASE ALL WILL LOSE HIS DONKEY AND BE LAUGHED AT FOR HIS PAINS.

HERE'S a queer picture, and this is the story which goes with it; you shall have it just as I found it in an old book. "An old man and his young son were driving an ass before them to the next market to sell. 'Why have you no more wit,' says one to the man upon the way, 'than you and your son to trudge it a-foot, and let the ass go light?' So the old man set his son upon the ass, and footed it himself. 'Why, sirrah,' says another after this, to the boy, 'ye lazy rogue, you, must you ride, and let your old father go a-foot?' The old man upon this took down his son, and got up himself. 'Do you see,' says a third, 'how the lazy old knave rides himself, and the poor young fellow has much ado to creep after him?' The father, upon this, took up his son behind him. The next they met asked the old man whether the ass was his own or no? He said, 'Yes.' 'Troth, there's little sign on't,' says the other, 'by your loading him thus.' 'Well,' says the old man to himself, 'and what am I to do now? for I'm laughed at if either the ass be empty, or if *one* of us rides, or *both*;' and so he came to the conclusion to bind the ass's legs together with a cord, and they tried to carry him to market with a pole upon their shoulders, betwixt them. This was sport to everybody that saw it, inasmuch that the old man in great wrath threw down the ass into the river, and so went his way home again. The good man, in fine, was willing to please everybody, but had the ill-fortune to please nobody, and lost his ass into the bargain."

He who will not go to bed till he pleases everybody will have to sit up a great many nights. Many men, many minds; many women, many whims; and so if we please one we are sure to set another grumbling. We had better wait till they are all of one mind before we mind them, or we shall be like the man who hunted many hares at once and caught none. Besides, the fancies of men alter, and folly is never long pleased with the same thing, but changes its palate, and grows sick of what it doted on. Will Shepherd says he once tried to serve two masters, but, says he, "I soon had enough of it, and I declare that, if I was pardoned this once, the next time they caught me at it they might pickle me in salt and souse me in boiling vinegar."

"He who would general favor win
And not himself offend,
To-day the task he may begin,
He'll never, never end."

If we dance to every fiddle we shall soon be

lame in both legs. Good nature may be a great misfortune if we do not mix prudence with it.

He that all men would please
Shall never find ease.

It is right to be obliging, but we are not obliged to be every man's lackey. Put your hand quickly to your hat, for that is courtesy; but don't bow your head at every man's bidding, for that is slavery. He who hopes to please all should first fit the moon with a suit of clothes, or fill a bottomless barrel with buckets with their hoops off. To live upon the praises of others is to feed on the air; for what is praise but the breath of men's nostrils? That's poor stuff to make a dinner of. To set traps for claps, and to faint if you don't get them, is a childish thing; and to change your coat to please new company is as mean as dirt. Change for the better as often as you like, but mind it is better before you change. Tom of Bedlam never did a madder thing than he who tried to to please a thousand masters at once; one is quite enough. If a man pleases God he may let the world wag its own way, and frown or flatter, as the maggot bites. What is there, after all, to frighten a man in a fool's grin, or in the frown of a poor mortal like yourself? If it mattered at all what the world says of us, it would be some comfort that when a good man is buried people say, "He was not a bad fellow after all." When the cow is dead we hear how much milk she gave. When the man's gone to heaven folks know their loss, and wonder how it was they did not treat him better.

The way of pleasing men is hard, but blessed are they who please God. He is not a free man who is afraid to think for himself, for if his thoughts are in bonds the man is not free. A man of God is a manly man. A true man does what he thinks to be right, whether the pigs grunt or the dogs howl. Are you afraid to follow out your conscience because Tom, Jack, and Harry, or Mary Ann and Betsy, would laugh at you? Then you are not the seventy-fifth cousin to John Ploughman, who goes on his way whistling merrily, though many find fault with himself, and his plough, and his horses, and his harness, and his boots, and his coat, and his waistcoat, and his hat, and his head, and every hair on it. John says it amuses them and doesn't hurt him; but depend on it you will never catch John or his boys carrying the donkey.

ALL ARE NOT HUNTERS THAT BLOW THE HORN.

He does not look much like a hunter! Nimrod would never own him. But how he blows! Goodness, gracious, what a row! as the linnet said when he heard a donkey singing his evening hymn. There's more goes to ploughing than knowing how to whistle, and hunting is not all tally-ho and horn-blowing. Appearances are deceitful. Outward show is not everything. All are not butchers that carry a steel, and all are not bishops that wear aprons. You must not buy goods by the label; for I have heard that the finer the trade-mark the worse the article. Never have we seen more horn or less hunter than in our picture. Blow away, my hearty, till your toes look out of your boots; there's no fear of your killing either fox or stag!

Now, the more people blow, the more they may, but he is a fool who believes all they say. As a rule, the smallest boy carries the biggest fiddle, and he who makes most boast has least roast. He who has least wisdom has most vanity. John Lackland is wonderfully fond of being called Esquire, and there's none so pleased at being dubbed a doctor as the man who least deserves it. Many a D.D. is fiddle-dee-dee. I have heard say, "Always talk big and somebody will think you great," but my old friend Will Shepherd says, "Save your wind for running up a hill, and don't give us big words off a weak stomach. Look," said he once to me, "There's Solomon Braggs hold-

ing up his head like a hen drinking water, but there's nothing in it. With him it's much din and little done."

> "Of all speculations the market holds forth,
> The best that I know for a lover of pelf,
> Were to buy up this Braggs at the price he is worth,
> And sell him—at that which he sets on himself."

Before honor is humility, but a prating fool shall fall, and when he falls very few will be in a hurry to pick him up.

A long tongue generally goes with a short hand. We are most of us better at saying than doing. We can all tattle away from the battle, but many fly when the battle is nigh.

Some are all sound and fury, and when they have bragged their brag, all is over, and *amen.* The fat Dutchman was the wisest pilot in Flushing, only he never went to sea; and the Irishman was the finest rider in Connaught, only he would never trust himself on a horse, because, as he said, "he generally fell off before he got on." A bachelor's wife is always well managed, and old maids always bring up their children in fine style. We think we can do what we are not called to, and if by chance the thing falls to our lot we do worse than those we blamed. Hence it is wise to be slow in foretelling what we will do, for—

> "Thus saith the proverb of the wise,
> 'Who boasteth least tells fewest lies.'"

There is another old rhyme which is as full of reason as a pod is full of peas,—

> "Little money is soonest spended;
> Fewest words are soonest mended."

Of course, every potter praises his own pot, and we can all toot a little on our own trumpet, but some blow as if nobody ever had a horn but themselves. "After me the flood," says the mighty big man, and whether it be so or no we have floods enough while he lives. I mean floods of words, words, words, enough to drown all your senses. O that the man had a mouth big enough to say all he has to say at one go, and have done with it: but then one had need get to the other end of the world till his talk had run itself dry. O for a quiet hay-loft, or a saw pit, or a dungeon, where the sound of the jawbone would no more be heard. They say a brain is worth little if you have not a tongue; but what is a tongue worth without a brain? Bellowing is all very well, but the cow for me is that which fills the pail. A braying ass eats little hay, and that's a saving in fodder; but a barking dog catches no game, and that's a loss to the owner. Noise is no profit, and talk hinders work.

When a man's song is in his praise, let the hymn be short metre, and let the tune be in the minor key. He who talks for ever about himself has a foolish subject, and is likely to worry and weary all around him. Good wine needs no bush, and a man who can do well seldom boasts about it. The emptiest tub makes the loudest noise. Those who give themselves out to be fine shots kill very few birds, and many a crack ploughman does a shorter day's work than plain John, though he is nothing off the common; and so, on the whole, it is pretty clear that the best huntsmen are not those who are for everlastingly blowing the horn.

A HANDSAW IS A GOOD THING, BUT NOT TO SHAVE WITH.

Our friend will cut more than he will eat, and shave off something more than hair, and then he will blame the saw. His brains don't lie in his beard, nor yet in the skull above it, or he would see that his saw will only make sores. There's sense in choosing your tools, for a pig's tail will never make a good arrow, nor will his ear make a silk purse. You can't catch rabbits with drums, nor pigeons with plums. A good

thing is not good out of its place. It is much the same with lads and girls; you can't put all boys to one trade, nor send all girls to the same service. One chap will make a London clerk, and another will do better to plough, and sow, and reap, and mow, and be a farmer's boy. It's no use forcing them; a snail will never run a a race, nor a mouse drive a wagon.

"Send a boy to the well against his will,
The pitcher will break and the water spill."

With unwilling hounds it is hard to hunt hares. To go against nature and inclination is to row against wind and tide. They say you may praise a fool till you make him useful: I don't know so much about that, but I do know that if I get a bad knife I generally cut my finger, and a blunt axe is more trouble than profit. No, let me shave with a razor if I shave at all, and do my work with the best tools I can get.

Never set a man to work he is not fit for, for he will never do it well. They say that if pigs fly they always go with their tails forward, and awkward workmen are much the same. Nobody expects cows to catch crows, or hens to wear hats. There's reason in roasting eggs, and there should be reason in choosing servants. Don't put a round peg into a square hole, nor wind up your watch with a corkscrew, nor set a tender-hearted man to whip wife-beaters, nor a bear to be a relieving-officer, nor a publican to judge of the licensing laws. Get the right man in the right place, and then all goes as smooth as skates on ice; but the wrong man puts all awry as the sow did when she folded the linen.

It is a temptation to many to trust them with money: don't put them to take care of it if you ever wish to see it again. Never set a cat to watch cream, nor a pig to gather peaches, for if the cream and the peaches go a-missing you will have yourself to thank for it. It is a sin to put people where they are likely to sin. If you believe the old saying, that when you set a beggar on horseback he will ride to the devil, don't let him have a horse of yours.

If you want a thing well done do it yourself, and pick your tools. It is true that a man must row with such oars as he has, but he should not use the boat-hook for a paddle. Take not the tongs to poke the fire, nor the poker to put on the coals. A newspaper on Sunday is as much out of place as a warming-pan on the first of August, or a fan on a snowy day: the Bible suits the Sabbath a deal better.

He who tries to make money by betting uses a wrong tool, and is sure to cut his fingers. As well hope to grow golden pippins on the bottom of the sea as to make gain among gamblers if you are an honest man. Hard work and thrifty habits are the right razor, gambling is a hand-saw.

Some things want doing gently, and telling a man of his faults is one of them. You would not fetch a hatchet to break open an egg, nor kill a fly on your boy's forehead with a sledge-hammer, and so you must not try to mend your neighbor's little fault by blowing him up sky-high. Never fire off a musket to kill a midge, and don't raise a hue and cry about the half of nothing.

Do not throw away a saw because it is not a razor, for it will serve your turn another day, and cut your ham-bone if it wont shave off your stubble. A whetstone, though it cannot cut, may sharpen a knife that will. A match gives little light itself, but it may light a candle to brighten up the room. Use each thing and each man according to common sense and you will be uncommonly sensible. You don't milk horses nor ride cows, and by the same rule you must make of every man what he is meant for, and the farm will be as right as a trivet.

Everything has its use, but no one thing is good for all purposes. The baby said, "The cat crew and the cock rocked the cradle," but old folks knew better: the cat is best at mousing and the cock at rousing. That's for that, as salt is for herrings, and sugar for gooseberries, and Nan for Nicholas. Don't choose your tools by their looks, for that's best which does best. A silver trowel lays very few bricks. You cannot curry a horse with a tortoise-shell comb, or fell oaks with a pen-knife, or open oysters with a gold tooth-pick. *Fine* is not so good as *fit* when work is to be done. A good workman will get on pretty well with a poor tool, and a brave soldier never lacks a weapon: still, the best is good enough for me, and John Ploughman does not care to use a clumsy tool because it looks pretty. Better ride on an ass that carries you than on a steed which throws you; it is far better to work with an old-fashioned spade which suits your hand than with a new-fangled invention you don't understand.

In trying to do good to your fellow-men the gospel is out of sight the best instrument to work with. The new doctrine which they call "modern thought" is nothing better than a handsaw, and it won't work a bit. This fine new nothing of a gospel would not save a mouse, nor move the soul of a tom-tit; but the glorious gospel of Jesus Christ is suited to man's need, and by God's grace does its work famously. Let every preacher and teacher keep to it, for they will never find a better. Try to win men with its loving words and precious promises, and there's no fear of labor in vain. Some praise the balm of Gilead, or man's morality; many try the Roman salve, or the oil of Babylon; and others use a cunning ointment mixed by learned philosophers; but for his own soul's wounds, and for the hurts of others, John Ploughman knows but one cure, and that is given gratis by the good Physician to all who ask for it. A humble faith in Christ Jesus will soon bring you this sovereign remedy. Use no other, for no other is of use.

DON'T CUT OFF YOUR NOSE TO SPITE YOUR FACE.

ANGER is a short madness. The less we do when we go mad the better for everybody, and the less we go mad the better for ourselves. He is far gone who hurts himself to wreak his vengeance on others. The old saying is "Don't cut off your head because it aches," and another says "Set not your house on fire to spite the moon." If things go awry, it is a poor way of mending to make them worse, as the man did who took to drinking because he could not marry the girl he liked. He must be a fool who cuts off his nose to spite his face, and yet this is what Dick did when he had vexed his old master, and because he was chid must needs give up his place, throw himself out of work, and starve his wife and family. Jane had been idle, and she knew it, but sooner than let her mistress speak to her, she gave warning, and lost as good a service as a maid could wish for. Old Griggs was wrong, and could not deny it, and yet because the parson's sermon fitted him rather close, he took the sulks and vowed he would never hear the good man again. It was his own loss, but he wouldn't listen to reason, but was as wilful as a pig.

Do nothing when you are out of temper, and then you will have the less to undo. Let a hasty man's passion be a warning to you; if he scalds you, take heed that you do not let your own pot boil over. Many a man has given himself a box on the ear in his blind rage, ay, and ended his own life out of spite. He who cannot curb his temper carries gunpowder in his bosom, and he is neither safe for himself nor his neighbors. When passion comes in at the door, what little sense there is indoors flies out at the window. By-and-by a hasty man cools and comes to himself, like MacGibbon's gruel when he put it out of the window, but if his nose is off in the meantime, who is to put it on again? He will only be sorry once and that will be all the rest of his life. Anger does a man more hurt than that which made him angry. It opens his mouth and shuts his eyes, and fires his heart, and drowns his sense, and makes his wisdom folly. Old Tompkins told me that he was sorry that he lost his temper, and I could not help thinking that the pity was that he ever found it again, for it was like an old shoe with the sole gone and the upper leathers worn out, only fit for a dunghill. A hot tempered man would be all the better for a new heart, and a right spirit. Anger is a fire which cooks no victuals, and comforts no household: it cuts and curses and kills, and no one knows what it may lead to; therefore, good reader, don't let it lodge in your bosom, and if it ever comes there, pass the vagrant on to the next parish.

Gently, gently, little pot,
Why so hasty to be hot?
Over you will surely boil,
And I know not what you'll spoil.

The old gent in our picture has a fine nose of his own, and though he will be a fool to cut it off, he would be wise to cut off the supplies which have made it such a size. That glass and jug on the table are the paint-pots that he colors his nose with, and everybody knows, whether he knows it or knows it not, that his nose is the outward and visible sign of a good deal of inward and spirituous drink, and the sooner he drops his drops the better. So here we will cut off, not our nose, but the present subject.

HE HAS A HOLE UNDER HIS NOSE AND HIS MONEY RUNS INTO IT.

THIS is the man who is always dry, because he takes so much heavy wet. He is a loose fellow who is fond of getting tight. He is no sooner up than his nose is in the cup, and his money begins to run down the hole which is just under his nose. He is not a blacksmith, but he has a spark in his throat, and all the publican's barrels can't put it out. If a pot of beer is a yard of land, he must have swallowed more acres than a ploughman could get over for many a day, and still he goes on swallowing until he takes to wallowing. All goes down Gutter Lane. Like the snipe, he lives by suction. If you ask him how he is, he says he would be quite right if he could moisten his mouth. His purse is a bottle, his bank is the publican's till, and his casket is a cask: pewter is his precious metal, and his pearl* is a mixture of gin and beer. The dew of his youth comes from Ben Nevis, and the comfort of his soul is cordial gin. He is a walking barrel, a living drain-pipe, a moving swill-tub. They say "loth to drink and loth to leave off," but he never needs persuading to begin, and as to ending—that is out of the question while he can borrow two-pence. This is the gentleman who sings—

He that buys land buys many stones,
He that buys meat buys many bones,
He that buys eggs buys many shells,
He that buys good ale buys nothing else.

He will never be hanged for leaving his drink behind him. He drinks in season and out of season: in summer because he is hot, and in winter because he is cold. A drop of beer never comes too soon, and he would get up in the middle of the night for more, only he goes to bed too tipsy. He has heard that if you get wet-footed a glass of whisky in your boots will keep you from catching cold, and he argues that the best way to get one glass of the spirit into each boot is to put two doses where it will run into your legs. He is never long without an excuse for another pot, or if perchance he does not make one, another lushington helps him.

Some drink when friends step in,
And some when they step out;
Some drink because they're thin,
And some because they're stout.

Some drink because 'tis wet,
And some because 'tis dry;
Some drink another glass
To wet the other eye.

Water is this gentleman's abhorrence, whether used inside or out, but most of all he dreads it taken inwardly, except with spirits, and then the less the better. He says that the pump would kill him, but he never gives it a chance. He laps his liquor, and licks his chaps, but he will never die through the badness of the water from the well. It is a pity that he does not run the risk. Drinking cold water neither makes a man sick, nor in debt, nor his wife a widow, but this mighty fine ale of his will do all this for him, make him worse than a beast while he lives, and wash him away to his grave

* Purl.

before his time. The old Scotchman said, "Death and drink-draining are near neighbors," and he spoke the truth. They say that drunkenness makes some men fools, some beasts, and some devils, but according to my mind it makes all men fools whatever else it does. Yet when a man is as drunk as a rat he sets up to be a judge, and mocks at sober people. Certain neighbors of mine laugh at me for being a teetotaller, and I might well laugh at them for being drunk, only I feel more inclined to cry that they should be such fools. O that we could get them sober, and then perhaps we might make men of them. You cannot do much with these fellows, unless you can enlist them in the Coldstream guards.

He that any good would win
At his mouth must first begin.

As long as drink drowns conscience and reason, you might as well talk to the hogs. The rascals will promise fair and take the pledge, and then take their coats to pledge to get more beer. We smile at a tipsy man, for he is a ridiculous creature, but when we see how he is ruined body and soul it is no joking matter. How solemn is the truth that "No drunkard shall inherit eternal life."

There's nothing too bad for a man to say or do when he is half-seas over. It is a pity that any decent body should go near such a common sewer. If he does not fall into the worst of crimes it certainly is not his fault, for he has made himself ready for anything the devil likes to put into his mind. He does least hurt when he begins to be topheavy, and to reel about: then he becomes a blind man with good eyes in his head, and a cripple with legs on. He sees two moons, and two doors to the public-house, and tries to find his way through both the doors at once. Over he goes, and there he must lie unless somebody will wheel him home in a barrow or carry him to the police-station.

Solomon says the glutton and the drunkard shall come to poverty, and that the drinker does in no time. He gets more and more down at the heel, and as his nose gets redder and his body is more swollen he gets to be more of a shack and more of a shark. His trade is gone, and his credit has run out, but he still manages to get his beer. He treats an old friend to a pot, and then finds that he has left his purse at home, and of course the old friend must pay the shot. He borrows till no one will lend him a groat, unless it is to get off lending a shilling. Shame has long since left him, though all who know him are ashamed of him. His talk runs like the tap, and is full of stale dregs: he is very kind over his beer, and swears he loves you, and would like to drink your health, and love you again. Poor sot, much good will his blessing do to any one who gets it; his poor wife and family have had too much of it already, and quake at the very sound of his voice.

Now, if we try to do anything to shut up a boozing-house, or shorten the hours for guzzling, we are called all sorts of bad names, and the windup of it all is—"*What! Rob a poor man of his beer?*" The fact is that they rob the poor man *by* his beer. The ale-jug robs the cupboard and the table, starves the wife and strips the children; it is a great thief, housebreaker, and heartbreaker, and the best possible thing is to break it to pieces, or keep it on the shelf bottom upwards. In a newspaper which was lent me the other day I saw some verses by John Barleycorn, jun., and as they tickled my fancy I copied them out, and here they are.

What! rob a poor man of his beer,
And give him good victuals instead!
Your heart's very hard, sir, I fear,
Or at least you are soft in the head.

What! rob a poor man of his mug,
And give him a house of his own,
With kitchen and parlor so snug!
'Tis enough to draw tears from a stone.

What! rob a poor man of his glass,
And teach him to read and to write!
What! save him from being an ass!
'Tis nothing but malice and spite.

What! rob a poor man of his ale,
And prevent him from beating his wife
From being locked up in jail,
With penal employment for life!

What! rob a poor man of his beer,
And keep him from starving his child!
It makes one feel awfully queer,
And I'll thank you to draw it more mild.

Having given you a song, I now hand you a handbill to stick up in the "Rose and Crown" window, if the landlord wants an advertisement. It was written many years ago, but it is quite as good as new. Any beer-seller may print it who thinks it likely to help his trade.

DRUNKARDS, READ THIS!

DRUNKENNESS

EXPELS REASON,

DISTEMPERS THE BODY,

DIMINISHES STRENGTH,

INFLAMES THE BLOOD;

CAUSES { INTERNAL, EXTERNAL, ETERNAL, INCURABLE } WOUNDS;

IS

A WITCH TO THE SENSES,

A DEMON TO THE SOUL,

A THIEF TO THE PURSE,

A GUIDE TO BEGGARY, LECHERY, & VILLAINY.

IT IS

THE WIFE'S WOE, AND

THE CHILDREN'S SORROW.

MAKES A MAN

WALLOW WORSE THAN A BEAST, AND

ACT LIKE A FOOL.

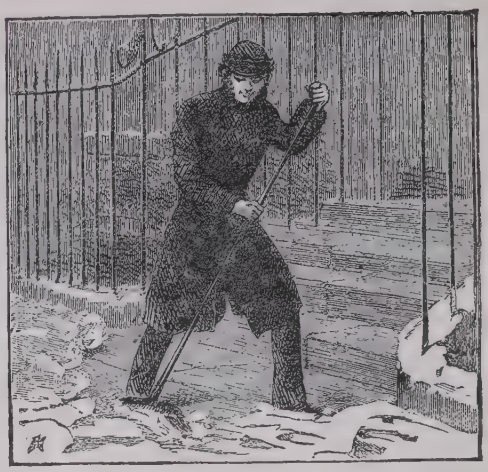
HE IS

A SELF-MURDERER;

WHO DRINKS TO ANOTHER'S GOOD HEALTH,

AND

ROBS HIMSELF OF HIS OWN.



EVERY MAN SHOULD SWEEP BEFORE HIS OWN DOOR.

He is a wise man who has wit enough for his own affairs. It is a common thing for people to *mind* Number One, but not so common to see people *mend* it. When it comes to spending money on labor or improvements, they think that repairs should begin at Number 2, and Number 3, and go on till all the houses up to Number 50 are touched up before any hint should be given to Number One. Now, this is very stupid, for if charity should begin at home, certainly reformation should begin there too. It is a waste of time to go far away to make a clearance, there's nothing like sweeping the snow from your own door. Let every dog carry his own tail. Mind your own business, and mend your own manners, and if every man does the same all will be minded and mended, as the old song says:

"Should every man defend his house,
Then all would be defended;
If every man would mend a man,
Then all mankind were mended."

A man who does not look well to his own concerns is not fit to be trusted with other people's. Lots of folks are so busy abroad that they have no time to look at home. They say the cobbler's wife goes barefoot, and the baker's child gets no buns, and the sweep's house has sooty chimneys. This comes of a man's thinking that he is everybody except himself. All the wit in the world is not in one head, and therefore the wisest man living is not bound to look after all his neighbors' matters. There are

wonderful people about whose wisdom would beat Solomon into fits; and yet they have not sense enough to keep their own kettle from boiling over. They could manage the nation, and yet can't keep their boys out of the farmer's orchard; they could teach the parson, but they can't learn themselves. They poke their noses into other people's concerns, where they are as welcome as water in one's shoes, but as for setting their own house to rights, they like the job about as much as a pig likes having a ring put in his nose. The meddlesome man will not begin to darn his own stockings because he has left his needle sticking in his cousin's socks: he will be as grey as grannum's cat before he improves, and yet he struts like a crow in a gutter, and thinks himself cock of the walk.

A man's own selfishness and conceit ought to make him see to his own ways if nothing else does.

There's but one wise man in the world,
And who d'ye think it be?
'Tis this man, that man, t'other man,
Every man thinks 'tis he.

Now, if this be so, why does not this wise man do the wise thing and set his own wise self in the way of growing wiser? Every cat cleans its own fur, and licks its own kittens: when will men and women mind their own minds, and busy themselves with their own business? Boil your own potatoes, and let me roast mine if I like; I won't do it with your firing. "Every man to his tent" was the old cry in Israel, and it's not a bad one for England, only Nelson gave us a better—"England expects every man to do his duty."

SCANT FEEDING OF MAN OR HORSE IS SMALL PROFIT AND SURE LOSS.

WHAT is saved out of the food of cattle is a dead loss, for a horse can't work if he is not fed. If an animal won't pay for keeping he won't pay for starving. Even the land yields little if it is not nourished, and it is just the same with the poor beast. You might as well try to run a steam-engine without coals, or drive a water-mill without water, as work a horse without putting corn into him. Thomas Tusser, who wrote a book upon "Husbandry" in the olden time, said,

"Who starveth his cattle, and weareth them out
By carting and ploughing, his gain I much doubt:
But he that in labor doth use them aright
Has gain to his comfort, and cattle in plight."

Poor dumb animals cannot speak for themselves, and therefore every one who has his speech should plead for them. To keep them short of victuals is a crying shame. The one in our picture seems to be thoroughly broken in: look at his knees! His owner ought to be flogged at the cart tail. I hate cruelty, and above all things the cruelty which starves the laboring beast.

A right good man is good to all,
And stints not table, rack or stall;
Not only cares for horse and hog,
But kindly thinks of cat and dog.

Is not a man better than a beast? Then, depend upon it, what is good for the ploughing horse is good for the ploughing boy: a belly full of plain food is a wonderful help to a laboring man. A starving workman is a dear servant. If you don't pay your men, they pay themselves, or else they shirk their work. He who labors well should be fed well, especially a ploughman.

"Let such have enow
That follow the plough."

There would be no bread if it were not for the ploughman: would you starve the man who is the very bottom and beginning of everything? John never brags, but he thinks well of his calling, and thinks well of those who pay well: as for those who grind the faces of the poor, the more John thinks of them the less he thinks of them. A man may live upon little, but Farmer Gripper thinks we can live upon noth-

ing, which is a horse of another color. I can't make out why the land cannot afford to keep those who work on it, for it used to do so. Tom Tusser wrote three hundred years ago,

"Good ploughmen look weekly, of custom and right,
For roast meat on Sundays, and Thursdays at night.
Thus doing and keeping such custom and guise,
They call thee good huswife, they love you likewise."

This is what he writes to the farmer's wife about the ploughmen who lived at the farm house, but he has a bit to say for the other fellows and their privileges. About the harvest supper he says,

"In harvest time, harvest folk, servants, and all,
Should make altogether good cheer in the hall."

I wish they would, but then they are so apt to drink. Could we not have a feast without the beer and the headaches? This is old Tom's writing about the harvest supper, and so on,—

"For all this good feasting, yet art thou not loose,
Till ploughman thou givest his harvest home goose.
Though goose go in stubble, I pass not for that,
Let Giles have a goose, be she lean, be she fat."

I fancy I see old Gripper giving Giles a goose: he would think Giles a green goose if he were to hint at it. Gripper is a close shaver; where he grazes no goose could pick up a living after him. He does not know what his lean laborers say of him, but he might guess, for a hungry man is an angry man, and an empty belly makes no compliments. As for lazy fellows who will eat till they sweat and work till they freeze, I don't mind what short commons they get; but a real hard-working man ought to be able to get for a day's work enough to keep himself and family from hunger. If this cannot be done, something is wrong somewhere, as the man said when he sat down on a setting of eggs. I am not going to blame the farmers, or the landlords, or the Parliament men, or anybody; but the land is good, and yields plenty for man and beast, and neither horse nor man should be starved.

There is no gain in being niggardly to your cattle. I have known men buy old screws of horses and feed them badly, and yet pay more in the long run for ploughing than the owner of a good team who gave out a fair allowance. The poor things can't work if they don't eat. As I said before, I speak up for the horses because they can't speak for themselves. All they *can* say, however, goes to prove what I have written: ask them if they can plough well when they get bad corn, and little of it, and they answer with a neigh.

As for the men, I wish they were, all round, a more deserving set, but I am obliged to own that a many are better at grubbing than ploughing. I would say to them, "Do good work, and then ask for good wages." I am afraid that many are not worth more than they get. Our old master used to say to Crawley Jones—

"You feed so fast, and walk so very slow—
Eat with your legs, and with your grinders go"

But then, if Jones was a slow man, he certainly had slow pay. He did not see the fun of working to the tune of twenty shillings when he had only ten. If he had done more master would have given him more, but Jones couldn't see that, and so he mouched about, doing next to nothing, and got next to nothing for it. He very seldom got a bit of meat, and there was no bone or muscle in the man. He seemed to be fed on turnip-tops, and was as dull as a dormouse in winter time, and unless you had emptied a skip of bees over him you couldn't have woke him up. They say that Johnny Raw is a stupid; he would not be half so stupid if he had more *raw* to put in his pot.

Though lubbers might loiter with belly too full,
We're not in that case, but our belts we must pull;
Could we manage to get a little more meat,
We could do twice as much, and think it no feat.

They call a ploughman Chaw-bacon, do they? Wouldn't he like a bit more bacon to chaw? Hundreds and thousands of hard-working men down in the shires hardly get enough fat to grease the wheels of life, and the more's the pity. As to the poor women and children, it is often short-cake with them: bread, and pull it, and little of that.

One thing, however, is as plain as a pike-staff: the laborer cannot afford to keep a public house going while he has so little for his own private house. He has not a penny to spare, I'm sure, but had need to take all home to the missus that he can make by hook or by crook. Miss Hannah More wrote two verses which every ploughman should read, and mark, and learn.

"We say the times are grievous hard,
And hard they are, 'tis true!
But, drinkers, to your wives and babes
They're harder made by you.

"The drunkard's tax is self-imposed,
Like every other sin;
The taxes altogether cost
Not half so much as gin."

Well, if after all our being sober and thrifty, we cannot get along without pinching, let us still be patient and contented. We have more blessings than we can count even now. If masters happen to be close-fisted, God is open-handed, and if the outward food be scant, the bread of heaven is plentiful. Cheer up, brother ploughman, it's better on before. There is a city where "the very streets are paved with gold exceeding clear and fine." This should make us feel like singing all the time, and help us to follow the advice of old Thomas—

"At bed, and at board, whatsoever befall,
Whatever God sendeth, be merry withal."

NEVER STOP THE PLOUGH TO CATCH A MOUSE.

THERE'S not much profit in this game. Think of a man and a boy and four horses all standing still for the sake of a mouse! What would old friend Tusser say to that? I think he would rhyme in this fashion—

A ploughman deserveth a cut of the whip
If for idle pretence he let the hours slip.

Heaps of people act like the man in our picture. They have a great work in hand which wants all their wits, and they leave it to squabble over some pretty nothing, not worth a fig. Old master Tom would say to them—

No more tittle tattle, go on with your cattle.

He could not bear for a farmer to let his horses out for carting even, because it took their work away from the farm, and so I am sure he would be in a great stew if he saw farmers wasting their time at matches, and hunts, and the like. He says—

"Who slacketh his tillage a carter to be,
For groat got abroad, at home shall lose three;
For sure by so doing he brings out of heart,
Both land for the corn, and horse for the cart."

The main chance must be minded, and the little things must be borne with. Nobody would burn his house down to kill the blackbeetles, and it would never answer to kill the bullocks to feed the cats. If our baker left off making bread for a week while he cracked the cockroaches, what should we all do for breakfast? If the butcher sold no more meat till he had killed all the blow-flies, we should be many a day without mutton. If the water companies never gave the Londoners a drink till they had fished every gudgeon out of the Thames, how would the old ladies make their tea? There's no use in stopping your fishing because of the sea-weed, nor your riding because of the dust.

Now, our minister said to me the other day, "John, if you were on the committees of some of our societies you would see this mouse-hunting done to perfection. Not only committees, but whole bodies of Christian people, go mouse-hunting." Well, said I, minister, just write me a bit, and I will stick it in my book, it will be beef to my horse-radish. Here's his writing:—

"A society of good Christian people will split into pieces over a petty quarrel, or mere matter of opinion, while all around them the masses are perishing for want of the gospel. A miserable little mouse, which no cat would ever hunt, takes them off from their Lord's work. Again, intelligent men will spend months of time and heaps of money in inventing and publishing mere speculations, while the great field of the world lies unploughed. They seem to care nothing how many may perish so long as they can ride their hobbies. In other matters a little common sense is allowed to rule, but in

the weightiest matters foolishness is sadly conspicuous. As for you and me, John, let us kill a mouse when it nibbles our bread, but let us not spend our lives over it. What can be done by a mousetrap or a cat should not occupy all our thoughts.

The paltry trifles of this world are much of the same sort. Let us give our chief attention to the chief things,—the glory of God, the winning of souls for Jesus, and our own salvation. There are fools enough in the world, and there can be no need that Christian men should swell the number. Go on with your ploughing, John, and I will go on with my preaching, and in due season we shall reap if we faint not."

A LOOKING GLASS IS OF NO USE TO A BLIND MAN.

He who will not see is much the same as if he had no eyes; indeed, in some things, the man without eyes has the advantage, for he is in the dark *and knows it*. A lantern is of no use to a bat, and good teaching is lost on the man who will not learn. Reason is folly with the unreasonable. One man can lead a horse to the water, but a hundred cannot make him drink: it is easy work to tell a man the truth, but if he will not be convinced your labor is lost. We pity the poor blind, we cannot do so much as that for those who shut their eyes against the light.

A man who is blind to his own faults is blind to his own interests. He who thinks that he never was a fool is a fool now. He who never owns that he is wrong will never get right. He'll mend, as the saying is, when he grows better, like sour beer in summer. How can a man take the smuts off his face if he will not look in the glass, nor believe that they are there when he is told of them?

Prejudice shuts up many eyes in total darkness. The man knows already: he is positive and can swear to it, and it's no use your arguing. He has made up his mind, and it did not take him long, for there's very little of it, but when he has said a thing he sticks to it like cobbler's wax. He is wiser than seven men that can render a reason. He is as positive as if he had been on the other side the curtain and looked into the back yard of the universe. He talks as if he carried all knowledge in his waistcoat pocket, like a peppermint lozenge. Those who like may try to teach him, but I don't care to hold up a mirror to a mole.

Some men are blinded by their worldly business, and could not see heaven itself if the windows were open over their heads. Look at farmer Grab, he is like Nebuchadnezzar, for his conversation is all among beasts, and if he does not eat grass it is because he never could stomach salads. His dinner is his best devotion, he is a terrible fastener on a piece of beef, and sweats at it more than at his labor. As old Master Earle says, "His religion is a part of his copyhold, which he takes from his landlord, and refers wholly to his lordship's discretion. If he gives him leave, he goes to church in his best clothes, and sits there with his neighbors, but never prays more than two prayers—for rain and for fair weather, as the case may be. He is a niggard all the week, except on market days, where, if his corn sell well, he thinks he may be drunk with a good conscience. He is sensible of no calamity but the burning of a stack of corn, or the overflowing of a meadow, and he thinks Noah's flood the greatest plague that ever was, not because it drowned the world, but spoiled the grass. For death he is never troubled, and if he gets in his harvest before it happens, it may come when it will, he cares not." He is as stubborn as he is stupid, and to get a new thought into his head you would need to bore a hole in his skull with a centre-bit. The game would not be worth the candle. We must leave him alone, for he is too old in the tooth, and too blind to be made to see.

Other people hurt their eyes by using glasses

which are not spectacles. I have tried to convince Joe Scroggs that it would be a fine thing for him to join the teetotalers, and he has nothing to say against it only "he does not see it."

"He up and told me to my face,
The chimney corner should be his place,
And there he'd sit and dye his face,
And drink till all is blue."

All is blue with him now, for his furniture is nearly all sold, and his wife and children have not a shoe to their foot, and yet he laughs about "a yard of pump water," and tells me to go and drink my cocoa. Poor soul! Poor soul!

In tippling is his sole delight,
Each sign-post bars his way;
He spends in muddy ale at night
The wages of the day.

Can nothing be done for such poor fools. Why not shorten the hours for dealing out the drink? Why not shut up the public-houses on Sundays? If these people have not got sense enough to take care of themselves the law should protect them. Will Shepherd says he has to fetch his sheep out of a field when hey are likely to get blown through eating too much green meat, and there ought to be power to fetch sots out of a beer-shop when they are worse than blowed through drink. How I wish I could make poor Scroggs see as I do, but there, if a fellow has no eyes he can't see the sun, though his nose is being scorched off in the glare of it

Of all dust the worst for the eyes is gold dust. A bribe blinds the judgment, and riches darken the mind. As smoke to the eyes, so also is flattery to the soul, and prejudice turns the light of the sun into a darkness that may be felt. We are all blind by nature, and till the good Physician opens our eyes we grope, even in gospel light. All the preaching in the world cannot make a man see the truth so long as his eyes are blinded. There is a heavenly eye-salve which is a sovereign cure, but the worst of the matter is that the blind in heart think they see already, and so they are likely to die in darkness. Let us pray for those who never pray for themselves: God's power can do for them what is far beyond our power.

A dark and blinded thing is man,
Yet full of fancied light!
But all his penetration can
Obtain no gospel light.

Though heavenly truth may blaze abroad
He cannot see at all;
Though gospel leaders show the road,
He still gropes for the wall.

Perhaps he stands to hear the sound,
But blind he still remains,
No meaning in the word is found
To cause him joys or pains.

O Lord, thy holy power display,
For thou the help must find;
Pour in the light of gospel day,
Illuminate the blind.

Behold, how unconcerned they dwell
Though reft of sight they be,
They fancy they can see right well,
And need no help from thee.

Speak, and they'll mourn their blinded eyes.
And cry to thee for light;
O Lord, do not our prayer despise,
But give these blind men sight.

"GREAT CRY AND LITTLE WOOL," AS THE MAN SAID WHO CLIPPED THE SOW.

Our friend Hodge does not seem to be making much of an out at shearing. It will take him all his time to get wool enough for a blanket, and his neighbors are telling him so, but he does not heed them, for a man never listens to reason when he has made up his mind to act unreasonably. Hodge gets plenty of music of a sort; Hullah's system is nothing to it, and even Nebuchadnezzar's flutes, harps, sackbuts, and dulcimers could not make more din. He gets "cry" enough to stock a Babylon of babies, but not wool enough to stop his ears with.

Now, is not this very like the world with its notions of pleasure? There is noise enough; laughter and shouting, and boasting; but where is the comfort which can warm the heart

and give peace to the spirit? Generally there's plenty of smoke and very little fire in what is called pleasure. It promises a nag and gives an egg. Gaiety is a sort of flash in the pan, a fifth of November squib, all fizz and bang and done for. The devil's meal is all bran, and the world's wine turns to vinegar. It is always making a great noise over nutshells. Thousands have had to weep over their blunder in looking for their heaven on earth; but they follow each other like sheep through a gap, not a bit the wiser for the experience of generations. It seems that every man must have a clip at his own particular pig, and cannot be made to believe that like all the rest it will yield him nothing but bristles. Men are not all of one mind as to what is best for them; they no more agree than the clocks in our village, but they all hang together in following after vanity, for to the core of their hearts they are vain.

One shears the publican's hog, which is so fond of the swill tub, and he reckons upon bringing home a wonderful lot of wool; but everybody knows that he who goes to the "Woolpack" for wool will come home shorn: the "Blue Boar" is an uncommonly ugly animal to shear, and so is the "Red Lion." Better sheer off as fast as you can; it will be sheer folly to stop. You may loaf about the tap of the "Half-moon" till you get the full moon in your noddle, and need a keeper: it is the place for men whose wits go woolgathering, but wool there is none.

Another is covetous, and hopes to escape misery by being a miser: his greedy mind can never be more filled than a lawyer's purse: he never has enough, and so he never has a feast. He makes money with his teeth, by keeping them idle. That is a very lean hog to clip at, for poverty wants some things, luxury many things, but covetousness wants all things. If we could hoard up all the money in the world, what would it be to us at last? To-day at good cheer, to-morrow on the bier: in the midst of life we are in death.

Some, like old Mrs. Too-good, go in for self-righteousness, and their own mouths dub them saints. They are the pink of perfection, the cream of creation, the gems of their generation, and yet a sensible man would not live in the same house with them for all the money you could count. They are saints abroad, but ask their maids what they are at home. Great cry and little wool is common enough in religion: you will find that those who crack themselves up are generally cracked, and those who despise their neighbors come to be despised themselves.

Many try wickedness, and run into bad company, and rake the kennels of vice. I warrant you they may shear the whole styful of filthy creatures and never find a morsel of wool on the whole lot of them. Loose characters, silly amusements, gambling, wantonness, and such like, are swine that none but a fool will try his shears upon. I don't deny that there's plenty of swinish music—who ever expected that there would be silence in a piggery? But then noise cannot fill the heart, nor laughter lighten the soul.

John Ploughman has tried for himself, and he knows by experience that all the world is nothing but a hog that is not worth the shearing: "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity." But yet there is wool to be had; there are real joys to be got for the asking if we ask aright. Below, all things deceive us, but above us there is a true Friend. "Wherefore do ye spend your money for that which is not bread, and your labor for that which satisfieth not? This is John Ploughman's verdict, which he wishes all his readers to take note of—

> "Faith in Jesus Christ will give
> Sweetest pleasures while we live;
> Faith in Jesus must supply
> Solid comfort when we die."

HE HAS GOT THE FIDDLE, BUT NOT THE STICK.

It often comes to pass that a man steps into another's shoes, and yet cannot walk in them. A poor tool of a parson gets into a good man's pulpit, and takes the same texts, but the sermons are chalk, and not cheese. A half-baked young swell inherits his father's money but not his generosity, his barns but not his brains, his title but not his sense—he has the fiddle without the stick, and the more's the pity.

Some people imagine that they have only to get hold of the plough-handles, and they would soon beat John Ploughman. If they had his fiddle they are sure they could play on it. J. P. presents his compliments, and wishes he may be there when it is done.

"That I fain would see,
Quoth blind George of Hollowee."

However, between you and me and the bedpost, there is one secret which John does not mind letting out. John's fiddle is poor enough, but the stick is a right good one, too good to be

called a fiddle-stick. Do you want to see the stick with which John plays his fiddle? Here it is—Looking to God for help, John always tries to do his best, whatever he has to do, and he has found this to be the very best way to play all kinds of tunes. What little music there is in John's poor old fiddle comes out of it in that way. Listen to a scrape or two.

If I were a cobbler, I'd make it my pride
The best of all cobblers to be;
If I were a tinker, no tinker beside
Should mend an old kettle like me.

And being a ploughman, I plough with the best,
No furrow runs straighter than mine;
I waste not a moment, and stay not to rest,
Though idlers to tempt me combine.

Yet I wish not to boast, for trust I have none
In aught I can do or can be;
I rest in my Saviour, and what he has done
To ransom poor sinners like me.

YOU MAY BEND THE SAPLING, BUT NOT THE TREE.

LADDER, and pole, and cord will be of no use to straighten the bent tree; it should have been looked after much earlier. Train trees when they are saplings and young lads before the down comes on their chins. If you want a bullfinch to pipe, whistle to him while he is young; he will scarcely catch the tune after he has learnt the wild bird's note. Begin early to teach, for children begin early to sin. Catch them young and you may hope to keep them.

Ere your boy has reached to seven,
Teach him well the way to heaven;
Better still the work will thrive,
If he learns before he's five.

What is learned young is learned for life. What we hear at the first we remember to the last. The bent twig grows up a crooked tree. Horse-breakers say

"The tricks a colt getteth at his first backing,
Will whilst he continueth never be lacking."

When a boy is rebellious, conquer him, and do it well the first time, that there may be no need to do it again. A child's first lesson should be

obedience, and after that you may teach it what you please: yet the young mind must not be laced too tight, or you may hurt its growth and hinder its strength. They say a daft nurse makes a wise child, but I do not believe it: nobody needs so much common sense as a mother or a governess. It does not do to be always thwarting; and yet remember if you give a child his will and a whelp his fill, both will surely turn out ill. A child's back must be made to bend, but it must not be broken. He must be ruled, but not with a rod of iron. His spirit must be conquered, but not crushed.

Nature does sometimes overcome nurture, but for the most part the teacher wins the day. Children are what they are made: the pity is that so many are spoiled in the bringing up. A child may be rocked too hard; you may

spoil him either by too much cuffing or too much kissing. I knew two boys who had a Christian mother, but she always let them have their own way. The consequence was that when they grew up they took to drinking and low company and soon spent the fortune their father left them. No one controlled them and they had no control over themselves, and so they just rattled along the broad road like butcher boys with runaway horses, and there was no stopping them. A birch or two worn out upon them when they were little would have been a good use of timber.

Still, a child can be treated too hardly, and especially he can be shut up too many hours in school, when a good run and a game of play would do him more good. Cows don't give any the more milk for being often milked, nor do children learn any more because of very long hours in a hot room.

A boy can be driven to learn till he loses half his wits: forced fruits have little flavor; a man at five is a fool at fifteen. If you make veal of the calf he will never turn to beef. Yet learning may be left so long that the little dunce is always behindhand.

There's a medium in everything and he is a good father who hits upon it, so that he governs his family with love, and his family loves to be governed by him. Some are like Eli, who let his sons sin and only chided them a little; these will turn out to be cruel parents in the long run: others are too strict, and make home miserable, and so drive the youngsters to the wrong road in another way. Tight clothes are very apt to tear, and hard laws are often broken: but loose garments tear too, and where there are no laws at all, things are sure to go amiss. So you see it is easy to err on either side, and hard to dance the tight-rope of wisdom. Depend on it, he who has a wife and bairns will never be short of care to carry. See what we get when we come to marry, yet many there are who will not tarry.

In these days children have a deal too much of their own way, and often make their mothers and fathers their slaves. It has come to a fine pass when the goslings teach the geese, and the kittens rule the cat: it is the upsetting of everything, and no parent ought to put up with it. It is as bad for the boys and girls as it is for the grown folk, and it brings out the worst side of their characters. I would sooner be a cat on hot bricks, or a toad under a harrow, than let my own children be my masters. No, the head must be the head, or it will hurt the whole body.

For children out of place
Are a father's disgrace,
If you rule not you'll rue,
For they'll quickly rule you.

A MAN MAY LOVE HIS HOUSE, THOUGH HE RIDE NOT ON THE RIDGE.

You can love your house and not ride on the ridge; there's a medium in everything. You can be fond of your wife without being her drudge, and you can love your children dearly, and yet not give them their own way in everything. Some men are of so strange a kidney that they set no bounds to their nonsense. If they are fond of roast beef they must needs suck the spit; they cannot rest with eating the pudding, they must swallow the bag. If they dislike a thing, the very smell of it sets them grumbling, and if they like it they must have it everywhere and always, for nothing else is half so sweet. When they do go in for eating rabbits, they have

Rabbits young and rabbits old,
Rabbits hot and rabbits cold,
Rabbits tender, rabbits tough:
Never can they have enough.

Whatever they take up takes them up, and for a season they cannot seize on anything else. At election times the barber cannot trim his customer's poll because of the polling, and the draper cannot serve you with calico because he

is canvassing. The nation would go to the dogs altogether if the cat's-meat man did not secure the election by sticking his mark on the ballot paper. It is supposed that the globe would leave off turning round if our Joe Scroggs did not go down to the "Dun Cow," and read the paper, and have his say upon politics, in the presence of house of commons assembled in the taproom. I do not quite think so, but I know this, that when the Whigs and the Tories and the Radicals are about, Scroggs is good for nothing all day long. What party he belongs to I don't know, but I believe his leading principle will be seen in the following verse:—

If gentlemen propose a glass
He never says them nay;
For he always thinks it right to drink
While other people pay.

You can make a good thing become a nuisance by harping on that one string from dawn to dusk. A hen with one chick makes no end of scratching and clucking, and so does a fellow of one idea. He has a bee in his bonnet, and he tries to put a wasp in yours. He duns you, and if you do not agree with him he counts you his enemy. When you meet with him you are unfortunate, and when you leave him you will batter yourself go where you may; "there's small sorrow at our parting," as the old mare said to the broken cart. You may try to humor him, but he will have all the more humors if you do, for the man knows no moderation, and if you let him ride on the roof he will soon sit on the chimney-pot.

One man of my acquaintance used to take Morrison's pills every day of his life, and when I called in to see him I had not been there ten minutes before he wanted me to take a dose, but I could not swallow what he told me nor the pills either, so I told him I dare say they were very good for him, but they did not suit my constitution: however, he kept on with his subject till I was fain to be off. Another man never catches sight of me but he talks about vaccination and goes on against it till he froths at the mouth, and I am half afraid he will inoculate me. My master had a capital horse, worth a good deal of money, only he always shied at a stone-heap on the road, and if there were fifty of them he always bolted off the road every time. He had got heaps on his brain, poor creature, and though he was fit for a nobleman's carriage he had to put to plough. Some men have got stone-heaps in their poor noddles and this spoils them for life and makes it dangerous for all who have to deal with them. What queer fish there are in our pond! I am afraid that most of us have a crack somewhere, but we don't all show it quite so much as some. We ought to have a good deal of patience, and then we shall find amusement where else we should be bothered to death. One of my mates says the world is not round, and so I always drop into his notion and tell him this is a flat world and he is a flat too.

What a trial it is to be shut up for an hour with a man or a woman with a hobby; riding in a horse-box with a bear with a sore head is nothing to it. The man is so fond of bacon that he wants you to kiss his pig, and all the while you hope you will never again see either the man or his pork as long as you live. No matter what the whole hog may be, the man who goes it is terrible.

Rocking horse for boy,
Hobby horse for man;
Each one rides his toy
Whenever he can.

The boy is right glad
Though he rideth alone;
His father's own fad
By the world must be known.

Of the two hobby rides,
The boy's is the best;
For the man often chides,
And gives you no rest.

It is a good thing for a man to be fond of his own trade and his own place, but still there is reason in everything, even in roasting eggs. When a man thinks that his place is below him he will pretty soon be below his place, and therefore a good opinion of your own calling is by no means an evil; yet nobody is everybody, and no trade is to crow over the rest. The cobbler has his awl but he is not all, and the hatter wears a crown but he is not king. A man may come to market without buying my onions, and ploughing can be done with other horses than mine, though Dapper and Violet are something to brag of. The farming interest is no doubt first, and so is the saddler's, and so is the tinker's, and so is the grocer's, and so is the draper's, and so it the parson's, and so is the parish beadle's, and so is every other interest according to each man's talk.

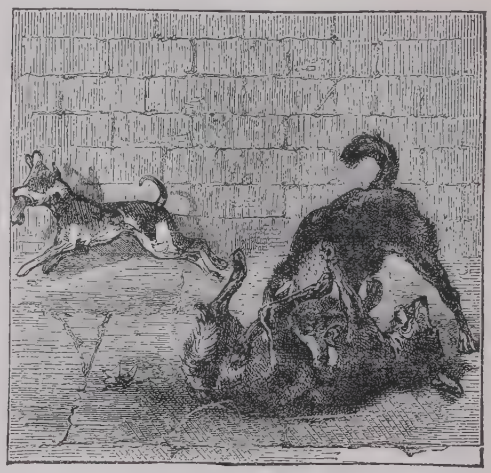
Your trade, as a trade, is all very well,
But other good folk have their cheeses to sell;
You must not expect all the world to bow down,
And give to one peddler the sceptre and crown.

It is astonishing how much men will cry up small matters. They are very busy, but it is with catching flies. They talk about a mushroom till you would think it was the only thing at the Lord Mayor's dinner, and the beef and the turkeys went for nothing. They say nothing about the leg of mutton, for they are so much in love with the trimmings. They can't keep things in their places, but make more of a horse's tail than they do of his whole body. Like the cock on the dunghill, they consider a poor barley-corn to be worth more than a diamond. A thing happens to suit their taste and so there is nothing like it in the whole of England; no, nor in all America or Australia. A duck will not always dabble in the same gutter, but they will; for, bless your heart, they don't think it a gutter, but a river, if not an ocean. They must ride the ridge of the roof, or else burn the house down. A good many people love their dogs, but these folks take them to bed with them. Other farmers fat the calf, but they fall down and worship it, and what is worse they quarrel with everybody who does not think as much of their idol as they do.

It will be a long while before all men become wise, but it will help on the time if we begin to be wise ourselves. Don't let us make too much of this world and the things of it. We are to use it but not to abuse it; to live *in* it but not *for* it; to love our house but not to ride on the ridge. Our daily bread and daily work are to be minded, and yet we must not mind earthly things. We must not let the body send the soul to grass, rather must we make the limbs servants to the soul. The world must not rule us, we must reign as kings though we are only ploughmen; and stand upright even if the world should be turned upside down.

TWO DOGS FIGHT FOR A BONE, AND A THIRD RUNS AWAY WITH IT.

We have all heard of the two men who quarrelled over an oyster, and called in a judge to settle the question: he ate the oyster himself, and gave them a shell each. This reminds me of the story of the cow which two farmers could not agree about, and so the lawyers stepped in and milked the cow for them, and charged them for their trouble in drinking the milk. Little is got by law, but much is lost by it. A suit in law may last longer than any suit a tailor can make you, and you may yourself be worn out before it comes to an end. It is better far to make matters up and keep out of court, for if you are caught there you are caught in the brambles, and won't get out without damage. John Ploughman feels a cold sweat at the thought of getting into the hands of lawyers. He does not mind going to Jericho, but he dreads the gentlemen on the road, for they seldom leave a feather upon any goose which they pick up.



However, if men will fight they must not blame the lawyers; if law were cheaper, quarrelsome people would have more of it, and quite as much would be spent in the long run. Sometimes, however, we get dragged into court willy nilly, and then one had need be wise as a serpent and as harmless as a dove. Happy is he who finds an honest lawyer, and does not try to be his own client. A good lawyer always tries to keep people out of law; but some clients are like moths with the candle, they must and will burn themselves. He who is so wise that he cannot be taught will have to pay for his pride.

Let dogs delight to bark and bite,
And lose the marrow bone;
Let bears and lions growl and fight,
I'll let the law alone.

To suffer wrong is surely sad,
But law-suits are in vain;
To throw good money after bad
Will but increase my pain.

GREAT DRINKERS THINK THEMSELVES GREAT MEN.

WONDERFUL men and white rats are not so scarce as most people think. Folks may talk as they like about Mr. Gladstone and Lord Beaconsfield, and that sharp gentleman, Bismarck, but Jack, and Tom, and Harry, and scores more that I know of, could manage their business for them a fine sight better; at least, they think so, and are quite ready to try. Great men are as plentiful as mice in an old wheat-stack down our way. Every parish has one or two wonderful men; indeed, most public-houses could show one at least, and generally two: and I have heard that on Saturday nights, when our "Blue Dragon" is full, there may be seen as many as twenty of the greatest

men in all the world in the taproom, all making themselves greater by the help of pots of beer. When the jug has been filled and emptied a good many times, the blacksmith feels he ought to be prime minister; Styles, the carter, sees the way to take off all the taxes, and Old Hob, the rat-catcher, roars out—

> "They're all a pack of fools,
> And good-for-nothing tools;
> If they'd only send for me,
> You'd see how things would be."

If you have a fancy to listen to these great men when they are talking you need not go into the bar, for you can hear them outside the house; they generally speak four or five at a time, and every one in a Mitcham whisper, which is very like a shout. What a fine flow of words they have! There's no end to it, and it's a pity there was ever any beginning, for there's generally a mix up of foul talk with their politics, and this sets them all roaring with laughter. A few evenings in such company would poison the mind of the best lad in the parish. I am happy to say that these great men have to be turned out at ten o'clock, for then our public-house closes; and none too soon, I'm sure.

A precious little is enough to make a man famous in certain companies; one fellow knocked a man's eye out at a prize-fight; another stowed away twice as much pudding as four pigs could have disposed of; another stood on his head and drank a glass of beer; and another won a prize by grinning through a horse-collar; and for such things as these the sots of the village think mightily of them. Little things please little minds, and nasty things please dirty minds. If I were one of these wonderful fellows I would ask the nearest way to a place where nobody would know me.

Now I am at it, I will notice a few other wonderful bodies who sometimes condescend to look down on a ploughman; but before I make them angry I would give them a verse from one of my old uncle's songs, which I have shaped a bit.

> "I hope none will be offended with me for writing this,
> For it is not intended for anything amiss;
> If you consider kindly my remarks you will allow,
> For what can you expect from one whose hand is on the plough?"

I used to feel quite staggered when I heard of an amazing clever man, but I've got used to it, as the rook did to the scarecrow when he found out that it was a stuffed nothing. Like the picture which looked best at a very long distance off, so do most clever fellows. They are swans a mile off, but geese when you get near them. Some men are too knowing to be wise, their boiler bursts because they have more steam than they can use. They know too much, and having gone over the top of the ladder they have gone down on the other side. People who are really wise never think themselves so: one of them said to me the other day,—

> "All things I thought I knew; but now confess
> The more I know I know I know the less."

Simple Simon is in a sad plight in such a world as this, but on the whole he gets on better than a fellow who is too clever by half. Every mouse had need have its eyes open nowadays, for the cats are very many and uncom-

monly sharp; and yet, you mark my word, most of the mice that are caught are the knowing ones. Somehow or other, in an ordinary sort of a world like this, it does not answer to be so over and above clever. Those who are up to so many dodges, find the dodges come down on them before long. My neighbor Hinks was much too wise a man to follow the plow, like poor shallow-pated John Ploughman, and so he took to scheming, and has schemed himself into one of the largest mansions in the country, where he will be provided with oakum to pick and a crank to turn during the next six calendar months. He had better have been a fool, for his cleverness has cost him his character.

When a man is too clever to tell the truth he will bring himself into no end of trouble before long. When he is too clever to stick to his trade, he is like the dog that let the meat fall into the water through trying to catch at its shadow. Clever Jack can do everything and can do nothing. He intends to be rich all at once, and despises small gains, and therefore is likely to die a beggar. When puffing is trusted and honest trading is scoffed at, time will not take long to wind up the concern. Work is as needful now as ever it was if a man would thrive; catching birds by putting salt on their tails would be all very well, but the creatures will not hold their tails still, and so we had better catch them in the usual way. The greatest trick for getting on in business is to work hard and to live hard. There's no making bread without flour, nor building houses without labor. I know the old saying is—

> "No more mortar, no more brick,
> A cunning knave has a cunning trick;"

but for all that things go on much the same as ever, and bricks and mortar are still wanted.

I see in the papers, every now and then, that some of the clever gentlemen who blow up bubble companies are pulled up before the courts. Serve them right! May they go where my neighbor Hinks is, every one of them. How many a poor tradesman is over head and ears in difficulty through them! I hope in future all men will fight shy of these fine companies, and swell managers, and very clever men. Men are neither suddenly rich nor suddenly good. It is all a bag of moonshine when a man would persuade you that he knows a way of earning money by winking your eye. We have all heard of the scheme for making deal boards out of saw dust, and getting butter out of mud, but we mean to go on with the saw-mill, and keep on milking the cows; for between you and me and the blind mare, we have a notion that the plans of idiots and very clever men are as like as two peas in a shell.

The worst sort of clever men are those who know better than the Bible and are so learned that they believe the world had no Maker, and that men are only monkeys with their tails rubbed off. Dear, dear me, this is the sort of talk we used to expect from Tom of Bedlam, but now we get it from clever men. If things go on in this fashion a poor ploughman will not be able to tell which is the lunatic and which is the philosopher. As for me, the old Book seems to be a deal easier to believe than the new notions, and I mean to keep to it. Many a drop of good broth is made in an old pot, and many a sweet comfort comes out of the old doctrine. Many a dog has died since I first opened my eyes, and every one of these dogs has had his day, but in all the days put together they have never hunted out a real fault in the Bible, nor started anything better in its place. They may be very clever, but they will not find a surer truth than that which God teaches, nor a better salvation than that which Jesus brings, and so finding my very life in the gospel I mean to live in it, and so ends this chapter.

HE WOULD PUT HIS FINGER IN THE PIE, AND SO HE BURNT HIS NAIL OFF.

SOME men must have a finger in every pie, or, as the proverb hath it, "their oar must be in every man's boat." They seem to have no business except to poke their noses into other people's business: they ought to have snub noses, for they are pretty sure to be snubbed. Prying and spying, peddling and meddling, these folks are in everybody's way, like the old toll-gate. They come without being sent for, stop without being asked, and cannot be got rid of, unless you take them by the left leg and throw them down stairs, and if you do that they will limp up again, and hope they don't intrude. No one pays them, and yet they give advice more often than any lawyer; and though no one ever thanks them, yet there

they are, peeping through keyholes and listening under the eaves. They are as great at asking questions as if they wanted you to say the catechism, and as eager to give their opin-

ion as if you had gone down on your knees to ask it.

These folks are like dogs that fetch and carry; they run all over the place like starlings when they are feeding their young. They make much ado, but never do much, unless it is mischief, and at this they are as apt as jackdaws. If any man has such people for his acquaintances, he may well say, "save me from my friends."

> I know your assistance you'll lend,
> When I want it I'll speedily send;
> You need not be making such stir,
> But mind your own business, good sir.

It is of no more use than if we spoke to the pigs, for here is Paul Pry again. Paul and his cousins are most offensive people, but you cannot offend them if you try.

Well do I remember the words of a wise old Quaker:—"John," said he, "be not concerned with that which concerns not thee." This taught me a lesson, and I made up my mind not to scrub other people's pigs for fear I should soon want scrubbing myself. There is a woman in our village who finds fault with all, and all find fault with her; they say her teeth are all loose through her tongue rubbing against them; if she could but hold her tongue she would be happy enough, but that's the difficulty—

'When hens fall a cackling take heed to the nest,
When drabs fall a whispering farewell to thy rest."

Will Shepherd was sitting very quiet while others were running down their neighbors. At last a loose fellow sung out "Look at old Will, he is as silent as a stock-fish; is it because he is wise or because he is a fool?" "Well," said Will, "you may settle that question how you like, but I have been told that a fool cannot be silent." Will is set down as very odd, but he is generally even with them before he has done. One thing is sure, he cares very little what they do say so long as they don't worry his sheep. He hummed in my ear an old-fashioned verse or two the other evening, something like this—

> "Since folks will judge me every day,
> Let every man his judgment say;
> I will take it all as children's play,
> For I am as I am, whoever say nay.
>
> "Many there be that take delight
> To judge a man's ways in envy and spite;
> But whether they judge me wrong or right,
> I am as I am, and so do I write.
>
> "How the truth is I leave to you;
> Judge as ye list, whether false or true.
> Ye know no more than before ye knew,
> For I am as I am whatever ensue."

If folks will meddle with our business it is best to take no notice of them; there's no putting them out like letting them stop where they are; they are never so offended as when people neither offend them nor take offence at them. You might as soon stop all the frogs from croaking as quiet idle gossips when they once get on the chat. Stuff your ear with wool and let them jabber till their tongue lies still, because they have worn all the skin off of it. "Where no wood is the fire goeth out," and if you don't answer them they can't make a blaze for want of fuel. Treat them kindly, but don't give them the treat of quarrelling with them. Follow peace with all men, even if you cannot overtake it.

HE LIVES UNDER THE SIGN OF THE CAT'S FOOT.

THE question was once asked, When should a man marry? and the merry answer was, that for young men it is too soon and for old men it is too late. This is all very fine, but it will not wash. Both the wisdom and the folly of men seem banded together to make a mock of this doctrine. Men are such fools that they must and will marry even if they marry fools. It is wise to marry when we can marry wisely, and then the sooner the better. How many

show their sense in choosing a partner it is not for me to say, but I fear that in many cases love is blind, and makes a very blind choice. I don't suppose that some people would ever get married at all if love had its wits about it. It is a mystery how certain parties ever found partners; truly there's no accounting for tastes. However, as they make their bed they must lie on it, and as they tie the

knot they must be tied by it. If a man catches a tartar, or lets a tartar catch him, he must take his dose of tartaric acid, and make as few ugly faces as he can. If a three-legged stool come flying through the air, he must be thankful for such a plain token of love from the woman of his choice, and the best thing he can do is to sit down on it, and wait for the next little article.

When it is said of a man, "He lives under the sign of the cat's foot," he must try and please his pussy that she may not scratch him more than such cats generally do. A good husband will generally have a good wife, or make a bad wife better. Bad Jack makes a great noise about bad Jill, but there's generally twenty of one where there's a score of the other. They say a burden of one's own choosing is never felt to be heavy, but I don't know, some men are loaded with mischief as soon as they have a wife to carry. Yet

> A good woman is worth if she were sold,
> The fairest crown that's made of gold.

She is a pleasure, a treasure, and a joy without measure. A good wife and health are a man's best wealth; and he who is in such a case should envy no man's place. Even when a woman is a little tart it is better than if she had no spirit, and made her house into a dirt pie. A shrew is better than a slut, though one can be quite miserable enough with either. If she is a good housewife, and looks well after the children, one may put up with a Caudle lecture now and then, though a cordial lecture would be a deal better. A husband is in a pickle indeed if he gets tied up to a regular scold; and might as well be skinned and set up to his neck in a tub of brine. Did you ever hear the scold's song? Read it, you young folks who think of committing matrimony, and think twice before you get married once.

> When in the morn I ope mine eyes
> To entertain the day,
> Before my husband e'en can rise,
> I scold him—then I pray.
>
> When I at table take my place,
> Whatever be the meat,
> I first do scold—and then say grace,
> If so disposed to eat.
>
> Too fat, too lean, too hot, too cold,
> I always do complain:
> Too raw, too roost, too young, too old—
> Faults I will find or feign.
>
> Let it be flesh, or fowl, or fish,
> It never shall be said,
> But I'll find fault with meat or dish,
> With master, or with maid.
>
> But when I go to bed at night
> I heartily do weep,
> That I must part with my delight—
> I cannot scold and sleep.
>
> However, this doth mitigate
> And much abate my sorrow,
> That thought to-night it be too late,
> I'll early scold to-morrow.

When the husband is not a man it is not to be wondered at if the wife wears the top-boots; the mare may well be the best horse when the other horse is a donkey. Well may a woman feel that she is lord and master when she has to earn the living for the family, as is sometimes the case. She ought not to be the head, but if she has all the brains, what is she to do? What poor dawdles many men would be without their wives! As poor softy Simpkins says, if Bill's wife becomes a widow who will cut the pudding up for him, and will there be a pudding at all? It is grand when the wife knows her place, and keeps it, and they both pull together in everything. Then she is a helpmeet indeed and makes the house a home. Old friend Tusser says,

"When husband is absent let housewife be chief,
And look to their labor who live from their sheaf,
The housewife's so named for she keepeth the house,
And must tend on her profit as cat on a mouse."

He is very pat upon it that much of household affairs must rest on the wife, and he writes,—

"Both out, not allow,
Keep home, housewife thou."

Like the old man and woman in the toy which shows the weather, one must be sure to be in if the other goes out. When the king is abroad the queen must reign at home, and when he returns to his throne he is bound to look upon her as his crown, and prize her above gold and jewels. He should feel "if there's only one good wife in the whole world, I've got her." John Ploughman has long thought just that of his own wife, and after five-and-twenty years he is more sure of it than ever. He never bets, but he would not mind wagering a farthing cake that there is not a better woman on the surface of the globe than his own, very own beloved. Happy is the man who is happy in his wife. Let him love her as he loves himself, and a little better, for she is his better half.

Thank God that hath so blessed thee,
And sit down, John, and rest thee.

There is one case in which I don't wonder if the wife does put her mate under the cat's foot, and that is when he slinks off to the public, and wastes his wages. Even then love and gentleness is the best way of getting him home; but, really, some topers have no feeling, and laugh at kindness, and therefore nobody can be surprised if the poor wife bristles up and gives her lord and master a taste of tongue. Nothing tries married love more than the pot-house. Wages wasted, wife neglected, children in rags: if she gives it him hot and strong who can blame her? Pitch into him, good woman, and make him ashamed of himself, if you can. No wonder that you lead a cat and dog life while he is such a sorry dog.

Still, you may as well go home and set him a better example, for two blacks will never make a white, and if you put him in hot water he's sure to get some spirits to mix with it.

YOU CAN'T CATCH THE WIND IN A NET.

Some people get windmills in their heads, and go in for all sorts of silly things. They talk of ruling the nation as if men were to be driven like sheep, and they prate of reforms and systems as if they could cut out a world in brown paper, with a pair of scissors. Such a body thinks himself very deep, but he is as shallow as a milk-pan. You can soon know him as well as if you had gone through him with a lighted candle, and yet you will not know a great deal after all. He has a great head, and very little in it. He can talk by the dozen, or the gross, and say nothing. When he is fussing and boasting of his fine doings you soon discover that he makes a long harvest of very little corn. His tongue is like a pig's tail, going all day long and nothing done.

This is the man who can pay off the National Debt, and yet, in his little shop, he

sells two apples in three days: he has the secret of high farming, and loses more at it than any man in the county. The more he studies the more he misses the mark; he reminds me of a blind man on a blind horse, who rode out in the middle of a dark night, and the more he tried to keep out of ditches the more he fell in.

When they catch live red herrings on Newmarket heath he will bring out a good thing, and line his pockets with gold; up till now, he says, he has been unlucky, and he believes that if he were to make a man a coffin he would be sure not to die. He is going to be rich next year, and you will then see what you shall see: just now he would be glad of half-a-crown on account, for which he will give you a share in his invention for growing wheat without ploughing or sowing.

It is odd to see this wise man at times when his wits are all up in the moon: he is just like Chang, the Chinaman, who said: "Here's my umbrella, and here's my bundle, but *where am I?*" He cannot find his spectacles, though he is looking through them; and when he is out riding on his own ass, he pulls up and says, "Wherever is that donkey?"

I have heard of one learned man who boiled his watch and stood looking at the egg, and another who forgot that he was to be married that day, and would have lost his lady if his friend had not fetched him out of his study. Think of that, my boy, and don't fret yourself because you are not so overdone with learning as to have forgotten your common sense.

The regular wind-catcher is soft as silk and as green as grass, and yet he thinks himself very long-headed; and so indeed he would be if his ears were taken into the measurement. He is going to do—well—there's no telling what. He is full of wishes but short of will, and so his buds never come to flowers or fruit. He is like a hen that lays eggs, and never sits on them long enough to hatch a single chick.

Moonshine is the article our friend deals in, and it is wonderful what he can see by it. He cries up his schemes, and it is said that he draws on his imagination for his facts. When he is in full swing with one of his notions, he does not stick at a trifle. Will Shepherd heard one of these gentry the other day, telling how his company would lead all the shareholders on to Tom Tiddler's ground to pick up gold and silver; and when all the talk was over, Will said to me, "That's a lie, with a lid on, and a brass handle to take hold of it." Rather sharp this of Will, for I do believe the man was caught on his own hook and believed in his own dreams; yet I did not like him, for he wanted us poor fellows to put our little savings into his hands, as if we could afford to fly kites with laborer's wages.

What a many good people there are who have religious crazes! They do nothing, but they have wonderful plans for doing everything in a jiffy. So many thousand people are to give half-a-crown each, and so many more a crown, and so many more a sovereign, and the meeting-house is to be built just so, and no how else. The mischief is that the thousands of people do not rush forward with their money, and the minister and a few hard-working friends have to get it together little by little in the old-fashioned style, while your wonderful schemer slinks out of the way and gives nothing. I have long ago found out that pretty things on paper had better be kept there. Our master's eldest son had a plan for growing plum-trees in our hedges as they do in Kent, but he never looked to see whether the soil would suit, and so he lost the trees which he put in, and there was an end of his damsons.

"Circumstances alter cases;
Different ways suit different places."

New brooms sweep clean, but they mostly sweep up dirt. Plough with what you please, I stick to the old horses which have served me so well. Fine schemes come to nothing; it is hard work that does it, whether it be in the world or in the church.

"In the laborious husbandman you see
What all true Christians are or ought to be."

BEWARE OF THE DOG.

JOHN PLOUGHMAN did not in his first book weary his friends by preaching, but in this one he makes bold to try his hand at a sermon, and hopes he will be excused if it should prove to be only a ploughman's preachment.

If this were a regular sermon preached from a pulpit of course I should make it long and dismal, like a winter's night, for fear people should call me eccentric. As it is only meant to be read at home, I will make it short, though

it will not be sweet, for I have not a sweet subject. The text is one which has a great deal of meaning in it, and is to be read on many a wall. "BEWARE OF THE DOG." You know

what dogs are, and you know how you beware of them when a bull-dog flies at you to the full length of his chain; so the words don't want any clearing up.

It is very odd that the Bible never says a good word for dogs: I suppose the breed must have been bad in those eastern parts, or else, as our minister tells me, they were nearly wild, had no master in particular, and were left to prowl about half starved. No doubt a dog is very like a man, and becomes a sad dog when he has himself for a master. We are all the better for having somebody to look up to; and those who say they care for nobody and nobody cares for them are dogs of the worst breed, and, for a certain reason, are never likely to be drowned.

Dear friends, I shall have heads and tails like other parsons, and I am sure I have a right to them, for they are found in the subjects before us.

Firstly, let us *beware of a dirty dog*—or as the grand old Book calls them, "evil workers"—those who love filth and roll in it. Dirty dogs will spoil your clothes, and make you as foul as themselves. A man is known by his company; if you go with loose fellows your character will be tarred with the same brush as theirs. People can't be very nice in their distinctions; if they see a bird always flying with the crows, and feeding and nesting with them, they call it a crow, and ninty-nine times out of a hundred they are right. If you are fond of the kennel, and like to run with the hounds, you will never make the world believe that you are a pet lamb. Besides, bad company does a man real harm, for, as the old proverb has it, if you lie down with dogs you will get up with fleas.

You cannot keep too far off a man with the fever and a man of wicked life. If a lady in a fine dress sees a big dog come out of a horse-pond, and run about shaking himself dry, she is very particular to keep out of his way, and from this we may learn a lesson,—when we see a man half gone in liquor, sprinkling his dirty talk all around him, our best place is half-a-mile off at the least.

Secondly, *beware of all snarling dogs.* There are plenty of these about; they are generally very small creatures, but they more than make up for their size by their noise. They yap and snap without end. Dr. Watts said—

> "Let dogs delight to bark and bite,
> For God has made them so."

But I cannot make such an excuse for the two-legged dogs I am writing about, for their own vile tempers, and the devil together, have made them what they are. They find fault with anything and everything. When they dare they howl, and when they cannot do that they lie down and growl inwardly. Beware of these creatures. Make no friends with an angry man: as well make a bed of stinging nettles or wear a viper for a necklace. Perhaps the fellow is just now very fond of you, but beware of him, for he who barks at others to-day without a cause will one day howl at you for nothing. Don't offer him a kennel down your yard unless he will let you chain him up. When you see that a man has a bitter spirit, and gives nobody a good word, quietly walk away and keep out of his track if you can. Loaded guns and quick tempered people are dangerous pieces of furniture; they don't mean any hurt, but they are apt to go off and do mischief before you dream of it. Better go a mile out of your way than get into a fight; better sit down on a dozen tin-tacks with their points up than dispute with an angry neighbor.

Thirdly, *beware of fawning dogs.* They jump up upon you and leave the marks of their dirty paws. How they will lick your hand and

fondle you as long as there are bones to be got: like the lover who said to the cook, "Leave you, dear girl? Never, while you have a shilling." Too much sugar in the talk should lead us to suspect that there is very little in the heart. The moment a man praises you to your face, mark him, for he is the very gentleman to rail at you behind your back. If a fellow takes the trouble to flatter he expects to be paid for it, and he calculates that he will get his wages out of the soft brains of those he tickles. When people stoop down it generally is to pick something up, and men don't stoop to flatter you unless they reckon upon getting something out of you. When you see too much politeness you may generally smell a rat if you give a good sniff. Young people need to be on the watch against crafty flatterers. Young women with pretty faces and a little money should especially *beware of puppies!*

Fourthly, *beware of a greedy dog*, or a man who never has enough. Grumbling is catching; one discontented man sets others complaining, and this is a bad state of mind to fall into. Folks who are greedy are not always honest, and if they see a chance they will put their spoon into their neighbor's porridge; why not into yours? See how cleverly they skin a flint; before long you will find them skinning you, and as you are not quite so used to it as the eels are, you had better give Mr. Skinner a wide berth. When a man boasts that he never gives anything away, you may read it as a caution—"beware of the dog." A liberal, kind-hearted friend helps you to keep down your selfishness, but a greedy grasper tempts you to put an extra button on your pocket. Hungry dogs will wolf down any quantity of meat, and then look out for more, and so will greedy men swallow farms and houses, and then smell around for something else. I am sick of the animals: I mean both the dogs and the men. Talking of nothing but gold, and how to make money, and how to save it—why one had better live with the hounds at once, and howl over your share of dead horse. The mischief a miserly wretch may do to a man's heart no tongue can tell; one might as well be bitten by a mad dog, for greediness is as bad a madness as a mortal can be tormented with. Keep out of the company of screw-drivers, tight-fists, hold-fasts, and blood-suckers: "beware of dogs."

Fifthly, *beware of a yelping dog.* Those who talk much tell a great many lies, and if you love truth you had better not love *them.* Those who talk much are likely enough to speak ill of their neighbors, and of yourself among the rest; and therefore, if you do not want to be town-talk, you will be wise to find other friends. Mr. Prate-apace will weary you out one day, and you will be wise to break off his acquaintance before it is made. Do not lodge in Clack Street, nor next door to the Gossip's Head. A lion's jaw is nothing compared to a tale-bearer's. If you have a dog which is always barking, and should chance to lose him, don't spend a penny in advertising for him. Few are the blessings which are poured upon dogs which howl all night and wake up honest householders, but even these can be better put up with than those incessant chatterers who never let a man's character rest either day or night.

Sixthly, *beware of a dog that worries the sheep.* Such get into our churches, and cause a world of misery. Some have new doctrines as rotten as they are new; others have new plans, whims, and crotchets, and nothing will go right till these are tried; and there is a third sort, which are out of love with everybody and everything, and only come into the churches to see if they can make a row. Mark these, and keep clear of them. There are plenty of humble Christians who only want leave to be quiet and mind their own business, and these troublers are their plague. To hear the gospel, and to be helped to do good, is all that the most of our members want, but these worries come in with their "ologies" and puzzlements, and hard speeches, and cause sorrow upon sorrow. A good shepherd will soon fetch these dogs a crack of the head; but they will be at their work again if they see half a chance. What pleasure can they find in it? Surely they must have a touch of the wolf in their nature. At any rate, beware of the dog.

Seventhly, *beware of dogs who have returned to their vomit.* An apostate is like a leper. As a rule none are more bitter enemies of the cross than those who once professed to be followers of Jesus. He who can turn away from Christ is not a fit companion for any honest man. There are many abroad nowadays who have thrown off religion as easily as a ploughman puts off his jacket. It will be a ter-

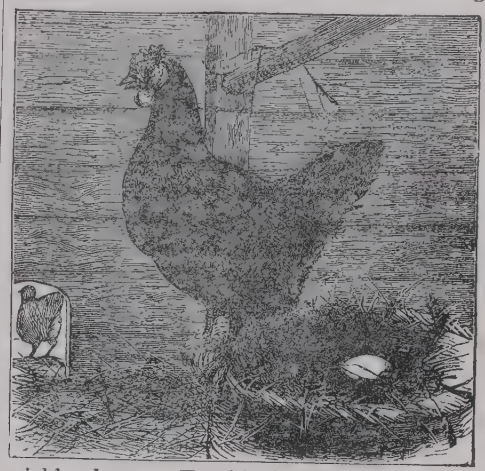
rible day for them when the heavens are on fire above them, and the world is ablaze under their feet. If a man calls himself my friend, and leaves the ways of God, then his way and mine are different; he who is no friend to the good cause is no friend of mine.

Lastly, finally, and to finish up, *beware of a dog that has no master.* If a fellow makes free with the Bible, and the laws of his country, and common decency, it is time to make free to tell him we had rather have his room than his company. A certain set of wonderfully wise men are talking very big things, and putting their smutty fingers upon everything which their fathers thought to be good and holy. Poor fools, they are not half as clever as they think they are. Like hogs in a flower-garden, they are for rooting up everything; and some people are so frightened that they stand as if they were stuck, and hold up their hands in horror at the creatures. When the hogs have been in my master's garden, and I have had the big whip handy, I warrant you I have made a clearance, and I only wish I was a scholar, for I would lay about me among these free-thinking gentry, and make them squeal to a long metre tune. As John Ploughman has other fish to fry, and other tails to butter, he must leave these mischievous creatures, and finish his rough ramshackle sermon.

"Beware of the dog." Beware of all who will do you harm. Good company is to be had, why seek bad? It is said of heaven, "without are dogs." Let us make friends of those who can go inside of heaven, for there we hope to go ourselves. We shall go to our own company when we die; let it be such that we shall be glad to go to it.

A BLACK HEN LAYS A WHITE EGG.

THE egg is white enough though the hen is black as a coal. This is a very simple thing, but it has pleased the simple mind of John Ploughman, and made him cheer up when things have gone hard with him. Out of evil comes good, through the great goodness of God. From threatening clouds we get refreshing showers; in dark mines men find bright jewels: and so from our worst troubles come our best blessings. The bitter cold sweetens the ground, and the rough winds fasten the roots of the old oaks. God sends us letters of love in envelopes with black borders. Many a time have I plucked sweet fruit from bramble bushes, and taken lovely roses from among



prickly thorns. Trouble is to believing men and women like the sweetbriar in our hedges, and where it grows there is a delicious smell all around if the dew do but fall upon it from above.

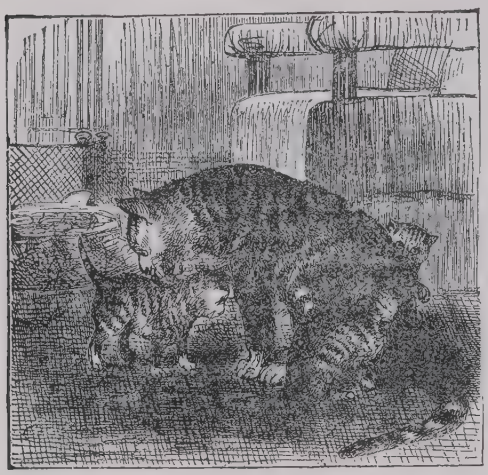
Cheer up, mates, all will come out right in the end. The darkest night will turn to a fair morning in due time. Only let us trust in God, and keep our heads above the waves of fear. When our hearts are right with God everything is right. Let us look for the silver which lines every cloud, and when we do not see it let us believe that it is there. We are all at school, and our great Teacher writes many a bright lesson on the black-board of affliction. Scant fare teaches us to live on heavenly bread, sickness bids us send off for the good Physician, loss of friends makes Jesus more precious, and even the sinking of our spirits brings us to live more entirely upon God. All things are working together for the good of those who love God, and even death itself will bring them their highest gain. Thus the black hen lays a white egg.

'Since all that I meet shall work for my good,
The bitter is sweet, the medicine is food;
Though painful at present 'twill cease before long,
And then, oh how pleasant the conqueror's song!'

LIKE CAT LIKE KIT.

MOST men are what their mothers made them. The father is away from home all day, and has not half the influence over the children

that the mother has. The cow has most to do with the calf. If a ragged colt grows into a good horse, we know who it is that combed him. A mother is therefore a very responsible



woman, even though she may be the poorest in the land, for the bad or the good of her boys and girls very much depends upon her. As is the gardener such is the garden, as is the wife such is the family. Samuel's mother made him a little coat every year, but she had done a deal for him before that: Samuel would not have been Samuel if Hannah had not been Hannah. We shall never see a better set of men till the mothers are better. We must have Sarahs and Rebekahs before we shall see Isaacs and Jacobs. Grace does not run in the blood, but we generally find that the Timothies have mothers of a godly sort.

Little children give their mother the headache, but if she lets them have their own way, when they grow up to be great children they will give her the heartache. Foolish fondness spoils many, and letting faults alone spoils more. Gardens that are never weeded will grow very little worth gathering; all watering and no hoeing will make a bad crop. A child may have too much of its mother's love, and in the long run it may turn out that it had too little. Soft-hearted mothers rear soft-headed children; they hurt them for life because they are afraid of hurting them when they are young. Coddle your children, and they will turn out noodles. You may sugar a child till everybody is sick of it. Boys' jackets need a little dusting every now and then, and girls' dresses are all the better for occasional trimming. Children without chastisement are fields without ploughing. The very best colts want breaking in. Not that we like severity; cruel mothers are not mothers, and those who are always flogging and fault-finding ought to be flogged themselves. There is reason in all things, as the madman said when he cut off his nose.

Good mothers are very dear to their children. There's no mother in the world like our own mother. My friend Sanders, from Glasgow, says, "The mither's breath is aye sweet." Every woman is a handsome woman to her own son. That man is not worth hanging who does not love his mother. When good women lead their little ones to the Saviour, the Lord Jesus blesses not only the children, but their mothers as well. Happy are they among women who see their sons and their daughters walking in the truth.

He who thinks it easy to bring up a family never had one of his own. A mother who trains her children aright had need be wiser than Solomon, for his son turned out a fool. Some children are perverse from their infancy; none are born perfect, but some have a double share of imperfections. Do what you will with some children, they don't improve. Wash a dog, comb a dog, still a dog is but a dog: trouble seems thrown away on some children. Such cases are meant to drive us to God, for he can turn blackamoors white, and cleanse out the leopard's spots. It is clear that whatever faults our children have, we are their parents, and we cannot find fault with the stock they came of. Wild geese do not lay tame eggs. That which is born of a hen will be sure to scratch in the dust. The child of a cat will hunt after mice. Every creature follows its kind. If we are black, we cannot blame our offspring if they are dark too. Let us do our best with them, and pray the Mighty Lord to put his hand to the work. Children of prayer will grow up to be children of praise; mothers who have wept before God for their sons, will one day sing a new song over them. Some colts often break the halter, and yet become quiet in harness. God can make those new whom we cannot mend, therefore let mothers never despair of their children as long as they

live. Are they away from you across the sea? Remember, the Lord is there as well as here. Prodigals may wander, but they are never out of sight of the Great Father, even though they may be "a great way off."

Let mothers labor to make home the happiest place in the world. If they are always nagging and grumbling they will lose their hold of their children, and the boys will be tempted to spend their evenings away from home. Home is the best place for boys and men, and a good mother is the soul of home. The smile of a mother's face has enticed many into the right path, and the fear of bringing a tear into her eye has called off many a man from evil ways. The boy may have a heart of iron, but his mother can hold him like a magnet. The devil never reckons a man to be lost so long as he has a good mother alive. O woman, great is thy power! See to it that it be used for him who thought of his mother even in the agonies of death.

A HORSE WHICH CARRIES A HALTER IS SOON CAUGHT.

With a few oats in a sieve the nag is tempted, and the groom soon catches him if he has his halter on; but the other horse, who has no rope dangling from his head, gives master Bob a sight of his heels, and away he scampers. To my mind, a man who drinks a glass or two, and goes now and then to the tap-room, is a horse with his bridle on, and stands a fair chance of being locked up in Sir John Barleycorn's stables, and made to carry Madame Drink and her habit. There's nothing like coming out fair and square, and standing free as the air. Plenty will saddle you if they can catch you; don't give them the ghost of a chance. A bird has not got away as long as there is even a thread tied to its leg.

"I've taken the pledge and I will not falter;
I'm out in the field and I carry no halter;
I'm a lively nag that likes plenty of room,
So I'm not going down to the 'Horse and Groom.'"

In other concerns it is much the same: you can't get out of a bad way without leaving it altogether, bag and baggage. Half-way will never pay. One thing or the other: be and out-and-outer, or else keep in altogether. Shut up the shop and quit the trade if it is a bad one: to close the front shutters and serve customers at the back door is a silly attempt to cheat the devil, and it will never answer. Such hide-and-seek behavior shows that your conscience has just enough light for you to read your own condemnation by it. Mind what you are at, don't dodge like a rat.

I am always afraid of the tail end of a habit. A man who is always in debt will never be cured till he has paid the last sixpence. When a clock says "tick" once, it will say the same again unless it is quite stopped. Harry Higgins says he only owes for one week at the grocer's, and I am as sure as quarter-day that he will be over head and ears in debt before long. I tell him to clean off the old score and have done with it altogether. He says the tradespeople like to have him on their books, but I am quite sure no man in his senses dislikes ready money. I want him to give up the credit system, for if he does not he will need to outrun the constable.

Bad companions are to be left at once. There's no use in shilly-shallying; they must be told that we would sooner have their room than their company, and if they call again we must start them off with a flea in each ear. Somehow I can't get young fellows to come right out from the black lot; they think they can play with fire and not be burned. Scripture says, "Ye fools, when will ye be wise?"

"April the first stands, mark'd by custom's rules,
A day for being, and for making, fools;
But, pray, what custom, or what rule, supplies
A day for making, or for being, wise?"

Nobody wants to keep a little measles or a

slight degree of fever. We all want to be quite quit of disease; and so let us try to be rid of every evil habit. What wrong would it be right for us to stick to? Don't let us tempt the devil to tempt us. If we give Satan an inch, he will take a mile. As long as we carry his halter he counts us among his nags. Off with the halter! May the grace of God set us wholly free. Does not Scripture say, "Come out from among them, and be ye separate, and touch not the unclean thing"?

AN OLD FOX IS SHY OF A TRAP.

THE old fox knows the trap of old. You don't catch him so easily as you would a cub. He looks sharp at the sharp teeth, and seems to say,

"Hollo, my old chap,
I spy out your trap.
To-day, will you fetch me?
Or wait till you catch me?"

The cat asked the mice to supper, but only the young ones would come to the feast, and they never went home again. "Will you walk into my parlor?" said the spider to the fly, and the silly creature did walk in, and was soon as dead as a door-nail.

What a many traps have been set for some of us. Man-traps and woman-traps; traps to catch us by the eye, by the ear, by the throat, and by the nose; traps for the head and traps for the heart; day traps, and night traps, and traps for any time you like. The baits are of all sorts, alive and dead, male and female, common and particular. We had need be wiser than foxes, or we shall soon hear the snap of the man-trap and feel its teeth.

Beware of beginnings: he who does not take the first wrong step will not take the second. Beware of drops, for the fellows who drink take nothing but a "drop of beer," or "a drop too much." Drop your drop of grog. Beware of him who says "Is it not a little one?" Little sins are the eggs of great sorrows. Beware of lips smeared with honey: see how many flies are caught with sweets. Beware of evil questions which raise needless doubts, and make it hard for a man to trust his Maker. Beware of a bad rich man who is very liberal to you; he will buy you first and sell you afterwards. Beware of a dressy young woman, without a mind or a heart; you may be in a net before you can say Jack Robinson.

"Pretty fools are no ways rare:
Wise men will of such beware."

Beware of the stone which you stumbled over the last time you went that way. Beware of the man who never bewares, and beware of the man whom God has marked. Beware of writing your name on the back of a bill, even though your friend tells you ten times over "it is only a matter of form, you know." It is a form which you had better "formally decline," as our schoolmaster says. If you want to be chopped up, put your hand to a bill; but if you want to be secure never stand as security for any living man, woman, child, youth, maiden, cousin, brother, uncle, or mother-in-law. Beware of trusting all your secrets with anybody but your wife. Beware of a man who will lie, a woman who tells tales out of school, a shopkeeper who sends in his bill twice, and a gentleman who will make your fortune if you will find him a few pounds. Beware of a mule's hind foot, a dog's tooth, and a woman's tongue. Last of all, beware of no man more than of yourself, and take heed in this matter many ways, especially as to your talk. Five words cost Zacharias forty weeks' silence. Many are sorry they spoke, but few ever mourn that they held their tongue.

"Who looks may leap, and save his shins from knocks;
Who tries may trust, or foulest treachery find;
He saves his steed who keeps him under locks;
Who speaks with heed may boldly speak his mind.

"But he whose tongue before his wit doth run,
Oft speaks too soon and grieves when he has done.
Full oft loose speech hath bound men fast in pain,
Beware of taking from thy tongue the rein."

HE LOOKS ONE WAY AND PULLS THE OTHER.

He faces the shore, but he is pulling for the ship: this is the way of those who row in boats, and also of a great many who never trust themselves on the water. The boatman is all right, but the hypocrite is all wrong, whatever rites he may practise. I cannot endure Mr. Facing-both-ways, yet he has swarms of cousins.

It is ill to be a saint without and a devil within, to be a servant of Christ before the world in order to serve the ends of self and the devil, while inwardly the heart hates all good things. There are good and bad of all classes, and hypocrites can be found among ploughmen as well as among parsons. It used to be so in the olden times, for I remember an old verse which draws out just such a character: the man says,—

"I'll have a religion all of my own,
Whether Papist or Protestant shall not be known;
And if it proves troublesome I will have none."

In our Lord's day many followed him, but it was only for the loaves and fishes: they do say that some in our parish don't go quite so straight as the Jews did, for they go to the church for the loaves, and then go over to the Baptist chapel for the fishes. I don't want to judge, but I certainly do know some who, if they do not care much for faith, are always following after charity.

Better die than sell your soul to the highest bidder. Better be shut up in the workhouse than fatten upon hypocrisy. Whatever else we barter, let us never try to turn a penny by religion, for hypocrisy is the meanest vice a man can come to.

It is a base thing to call yourself Christ's horse and yet carry the devil's saddle. The worst kind of wolf is that which wears a sheep's skin. Jezebel was never so ugly as when she had finished painting her face. Above all things, then, brother laborers, let us be straight as an arrow, and true as a die, and never let us be time-servers, or turn-coats. Never let us carry two faces under one hat, nor blow hot and cold with the same breath.

STICK TO IT AND DO IT.

Set a stout heart to a stiff hill, and the wagon will get to the top of it. There's nothing so hard but a harder thing will get through it; a strong job can be managed by a strong resolution. Have at it and have it. Stick to it and succeed. Till a thing is done men wonder that you think it can be done, and when you have done it they wonder it was never done before.

In my picture the wagon is drawn by two horses; but I would have every man who wants to make his way in life pull as if all depended on himself. Very little is done right when it is left to other people. The more hands to do work the less there is done. One man will carry two pails of water for himself; two men will only carry one pail between them, and three will come home with never a drop at all. A child with several mothers will die be-

fore it runs alone. Know your business and give your mind to it, and you will find a buttered loaf where a sluggard loses his last crust.

In these times it's no use being a farmer if you don't mean work. The days are gone by for gentlemen to make a fortune off of a farm by going out shooting half their time. If foreign wheats keep on coming in, farmers will soon learn that—

> "He who by the plough would thrive,
> Himself must either hold or drive."

Going to Australia is of no use to a man if he carries a set of lazy bones with him. There's a living to be got in old England at almost any trade if a fellow will give his mind to it. A man who works hard and has his health and strength is a great deal happier than my lord Tom Noddy, who does nothing and is always ailing. Do you know the old song of "The Nobleman's generous kindness"? You should hear our Will sing it. I recollect some of the verses. The first one gives a picture of the hard-working laborer with a large family—

> "Thus careful and constant, each morning he went,
> Unto his day labor with joy and content;
> So jocular and jolly he'd whistle and sing,
> As blithe and as brisk as the birds in the spring."

The other lines are the ploughman's own story of how he spent his life, and I wish that all countrymen could say the same.

> "I reap and I mow, I harrow and I sow,
> Sometimes a hedging and ditching I go;
> No work comes amiss, for I thrash and I plough,
> Thus my bread I do earn by the sweat of my brow.
>
> "My wife she is willing to pull in a yoke,
> We live like two lambs, nor each other provoke;
> We both of us strive, like the laboring ant,
> And do our endeavors to keep us from want.
>
> "And when I come home from my labor at night,
> To my wife and my children in whom I delight,
> I see them come round me with prattling noise.
> Now these are the riches a poor man enjoys.
>
> "Though I am as weary as weary may be,
> The youngest I commonly dance on my knee;
> I find in content a continual feast,
> And never repine at my lot in the least."

So, you see, the poor laborer may work hard and be happy all the same; and surely those who are in higher stations may do the like if they like.

He is a sorry dog who wants game and will not hunt for it: let us never lie down in idle despair, but follow on till we succeed.

Rome was not built in a day, nor much else, unless it be a dog-kennel. Things which cost no pains are slender gains. Where there has been little sweat there will be little sweet. Jonah's gourd came up in a night, but then it perished in a night. Light come, light go: that which flies in at one window will be likely to fly out at another. It's a very lean hare that hounds catch without running for it, and a sheep that is no trouble to shear has very little wool. For this reason a man who cannot push on against wind and weather stands a poor chance in this world.

Perseverance is the main thing in life. To hold on, and hold out to the end, is the chief matter. If the race could be won by a spurt, thousands would wear the blue ribbon; but they are short-winded, and pull up after the first gallop. They begin with flying, and end in crawling backwards. When it comes to collar work, many horses turn to jibbing. If the apples do not fall at the first shake of the tree your hasty folks are too lazy to fetch a ladder, and in too much of a hurry to wait till the fruit is ripe enough to fall of itself. The hasty man is as hot as fire at the outset, and as cold as ice at the end. He is like the Irishman's saucepan, which had many good points about it, but it had no bottom. He who cannot bear the burden and heat of the day is not worth his salt, much less his potatoes.

Before you begin a thing, make sure it is the right thing to do: ask Mr. Conscience about it. Do not try to do what is impossible: ask Common Sense. It is of no use to blow against a hurricane, or to fish for whales in a washing tub. Better give up a foolish plan than go on and burn your fingers with it: better bend your neck than knock your forehead. But when you have once made up your mind to go a certain road, don't let every molehill turn you out of the path. One stroke fells not an oak. Chop away, axe, you'll down with the tree at last! A bit of iron does not soften the moment you put it into the fire. Blow, smith! Put on more coals! Get it red-hot and hit hard with the hammer, and you will make a ploughshare yet. Steady does it. Hold on and you have it. Brag is a fine fellow at crying "Tally-ho!" but Perseverance brings home the brush.

We ought not to be put out of heart by difficulties: they are sent on purpose to try the stuff we are made of; and depend upon it they do us a world of good. There's a sound rea

son why there are bones in our meat and stones in our land. A world where everything was easy would be a nursery for babies, but not at all a fit place for men. Celery is not sweet till it has felt a frost, and men don't come to their perfection till disappointment has dropped a half-hundred weight or two on their toes. Who would know good horses if there were no heavy loads? If the clay was not stiff, my old Dapper and Violet would be thought no more of than Tomkins' donkey. Besides, to work hard for success makes us fit to bear it: we enjoy the bacon all the more because we have got an appetite by earning it. When prosperity pounces on a man like an eagle, it often throws him down. If we overtake the cart, it is a fine thing to get up and ride; but when it comes behind us at a tearing rate, it is very apt to knock us down and run over us, and when we are lifted into it we find our leg is broken, or our arm out of joint, and we cannot enjoy the ride. Work is always healthier for us than idleness; it is always better to wear out shoes than sheets. I sometimes think, when I put on my considering cap, that success in life is something like getting married: there's a very great deal of pleasure in the courting, and it is not a bad thing when it is a moderate time on the road. Therefore, young man, learn to wait, and work on. Don't throw away your rod, the fish will bite some time or other. The cat watches long at the hole, but catches the mouse at last. The spider mends her broken web, and the flies are taken before long. Stick to your calling, plod on, and be content; for, make sure, if you can *undergo* you shall *overcome*.

"If bad be your prospects, don't sit still and cry,
But jump up, and say to yourself, "I WILL TRY."

Miracles will never cease! My neighbor, Simon Gripper, was taken generous about three months ago. The story is well worth telling. He saw a poor blind man, led by a little girl, playing on a fiddle. His heart was touched, for a wonder. He said to me, "Ploughman, lend me a penny, there's a good fellow." I fumbled in my pocket, and found two halfpence, and handed them to him. More fool I, for he will never pay me again. He gave the blind fiddler one of those halfpence, and kept the other, and I have not seen either Gripper or my penny since, nor shall I get the money back till the gate-post outside my garden grows Ribstone pippins. There's generosity for you! The old saying which is put at the top of this bit of my talk brought him in to my mind, for he *sticks to it* most certainly; he lives as badly as a church mouse, and works as hard as if he was paid by the piece, and had twenty children to keep; but I would no more hold him up for an example than I would show a toad as a specimen of a pretty bird. While I talk to you young people about getting on, I don't want you to think that hoarding up money is real success; nor do I wish you to rise an inch above an honest ploughman's lot, if it cannot be done without being mean or wicked. The workhouse, prison as it is, is a world better than a mansion built by roguery and greed. If you cannot get on honestly, be satisfied not to get on. The blessing of God is riches enough for a wise man, and all the world is not enough for a fool. Old Gripper's notion of how to prosper has, I dare say, a good deal of truth in it, and the more's the pity. The Lord deliver us from such a prospering, I say. That old sinner has often hummed these lines into my ears when we have got into an argument, and very pretty lines they are *not*, certainly:—

"To win the prize in the world's great race
A man should have a brazen face;
An iron arm to give a stroke,
And a heart as sturdy as an oak;
Eyes like a cat, good in the dark,
And teeth as piercing as a shark;
Ears to hear the gentlest sound,
Like moles that burrow in the ground;
A mouth as close as patent locks,
And stomach stronger than an ox;
His tongue should be a razor-blade,
His conscience india-rubber made;
His blood as cold as polar ice,
His hand as grasping as a vice.
His shoulders should be adequate
To bear a couple thousand weight;
His legs, like pillars, firm and strong,
To move the great machine along;
With supple knees to cringe and crawl,
And cloven feet placed under all."

It amounts to this: be a devil in order to be happy. Sell yourself outright to the old dragon, and he will give you the world and the glory thereof. But remember the question of the Old Book, "What shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" There is another road to success besides this crooked, dirty, cut-throat lane. It is the King's highway, of which the same Book says: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you." John Ploughman prays that all his readers may choose this way, and keep to it; yet even in that way we must use dili-

gence, "for the kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force."

DON'T PUT THE CART BEFORE THE HORSE.

NOBODY will ever take that fellow to be a Solomon. He has no more sense than a sucking turkey; his wit will never kill him, but he may die for want of it. One would think that he does not know which side of himself goes first, or which end should be uppermost, for he is putting the cart before the horse. However, he is not the only fool in the world, for nowadays you can't shake your coat out of a window without dusting an idiot. You have to ask yourself what will be the next new piece of foolery.

Amusing blunders will happen. Down at our chapel we only have evening meetings on moonlight nights, for some of our friends would never find their way home down our Surrey lanes of a dark night. It is a long lane that has no turning, but ours have plenty of turnings, and are quite as long as one likes them when it is pitch dark, for the trees meet over your head and won't let a star peep through. What did our old clerk do the other Sunday but give notice that there would be no moon next Wednesday night in consequence of there being no service. He put the cart before the horse that time. So it was with the young parson, of very fine ideas, who tried to make us poor clod-hoppers see the wisdom of Providence in making the great rivers run near the large towns, while our village had a small brook to suit the size of it. We had a quiet laugh at the good man as we walked home through the corn, and we wondered why it never occurred to him that the Thames was in its bed long before London was up, and our tiny stream ran through its winding ways long before a cottager dipped his pail into it.

Dick Widgeon had a married daughter who brought her husband as pretty a baby as one might wish to see. When it was born, a neighbor asked the old man whether it was a boy or a girl. "Dear, dear," said Dick, "here's a a kettle of fish! I'm either a grandfather or a grandmother, and I'm sure I don't know which." Dick says his mother was an Irishman, but I do not believe it.

All this is fun, but some of this blundering leads to mischief. Lazy fellows ruin their trade, and then say that bad trade ruined them.

Some fellows talk at random, as if they lived in a world turned upside down, for they always put things the wrong side up. A serving-man lost his situation through his drunken ways; and, as he could get no character, he charged his old master with being his ruin.

> "Robert complained the other day
> His master took his character away:
> 'I take your character,' said he, 'no fear,
> Not for a thousand pounds a year.'"

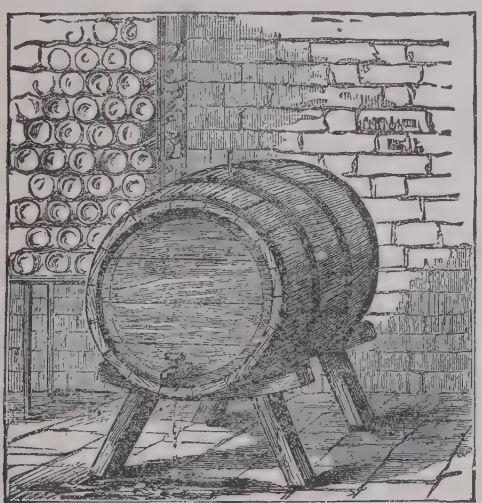
The man was his own downfall, and now he blames those who speak the truth about him. "He mistakes the effect for the cause," as our old school-master says, and blames the bucket for the faults of the well.

The other day a fellow said to me, "Don't you think Jones is a lucky chap?" "No," said I, "I think he is a hard-working man, and gets on because he deserves it." "Ah," was the man's answer, "don't tell me; he has got a good trade, and a capital shop, and a fair capital, and I don't wonder that he makes money." Bless the man's heart; Jones began with nothing, in a little, poking shop, and all he has was scraped together by hard labor and careful saving. The shop would never have kept him if he had not kept the shop, and he would have had no trade if he had not been a good tradesman; but there, it's no use talking, some people will never allow that thrift and temperance lead to thriving and comfort, for this would condemn themselves. So to quiet

their consciences they put the cart before the horse.

A very bad case of putting the cart before the horse is when a drinking old man talks as if he had been kept out of the grave by his beer, though that is the thing which carries people to their last home. He happens to have a strong constitution, and so he can stand the effects of drink better than most, and then folks say it was the drink which gave him the constitution. When an old soldier comes alive out of battle, do we think that the shot and shell saved his life? When we meet with a man who is so strong that he can be a great drinker and still seem little the worse, we must not say that he owes his strength to his beer, or we shall be putting the plough before the oxen.

When a man thinks that he is to make himself good before he comes to Jesus to be saved, he is planting the fruit instead of the root; and putting the chimney pots where the foundation should be. We do not save ourselves and then trust the Saviour; but when the Saviour has worked salvation in us, then we work it out with fear and trembling. Be sure, good reader, that you put faith first, and works afterwards; for, if not, you will put the cart before the horse.



A LEAKING TAP IS A GREAT WASTER.

A LEAKING tap is a great waster. Drop by drop, by day and by night, the liquor runs away, and the housewife wonders how so much can have gone. This is the fashion in which many laboring men are kept poor: they don't take care of the pence, and so they have no pounds to put in the bank. You cannot fill the rain-water butt if you do not catch the drops. A sixpence here, and a shilling there, and his purse is empty before a man dares to look in it. What with waste in the kitchen, waste at table, and waste at the public-house, fools and their money soon part to meet no more. If the wife wastes too, there are two holes in the barrel. Sometimes the woman dresses in tawdry finery and gets in debt to the tally-man; and it is still worse if she takes to the bottle. When the goose drinks as deep as the gander, pots are soon empty, and the cupboard is bare. Then they talk about saving, like the man who locked the stable door after his horse was stolen. They will not save at the brim, but promise themselves and the pigs that they will do wonders when they get near the bottom. It is well to follow the good old rule:—

"Spend so as you may
Spend for many a day."

He who eats all the loaf at breakfast may whistle for his dinner, and get a dish of empties. If we do not save while we have it, we certainly shall not save after all is gone. There is no grace in waste. Economy is a duty; extravagance is a sin. The old Book saith, "He that hasteth to be rich shall not be innocent," and, depend upon it, he that hasteth to be poor is in much the same box. Stretch your legs according to the length of your blanket, and never spend all that you have:

"Put a little by;
Things may go awry."

It will help to keep you from anxious care,—which is sinful, if you take honest care,—which is commendable. Lay up when young, and you shall find when old; but do not this greedily or selfishly, or God may send a curse on your store. Money is not a comfort by itself, for they said in the olden time—

"They who have money are troubled about it,
And they who have none are troubled without it."

But though the dollar is not almighty, it ought to be used *for* the Almighty, and not wasted in wicked extravagance. Even a dog will hide

up a bone which he does not want, and it is said of wolves that they gnaw not the bones till the morrow; but many of our working men are without thrift or forethought, and, like children, they will eat all the cake at once if they can. When a frost comes they are poor frozen-out gardeners, and ask for charity, when they ought to have laid up for a snowy day. I wonder they are not ashamed of themselves. Those are three capital lines:—

"Earn all you can,
Save all you can,
Give all you can."

But our neighbor Scroggs acts on quite a a different rule-of-three, and tries three other cans:

"Eat all you can,
Drink all you can,
Spend all you can."

He can do more of all these than is canny; it would be a good thing if he and the beer-can were a good deal further apart.

I don't want any person to become a screw, or a hoarder, or a lover of money, but I do wish our working men would make better use of what they get. It is little enough, I know; but some make it less by squandering it. Solomon commends the good woman who "considereth a field and buyeth it: with the fruit of her hands she planteth a vineyard;" he also tells the sluggard to go to the ant, and see how she stores for the winter. I am told that ants of this sort do not live in England, and I am afraid they don't; but my master says he has seen them in France, and I think it would be a good idea to bring over the breed. My old friend Tusser says,—

"Ill husbandry drinketh
Himself out of door;
Good husbandry thinketh
Of friend and of poor."

The more of such good husbandry the merrier for old England. You cannot burn your faggots in autumn and then stack them for the winter; if you want the calf to become a cow, you must not be in a hurry to eat neats' feet. Money once spent is like shot fired from a gun, you can never call it back. No matter how sorry you may be, the goldfinches are out of the cage, and they will not fly back for all your crying. If a fellow gets into debt, it is worse still, for that is a ditch in which many find mud, but none catch fish. When all his sugar is gone, a man's friends are not often very sweet upon him. People who have nothing are very apt to be thought worth nothing: mind, *I* don't say so, but a good many do. Wrinkled purses make wrinkled faces. It has been said that they laugh most who have least to lose, and it may be so; but I am afraid that some of them laugh on the wrong side of their faces. Foolish spending buys a pennyworth of merry-making, but it costs many a pound of sorrow. The profligate sells his cow to buy a canary, and boils down a bullock to get half-a-pint of bad soup, and that he throws away as soon as he has tasted it. I should not care to spend all my living to buy a mouldy repentance, yet this is what many a prodigal has done, and many more will do.

My friend, keep money in thy purse: "It is one of Solomon's proverbs," said one; another answered that it was not there. "Then," said Kit Lancaster, "It might have been, and if Solomon had ever known the miss of a shilling he would have said it seven times over." I think that he does say as much as this in substance, if not in so many words, especially when he talks about the ant; but be that how it may, be sure of this, that a pound in the pocket is as good as a friend at court, and rather better; and if ever you live to want what you once wasted, it will fill you with woe enough to last you to your grave. He who put a pound of butter on a gridiron, not only lost his butter, but made such a blaze as he won't soon forget: foolish lavishness leads to dreadful wickedness, so John Ploughman begs all his mates to fight shy of it, and post off to the Post Office Savings' Bank.

"For age and want save while you may;
No morning's sun lasts all the day."

Money is not the chief thing, it is as far below the Grace of God and faith in Christ as a ploughed field is below the stars; but still, godliness hath the promise of the life that now is as well as of that which is to come, and he who is wise enough to seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, should also be wise enough to use aright the other things which God is pleased to add unto him.

Somewhere or other I met with a set of mottoes about gold, which I copied out, and here they are: I don't know who first pricked them down, but like a great many of the things which

are stuck together in my books, I found them here and there, and they are none of mine: at least, I cannot claim the freehold, but have them on copyhold, which is a fair tenure. If the owners of these odds and ends will call for them at the house where this book is published they may have them on paying a shilling for the paper they are done up in.

MOTTOES ABOUT GOLD.

A vain man's motto is ....."Win gold and wear it."
A generous man's motto is...."Win gold and share it."
A miserly man's motto is ....."Win gold and spare it."
A profligate man's motto is...."Win gold and spend it."
A banker's motto is....."Win gold and lend it."
A gambler's motto is ....."Win gold or lose it."
A wise man's motto is....."Win gold and use it."

FOOLS SET STOOLS FOR WISE MEN TO STUMBLE OVER.

THIS is what they call "a lark." Fools set set stools for wise men to stumble over. To ask questions is as easy as kissing your hand; to answer them is hard as fattening a greyhound. Any fool can throw a stone into a deep well, and the cleverest man in the parish may never be able to get it up again. Folly grows in all countries, and fools are all the world over, as he said who shod the goose. Silly people are pleased with their own nonsense, and think it rare fun to quiz their betters. To catch a wise man tripping is as good as bowling a fellow out at a cricket-match.

"Folly is wise in her own eyes,
Therefore she tries Wit to surprise."

There are difficulties in everything except in eating pancakes, and nobody ought to be expected to untie all the knots in a net, or to make that straight which God has made crooked. He is the greatest fool of all who pretends to explain everything, and says he will not believe what he cannot understand. There are bones in the meat, but am I to go hungry till I can eat them? Must I never enjoy a cherry till I find one without a stone? John Ploughman is not of that mind. He is under no call to doubt, for he is not a doctor: when people try to puzzle him he tells them that those who made the lock had better make the key, and those who put the cow in the pound had better get her out. Then they get cross, and John only says—You need not be crusty, for you are none too much baked.

After all, what do we know if all our knowing was put together? It would all go in a thimble, and the girl's finger, too. A very small book would hold most men's learning, and every line would have a mistake in it. Why, then, should we spend our lives in perplexity, tumbling about like pigs in a sack, and wondering how we shall ever get out again? John knows enough to know that he does not know enough to explain all that he knows, and so he leaves the stools to the schools and the other—ools.

A MAN IN A PASSION RIDES A HORSE THAT RUNS AWAY WITH HIM.

WHEN passion has run away with a man, who knows where it will carry him? Once let a rider lose power over his horse, and he may go over hedge and ditch, and end with a tumble into the stone-quarry and a broken neck. No one can tell in cold blood what he may do when he gets angry; therefore it is best to run no risks. Those who feel their

temper rising will be wise if they rise themselves and walk off to the pump. Let them fill their mouths with cold water, hold it there ten minutes at the least, and then go indoors, and keep there till they feel cool as a cucumber. If you carry loose gunpowder in your pocket, you had better not go where sparks are flying; and if you are bothered with an irritable nature, you should move off when folks begin teasing you. Better keep out of a quarrel than fight your way through it.

Nothing is improved by anger unless it be the arch of a cat's back. A man with his back up is spoiling his figure. People look none the handsomer for being red in the face. It takes a great deal out of a man to get into a towering rage; it is almost as unhealthy as having a fit, and time has been when men have actually choked themselves with passion, and died on the spot. Whatever wrong I suffer, it cannot do me half so much hurt as being angry about it; for passion shortens life and poisons peace.

When once we give way to temper, temper will claim a right of way, and come in easier every time. He that will be in a pet for any little thing will soon be out at elbows about nothing at all. A thunder-storm curdles the milk, and so does a passion sour the heart and spoil the character.

He who is in a tantrum shuts his eyes and opens his mouth, and very soon says what he will be sorry for. Better bite your lips now than smart for life. It is easier to keep a bull out of a china shop than it is to get him out again; and, besides, there's no end of a bill to pay for damages.

A man burning with anger carries a murderer inside his waistcoat; the sooner he can cool down the better for himself and all around him. He will have to give an account for his feelings as well as for his words and actions, and that account will cost him many tears. It is a cruel thing to tease quick-tempered people, for, though it may be sport to you, it is death to them, at least, it is death to their peace, and maybe something worse. We know who said, "Woe to that man by whom the offence cometh."

Shun a furious man as you would a mad dog, but do it kindly, or you may make him worse than he would be. Don't put a man out when you know he is out with himself. When his monkey is up be very careful, for he means mischief. A surly soul is sure to quarrel; he says the cat will break his heart, and the coal scuttle will be the death of him.

"A man in a rage
Needs a great iron cage.
He'll tear and he'll dash
Till he comes to a smash;
So let's out of his way
As quick as we may."

As we quietly move off let us pray for the angry person; for a man in a thorough passion is as sad a sight as to see a neighbor's house on fire and no water handy to put out the flames.

Let us wish the fellow on the runaway horse a soft ditch to tumble in, and sense enough never to get on the creature's back again.

WHERE THE PLOUGH SHALL FAIL TO GO, THERE THE WEEDS WILL SURELY GROW.

In my young days farmers used to leave broad headlands; and, as there were plenty of good-for-nothing hedges and ditches, they raised a prime crop of weeds, and these used to sow the farm, and give a heap of trouble. Then Farmer Numskull "never could make out nohow where all they there weeds could 'a come from." In those good old times, as stupids called them, old Tusser said:

"Slack never thy weeding for dear or for cheap,
The corn shall reward it when harvest ye reap."

He liked to see weeding done just after rain, no bad judge either. He said,

"Then after a shower, to weeding a snatch,
'Tis more easy than the root to despatch."

Weeding is wanted now, for ill weeds grow apace, and the hoe must always go; but still lands are a fine sight cleaner than they used

to be, for now farmers go a deal closer to work, and grub up the hedges, and make large fields, to save every bit of land. Quite right, too. The less there is wasted the more there is for us all.

To clothe the fields with plenty and all our barns endow,
We'll turn up every corner and drive the useful plough.
No weed shall haunt the furrow, before us all shall bow,
We'll gaily yield our labor to guide the useful plough.

It would be well to do the same thing in other concerns. Depend upon it, weeds will come wherever you give them half a chance. When children have no school to go to they will pretty soon be up to mischief; and if they are not taught the gospel, the old enemy will soon teach them to thieve, and lie, and swear. You can tell with your eyes shut where there's a school and where there's none: only use your ears and hear the young ones talk.

So far goes the plough, and where that leaves off the docks and the thistles begin, as sure as dirt comes where there's no washing, and mice where there are no cats. They tell me that in London and other big towns vice and crime are sure to spread where there are no ragged schools and Sunday schools; and I don't wonder. I hope the day will never come when good people will give up teaching the boys and girls. Keep that plough going, say I, till you have cut up all the charlock. Don't leave a rod of ground for the devil to sow his tares in. In my young time few people in our parish could either read or write, and what were they to do but gossip, and drink and fight, and play old gooseberry? Now that teaching is to be had, people will all be scholars, and, as they can buy a Testament for a penny, I hope they will search the Scriptures, and may God bless the word to the cleansing of their souls. When the schoolmaster gets to his work in downright earnest, I hope and trust there will be a wonderful clearance of the weeds.

The best plough in all the world is the preaching of the gospel. Leave a village without Christ crucified, and it soon becomes a great tangle of thorn, and briar, and brake and bramble; but when sound and sensible preaching comes, it tears all up like a steam plough, and the change is something to sing about. "The desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose."

Inside a man's heart there is need of a thorough ploughing by God's grace, for if any part of our nature is left to itself, the weeds of sin will smother the soul. Every day we have need to be looked after, for follies grow in no time, and come to a great head before you can count twenty. God speed the plough.

ALL IS LOST THAT IS POURED INTO A CRACKED DISH.

Cook is wasting her precious liquor, for it runs out almost as fast as it runs in. The sooner she stops that game the better. This makes me think of a good deal of preaching; it is labor in vain, because it does not stay in the minds of the hearers, but goes in at one ear and out at the other. When men go to market they are all alive to do a trade, but in a place of worship they are not more than half awake, and do not seem to care whether they profit or not by what they hear. I once heard a preacher say, "Half of you are asleep, half are inattentive, and the rest——." He never finished that sentence, for the people began to smile, and here and there one burst out laughing. Certainly, many only go to meeting to stare about.

"Attend your church, the parson cries,
To church each fair one goes;
The old ones go to close their eyes,
The young to eye their clothes."

You might as well preach to the stone images in the old church as to the people who are asleep. Some old fellows come into our meeting, pitch into their corner, and settle themselves down for a quiet snooze as knowingly as if the pew was a sleeping-car on the railway. Still, all the sleeping at service is not the fault of the poor people, for some parsons put a lot

of sleeping stuff into their sermons. Will Shepherd says they *mesmerize* the people. (I think that is the right word, but I'm not sure.) I saw a verse in a real live book by Mr. Cheales, the vicar of Brockham, a place which is handy to my home. I'll give it you:

"The ladies praise our curate's eyes.
I never see their light divine,
For when he prays he closes them,
And when he preaches closes mine."

Well, if curates are heavy in style, the people will soon be heavy in sleep. Even when hearers are awake many of them are forgetful. It is like pouring a jug of ale between the bars of a gridiron, to try and teach them good doctrine. Water on a duck's back does have some effect, but sermons by the hundred are as much lost upon many men's hearts as if they had been spoken to a kennel of hounds. Preaching to some fellows is like whipping the water or lashing the air. As well talk to a turnip, or whistle to a dead donkey, as preach to these dull ears. A year's sermons will not produce an hour's repentance till the grace of God comes in.

We have a good many hangers on who think that their duty to God consists in hearing sermons, and that the best fruit of their hearing is to talk of what they have heard. How they do lay the law down when they get argifying about doctrines! Their religion all runs to ear and tongue: neither their heart nor their hand is a scrap the better. This is poor work, and will never pay the piper. The sermon which only gets as far as the ear is like a dinner eaten in a dream. It is ill to lie soaking in the gospel like a bit of coal in a milk-pan, never the whiter for it all.

What can be the good of being hearers only? It disappoints the poor preacher, and it brings no blessing to the man himself. Looking at a plum won't sweeten your mouth, staring at a coat won't cover your back, and lying on the bank won't catch the fish in the river. The cracked dish is never the better for all that is poured into it: it is like our forgetful heart, it wants to be taken away, and a new one put instead of it.

SCATTER AND INCREASE.

PEOPLE will not believe it, and yet it is true as the gospel, that giving leads to thriving. John Bunyan said,

"There was a man, and some did count him mad,
The more he gave away, the more he had."

He had an old saying to back him, one which is as old as the hills, and as good as gold—

"Give and spend
And God will send."

If a man cannot pay his debts he must not think of giving, for he has nothing of his own, and it is thieving to give away other people's property. Be just before you are generous. Don't give to Peter what is due to Paul. They used to say that "Give" is dead, and "Restore" is buried, but I do not believe it any more than I do another saying, "There are only two good men, one is dead, and the other is not born." No, no: there are many free hearts yet about, and John Ploughman knows a goodish few of them—people who don't cry, "Go next door," but who say, "Here's a little help, and we wish we could make it ten times as much." God has often a great share in a small house, and many a little man has a large heart.

Now, you will find that liberal people are happy people, and get more enjoyment out of what they have than folks of a churlish mind. Misers never rest till they are put to bed with a shovel: they often get so wretched that they would hang themselves, only they grudge the expense of a rope. Generous souls are made happy by the happiness of others: the money they give to the poor buys them more pleasure than any other that they lay out.

I have seen men of means give coppers, and they have been coppery in everything. They carried on a tin-pot business, lived like beg-

gars, and died like dogs. I have seen others give to the poor and to the cause of God by shovelfuls and they have had it back by barrow-loads. They made good use of their stewardship, and the great Lord has trusted them with more, while the bells in their hearts have rung out merry peals when they have thought of widows who blessed them, and orphan children who smiled into their faces. Ah me, that there should be creatures in the shape of men whose souls are of no use except as salt to keep their bodies from rotting! Please let us forget them, for it makes me feel right down sick to think of their nasty ways. Let us see what we can do to scatter joy all around us, just as the sun throws his light on hill and dale. He that gives God his heart will not deny him his money. He will take a pleasure in giving, but he will not wish to be seen, nor will he expect to have a pound of honor for sixpence. He will look out for worthy objects; for giving to lazy, drunken spendthrifts is wasteful and wicked; you might as well sugar a brickbat and think to turn it into a pudding. A wise man will go to work in a sensible way, and will so give his money to the poor that he will be lending it to the Lord. No security can be better and no interest can be surer. The Bank is open at all hours. It is the best Savings' Bank in the nation. There is an office open at the Boys' and Girls' Orphanage, Stockwell, London. Draw your cheques or send your orders to C. H. Spurgeon. There will soon be five hundred mouths to fill and backs to cover. Take shares in this company. John Ploughman wishes he could do more for it.

EVERY BIRD LIKES ITS OWN NEST.

It pleases me to see how fond the birds are of their little homes. No doubt each one thinks his own nest is the very best; and so it is for him, just as my home is the best palace for me, even for me King John, the king of the Cottage of Content. I will ask no more if providence only continues to give me—

> "A little field well tilled,
> A little house well filled,
> And a little wife well willed."

An Englishman's house is his castle, and the true Briton is always fond of the old roof-tree. Green grows the house-leek on the thatch, and sweet is the honey-suckle at the porch, and dear are the gilly-flowers in the front garden; but best of all is the good wife within, who keep all as neat as a new pin. Frenchmen may live in their coffee-houses, but an Englishman's best life is seen at home.

'My own house, though small,
Is the best house of all.'

When boys get tired of eating tarts, and maids have done with winning hearts, and lawyers cease to take their fees, and leaves leave off to grow on trees, then will John Ploughman cease to love his own dear home. John likes to hear some sweet voice sing—

> "'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
> Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home;
> A charm from the sky seems to hallow us there,
> Which, wherever we rove, is not met with elsewhere.
>
> "Home! Home! sweet, sweet home!
> There's no place like home!"

People who take no pleasure in their own homes are queer folks, and no better than they should be. Every dog is a lion at his own door, and a man should make most of those who make most of him. Women should be house-keepers and keep in the house. That man is to be pitied who has married one of the Miss Gadabouts. Mrs. Cackle and her friend Mrs. Dressemout are enough to drive their husbands into the county jail for shelter: there can be no peace where such a piece of goods as either of them is to be found. Old Tusser said—

> "Ill huswifery pricketh
> Herself up with pride:
> Good huswifery tricketh
> Her house as a bride.
>
> "Ill huswifery moveth
> With gossip to spend:
> Good huswifery loveth
> Her household to tend."

The woman whose husband wastes his evenings with low fellows at the beer-shop is as badly off as a slave; and when the Act of Parliament shuts up most of these ruin-houses, it will be an Act of Emancipation for her. Good husbands cannot have too much of their homes, and if their wives make their homes comfortable they will soon grow proud of them. When good fathers get among their children they are as merry as mice in malt. Our Joe Scroggs says he's tired of his house, and the house certainly looks tired of him, for it is all out of windows, and would get out of doors if it knew how. He will never be weary in well doing, for he never began. What a different fellow he would be if he could believe that the best side of the world is a man's own fireside. I know it is so, and so do many more.

"Seek home for rest,
For home is best."

What can it be that so deludes lots of people who ought to know better? They have sweet wives, and nice families, and comfortable houses, and they are several cuts above us poor country bumpkins, and yet they must be out of an evening. What is it for? Surely it can't be the company; for the society of the woman you love, who is the mother of your children, is worth all the companies that ever met together. I fear they are away soaking their clay, and washing all their wits away. If so, it is a great shame, and those who are guilty of it ought to be trounced. O that drink! that drink!

Dear, dear, what stuff people will pour into their insides! Even if I had to be poisoned I should like to know what I was swallowing. A cup of tea at home does people a sight more good than all the mixtures you get abroad. There's nothing like the best home-brewed, and there's no better mash-tub for making it in than the old-fashioned earthenware teapot. Our little children sing, "Please, father, come home," and John Ploughman joins with thousands of little children in that simple prayer which every man who is a man should be glad to answer. I like to see husband and wife longing to see each other.

"An ear that waits to catch,
A hand upon the latch;
A step that hastens its sweet rest to win;
A world of care without,
A world of strife shut out,
A world of love shut in."

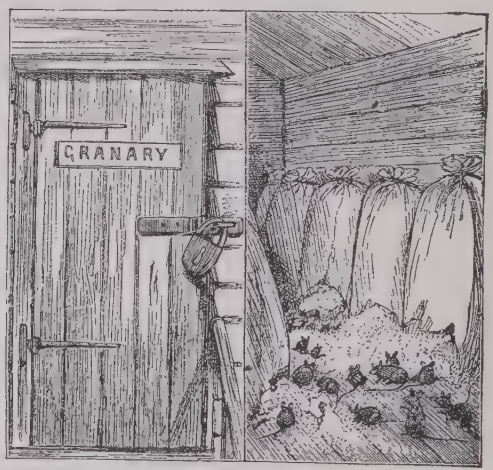
Fellow workmen, try to let it be so with you and your wives. Come home, and bring your wages with you, and make yourselves happy by making everyone happy around you.

My printer jogs my elbow, and says, "That will do; I can't get any more in." Then, Mr. Passmore, I must pass over many things, but I cannot leave off without praising God for his goodness to me and mine, and all my brother ploughmen, for it is of his great mercy that he lets us live in this dear old country and loads us with so many benefits.

This bit of poetry shall be my finish: I mean every word of it. Let us sing it together.

"What pleasant groves, what goodly fields!
What fruitful hills and vales have we!
How sweet an air our climate yields!
How blest with flocks and herds we be!
How milk and honey doth o'erflow!
How clear and wholesome are our springs!
How safe from ravenous beasts we go!
And, oh, how free from poisonous things!

"For these, and for our grass, our corn;
For all that springs from blade or bough;
For all those blessings that adorn,
Both wood and field, this kingdom through;
For all of these, thy praise we sing;
And humbly, Lord, entreat thee too,
That fruit to thee we forth may bring,
As unto us thy creatures do."



GRASP ALL AND LOSE ALL.

WHILE so many poor neighbors are around us it is a sin to hoard. If we do we shall be losers, for rats eat corn, rust cankers metal, and the curse of God spoils riches. A tight fist is apt to get the rheumatism, an open hand bears the palm. It is good to give a part to sweeten the rest. A great stack of hay is apt to heat and take fire; cut a piece out and let the air in, and the rest will be safe. What say you, Mr. Reader, to cut a few pounds out of your heap, and send them to help feed the orphans?

RULES OF ORDER

—FOR—

LYCEUMS, LITERARY SOCIETIES,

AND

VILLAGE ASSEMBLIES.

ARRANGED FOR SPEAKER'S COMPLETE PROGRAM BY JAMES P. BOYD, A. M

ORGANIZATION.

WHEN those who have agreed to meet for the purpose of organization are present, some one rises and says, "I move that Mr. or Mrs. ———act as Chairman."

Some one else rises and says, "I second the motion."

The mover then says, "All in favor of the motion, say, Aye." Ayes are counted.

The mover then says, "All opposed say, No." The noes are counted.

If the ayes have a majority, the mover says, Mr. or Mrs.———will please take the chair.

If the noes have a majority, the mover says, "I call for the nomination of some one else."

And so he continues to call and to put motions till a majority agrees upon some one.

After agreement, he says, "Mr. or Mrs. so and so, (the person agreed upon) will please take the chair."

The person selected will take the chair, say a brief word as to the honor conferred, and the object of the assembly, and then conclude with, "In order to further complete the organization, a motion is in order for the election of a Secretary.

If only one motion is made and seconded in favor of a candidate (motions, except those of minor import, are not ready to be put till seconded) the Chairman will say, "all in favor of the motion says aye." He will count the ayes.

Then he will say, "All opposed say, no." He will count the noes.

If a majority favor the motion, he will say, "Mr. or Mrs.——— has been elected Secretary. He or she will please take the secretary's chair.

Sometimes other persons will wish to move that their favorite be elected Secretary. It is the business of the chair to entertain all such motions, till satisfied that they are at an end.

When satisfied he will put the first motion. If carried by a majority, the other motions fail. If not carried, he takes up the second, and so on till a majority choice is indicated. In general, the Chairman has a right to insist that all shall vote.

For a temporary assembly, a Chairman and Secretary, or Secretaries, are all that is required. But for an organization that is expected to be permanent for a season, or for years, and where dues are a feature, other officers are required. There should be a Vice-Chairman or president, a collector, a treasurer, a door-keeper &c., dependent on the character of the organization. All these may be chosen in the manner laid down above for the election of a secretary. But it would be best to postpone their election for a little time, till discussion has been had of the object and character of the society or association, and until all are ready for the work of permanent organization. If the by-laws have been passed and prescribe the election of permanent officers by ballot, it would be well to elect all such officers in accordance with said by-laws.

And even if it be desirable to go on with permanent organization before the Constitution and by-laws have been adopted, it would be best to elect the permanent officers, by receiving nominations and using the ballot. But as this to *see* the heading "PERMANENT SOCIETIES."

When the temporary or popular meeting

has been organized, as above, by the election of a Chairman and Secretary, or Secretaries, (Political meetings generally announce a long list of Vice-Presidents and secretaries as honorary selections) the Chairman should say (a Chairman should always rise when he makes a proposition or motion) "What is the further pleasure of this meeting?"

Here it is proper for some one to rise and say, "Mr. Chairman I move that a Committee of three (or five—the number is arbitrary, but should not be too large) be appointed by the Chair to draft resolutions expressive of the sense of this meeting.

It must be understood that *Resolutions* are the usual means of making known the wishes of an assembly, or of effecting a temporary government, where such assembly is a public and popular one, as the political meeting, the indignation meeting, the meeting in honor of some distinguished person, or of condolence over a death, the meeting looking to a permanent organization for a special object, &c.

The resolutions, in such cases, have generally been prepared beforehand by those who have consulted together and have called the meeting, and they have been entrusted to the keeping of the one who, by previous understanding, would make the above motion.

The Chairman should rise, recognize the Mover, by mentioning his name, hear the motion, see that it is seconded, repeat it to the assembly, and then say, "Are you ready for the question?"

If there is no discussion, he puts the question in the usual way, by saying, "All in favor of the motion say aye." "Contrary, No!"

If carried, the Chairman appoints the Committee, naming the mover of the motion as the first one on the Committee, who thus becomes its Chairman.

The oldest and best parliamentary usage requires that the mover of a motion to appoint a Committee shall be the first on the Committee, and that the first appointed on a Committee shall be its Chairman.

If the above motion has been lost, the Chairman shall announce it as lost, and ask, "what is the further pleasure of the meeting?" This will bring up another line of procedure.

It is usual for the above Committee to retire for a few moments to read over and adopt the resolutions, if they are already prepared, or to prepare resolutions, if not previously done. While they are gone, the Chairman may announce the business of the assembly as suspended till the Committee is ready to report, but it is better for him, in order to hold the assembly together, to say that the interval affords an opportunity for a general expression of views, and to call upon some one, whom he knows to be in sympathy with the object of the meeting, to entertain it. But if there is any regular business that can go on during the absence of the Committee, it should be attended to.

When the Committee is ready to report, its Chairman announces the fact to the Chairman of the Assembly, by saying, "Mr. Chairman, your Committee have agreed upon a series of resolutions and beg leave to report them." So saying, he passes the resolutions to the Chairman or Secretary.

The Chairman of the Assembly asks the Secretary to read them, which he does. If the handwriting is unfamiliar to the Secretary, the Chairman should relieve him, by calling on the writer of the resolutions to read them, for much depends on a good reading of resolutions.

After the reading, the Chairman says, "You have heard the resolutions, what is your pleasure respecting them," or "what action will the assembly take upon them?"

Then some one rises and says, "Mr. Chairman I move the resolutions (or the report of the Committee) be adopted." When the motion has been seconded, the Chairman says, "Is the meeting (or assembly; or are you) ready for the question?"

Debate would now be in order. And at this point the object of the meeting is best met by a full expression of views, which the chairman should solicit, and give opportunity for.

When debate has been had upon the resolutions, and has ended, the Chairman puts the question in the usual way. If carried, the resolutions become the voice of the Assembly, and the Committee stands discharged.

The resolutions may have been modified by amendments, or referred back to the Committee for change, all of which changes or modifications, if made by amendments in open assembly, must be recognized and stated by the Chairman, in the final motion to pass them.

If the object of the Assembly has now been

met, some one moves to adjourn. The Chairman puts the motion in the usual form, and then declares the meeting adjourned.

But a speedier way to handle resolutious in popular assemblies, where such resolutions have been prepared beforehand, and where their passage is expected to accomplish the object of the meeting, is for the one who has them in charge to rise and say, "Mr. Chairman, I move the adoption of the following resolutions." He then read them, or hands them to the Secretary to be read.

After reading, they are open to debate, as before ; also for modification, rejection or acceptation. Full discussion of them, and final action upon them, generally accomplishes the object of the meeting.

PERMANENT SOCIETIES.

When the object is to form a permanent Society for business, literary entertainment, scientific pursuit or pleasure—in which rank fall Lyceums, social clubs, institutes, and all assemblies designed to perpetuate themselves—the preliminary steps are the same as already set forth, viz., a consultation among friends of the object in view, being careful that enemies are discarded, a call for the work of organization, a meeting at which a Chairman and Secretary shall be elected the first thing, and in the way already set forth. This puts the meeting under control.

The Chairman then calls upon some one whom he knows to be most interested in the movement, or best qualified to it set forth, to state the object of the meeting. If the Chairman himself is the best qualified, which is mostly the very reason he has been called upon to preside, he states the object of the meeting. Others may be given opportunity to state their views, but the Chairman should control the time and insist on brevity.

But it is best for the one making the statement to conclude his remarks with a resolution, previously prepared and in writing, which resolution should be passed to and read by the Secretary.

It may read, "Resolved, that it is the sense of this meeting that a Society shall be formed in this (city, town or village) for the purpose of (state the object) which shall be known as the (state the name), (but the name can be left to the Committee on Constitution)."

This resolution should be open to the widest debate, after it has has been seconded.

It should then be voted upon and, if carried, some one should rise and say, "I move that the Chairman appoint a Committee of three (five or any other number, the smaller the better) to draft a Constitution and by-laws for such a society as has been agreed upon in the resolution just passed, and that said Committee report at the next meeting (or at an adjourned meeting, or at a meeting called by the Chairman or at the present session) of this assembly."

This motion is debatable. If it passes, the Chair should appoint the Committee, placing the mover first. A motion to adjourn will now be in order, unless the Committee's report is expected. Such motion should be made with a view to accommodating the Committee, and should include the time and place of next meeting. As such it is debatable. But if it is simply a motion to adjourn, or to adjourn at the call of the Chairman, debate is not in order.

The Chairman then dismisses the meeting, repeating the words of the motion to adjourn.

At the next meeting, the officers of the former one are in charge, till superceded by permanent ones.

The Chairman calls the meeting to order, and asks the Secretary to read the minutes. The Chairman then says, "You have heard the minutes, is there any reason why they should not be adopted?" If no one rises to object, he should say (without motion) "The minutes stand approved as read." If a correction has been made, he should say, "The minutes stand approved as corrected."

The Chairman then says, "The next business in order is the hearing of the .report of the Committee on Constitution and by-laws."

The Chairman of said Committee rises, and on being recognized, reads his report (or hands it the Secretary to be read)

After reading, the Chairman of the meeting says, "You have heard the report of the Committee, what is your pleasure respecting it?"

Some one may rise and say, "I move the adoption of the Constitution and by-laws as reported by the Committee." The Chairman may entertain this motion, and put in. If it is

carried, the Constitution and by-laws become the organic law of the Society.

But a much more satisfactory way is for some one to move that the Constitution and by-laws be adopted *seriatim*. If this motion is carried, the Chairman rises, reads the first article, or has the Secretary read it, and says, "Are there any amendments to this article?"

If there are amendments, he must entertain motions to that effect. But if, after a pause, no amendments are made, he may say, "There being no amendments, I pass to the reading of the second article."

He then reads the second article, and asks the same question. He continues reading till through. He then says, "You have passed upon the Constitution and by-laws, *seriatim* (or by sections), shall we adopt it (or them) as a whole?"

This is necessary, because opportunity to amend should never be cut off before the adoption of an instrument as a whole.

If no amendments are offered, at this stage, to the instrument as a whole, the Chairman may say, "There being no amendments, all who are in favor of the adoption of the Constitution and by-laws, as read (or as amended, if the sections have been amended) and as a whole, will say aye," He should count the ayes carefully. Then he should say, "All opposed will say, No." He should announce the result distinctly.

The Society has now an organic law and guide. Sometimes it is preferable to take separate action on the Constitution and by laws; even to have them referred to separate Committees, and acted upon at different times. But whether this be so or not, as soon as the Constitution is adopted, it is proper for the Chairman to request of those present, who desire to become members, to come forward, pay their initiation fee, if one is required, and sign the Constitution. A recess should be declared for this purpose.

If the by-laws have not been passed with the Constitution, action on them would now be in order, and said action would be the the same as that upon the Constitution.

After the adoption of both, separately or together, the Chairman should say, "The next business in order is the election of officers in accordance with our Constitution."

If the Constitution provides that a Committee shall be appointed which shall nominate officers, a motion should be made for the appointment of such Committee. The adoption of their report is the election.

But if the election is left to the Society, the Chairman should say, "Nominations for president (or whatever the presiding officer's title may be) are now in order." If no more than one nomination be made, the Chairman may say, "There being only one nomination for president, I declare Mr. ——— elected"; and, unless there is a provision to the contrary, or for formal installation, he may vacate his seat and ask the newly elected president to take it.

The new official then goes on with the election, announcing the respective officers to be voted for, calling for nominations, declaring elections where only one candidate is nominated, asking for a ballot where two or more candidates are in the field.

Generally speaking, it is best to begin an election by the appointment of tellers, so that they may be ready to act where there are two or more nominations. Tellers should occupy some central, conspicuous place, and may use a hat as a ballot box. The voters should write the name of their favorite on a piece of paper, and deposit it in the hat, and the tellers should announce their count to the Chairman.

As each officer is elected he, or she, should take the seat appointed to him or her, displacing the temporary officers. When all are thus elected and seated the permanent organization is effected.

When a Society expects to own real estate, it should get a charter, or become incorporated according to the laws of its State.

CONSTITUTIONS AND BY-LAWS.

A committee appointed to draft a Constitution and by-laws for a permanent society, should bear in mind the following:—

(1) A Constitution may be very full, thus necessitating few by-laws, or none at all.

(2) By-laws may be very full, thus necessitating a very brief Constitution, or none at all.

(3) A Constitution should be brief. It ought

to declare only the fundamental features of the society, as—

(a) The name of the Society.
(b) The object of the Society.
(c) The components, or membership of the society.
(d) The officers of the Society, the manner of their elections, and their duties and terms.
(e) The times and places of meetings, in brief, leaving details to by-laws.
(f) How to amend the Constitution ; and this should be made difficult. Nothing but ample notice and a two third vote should be allowed to disturb it.

(4) The Committee should consult the Constitution and by-laws of kindred organizations and select what is best fitted for its own.

(5) By-laws should be full, and should cover all the details of official conduct and government. Among the principal questions they should settle are :—

(a) What shall constitute a quorum.
(b) Time and place of meeting, if not fixed in the Constitution.
(c) Salary of officers, if salaried.
(d) Duties of members, their rights, and methods of admission.
(e) Punishment of members.
(f) Method of making and putting motions.
(g) The parliamentary manual that shall govern deliberations.
(h) Fees or dues of members.
(i) Manner of amendment.

Lastly, RULES of ORDER, which may run as follows, and which should be followed by the presiding officer, unless a motion is carried to reverse them, for convenience sake, or unless, in a plain emergency the Chairman assumes to reverse them.

(a) Calling of Society to order.
(b) Calling roll of officers.
(c) Reading and approving of minutes.
(d) Admission of new members.
(e) Communications, notices, and bills.
(f) Payment of dues.
(g) Reports of Standing Committees.
(h) Reports of Special Committees.
(i) Unfinished business.
(j) New business.
(k) Debates, essays, readings, or whatever appertains to the general entertainment and good.
(l) Transfer and announcement of receipts by financial official.
(m) Adjournment.

(6) By-laws should be more easily amendable than a Constitution. A majority vote ought to be sufficient, though a motion to amend ought to lay over till next meeting.

OFFICERS.

A CHAIRMAN or PRESIDENT calls the Society to order at the proper time, announces the business according to the order laid down, states and puts all questions, preserves quiet, decides all questions of order (subject to appeal). In putting questions and speaking, he should stand. When a member rises and addresses him he should recognize him by saying, "Mr. ——" ; or if two address him at the same time, he should say, "Mr.—— has the floor." He should not interrupt a speaker when in order, should be non-partisan, affable, yet firm, and should exercise his right to address the society, when necessary, by first calling some one else to take the chair, unless the question be one of order, when he need not leave the chair.

THE SECRETARY should keep an accurate account of the proceedings, in a permanent book. Of course this does not mean that he shall report speeches, essays, etc., and inconsequential matters. But he should take down every motion, or, better still, insist that the mover shall lay it on his table in writing. He should avoid all criticism, and record things done, rather than those said. He is the custodian of all papers of the society, not specially entrusted to other officers, is the correspondent, and should see that the Constitution and by-laws are properly engrossed, preserved, and rendered accessible. Sometimes, he is the collector of dues, and is otherwise financially interested. In all such cases, he should be prompt and accurate in his reports. In nearly every Society the Secretary is the most important official.

THE TREASURER is the final recipient of the funds of the society. He dispenses them, also, but upon orders drawn by other officials, usually the Chairman and Secretary. He should be careful in accounting for what he receives and expends, should give and take receipts, or

vouchers, should make his reports regularly, and should insist upon an audit of his accounts in accordance with the laws of the Society.

A VICE PRESIDENT performs the duties of President, when that official is absent.

There may be other officials, dependent on the character of the Society, but their duties are usually fully specified in the Constitution or by-laws. The above are the main officials of the ordinary Society, and upon them the success of most organizations falls.

COMMITTEES.

Every organization, transient or permanent, popular or deliberate, should understand the value of Committee work. When a new subject is broached, it ought to be referred to a Committee, if it is at all important or intricate. The Committee should be given plenty of time to consider it and to report. The reports of Committees which have deliberated in secret, in quiet, and with time, are seldom rejected by assemblies ; whereas, if the same subject were left to popular discussion, there would be no end to debate and no prospect of a conclusion. Regular business would be interfered with, tumult would ensue, and perhaps disorganization would follow.

Committees, in ordinary assemblies, should be small. Three members are enough. Said an old parliamentarian, "the best working Committee is one of three members, two of whom are absent."

When a matter is of sufficient importance to be referred to a Committee, a member should rise and say, "Mr. Chairman I move that the matter be referred to a Committee of three, to be appointed by the Chair," or "I move that a Committee of three be appointed by the chair to (state what the Committee is expected to do.)"

It is always best to mention in the motion the number of the Committee and that the Chair shall appoint. This will save the Chairman the trouble of asking, "Of how many shall the Committee consist and by whom shall it be appointed?"

The first named on a Committee is its Chairman. He shall call the Committee together and preside at its deliberations. But in his absence, a majority of the Committee may meet and transact business, a majority of a Committee being always a quorum. Committee business ought to be transacted just like that of the Society itself, it being but a miniature Society.

A Committee Report may begin, "The Committee to which was referred the (state the subject) beg leave to submit the following report" (follow with the report).

The Report may conclude with, "All of which is respectfully submitted," (followed by signatures of Committeemen)."

Sometimes two reports are made, one by a majority and one by a minority of the Committee. The former should begin with "A majority of the Committee to which was referred the (state subject) beg leave to report &c." The latter should begin with "A minority of the Committee to which was &c." Both reports are entitled to reading, but the minority report is not entitled to consideration except upon a motion to substitute it for the majority report.

When the report of a Committee is accepted, the Committee stands discharged without motion. A motion to refer back a report, or to recommit to the same Committee, revives the Committee.

MOTIONS IN GENERAL.

A motion is the usual form of bringing business before a society or assembly.

As a rule motions, if important, involved or lengthy, should be reduced to writing. They may be read by the mover and then handed to the Chairman or Secretary, or the Secretary may, by request, do the reading. Where the motion is simple, it need not be reduced to writing, unless the by-laws require it; but in such case time should be given the Secretary to make an accurate record of it.

When the motion is verbal, the member rises and says, "Mr. Chairman, (the Chairman recognizes him by name) I move that a Committee of three be appointed etc., etc.," or "I move that" (stating the motion in brief).

When the motion is written it takes the form of a resolution ; thus :—

"Resolved, that the thanks of the Society be extended etc." or, "Resolved that a Committee of five be appointed etc., etc."

If the way is clear for the Chair to entertain the motion, that is, if there is no other business before the Society to interfere with it, or if the subject of the resolution falls under the head of business in hand, the member rises and says "Mr. Chairman," (the Chair recognized him by name) I move the adoption of the following resolution." He reads it and passes it to the Chairman.

Or, having first passed it to the Secretary, he says, "Mr. Chairman, I move the adoption of the resolution, which the Secretary will please read."

When the motion has been read and seconded, the Chairman rises and says:—"It has been moved and seconded that the following resolution (which he reads) be adopted;" or, "It has been moved and seconded that the resolution you just heard read (or which the Secretary will now read) be adopted."

It is any members right to call for a re-reading of the resolution; and it is the business of the Chair to see that it is fully understood by the members before putting the motion.

In large assemblies the motion in writing should be signed by the mover.

The Chairman may continue, "The question is on the adoption of the resolution just read."

A pause is in order to give opportunity for a debate, and full debate is desirable upon motions involving new or important business. Such debates are usually opened by the mover, who is expected to explain and sustain his motion. If there is hesitation about debate, and the Chairman thinks the matter worthy of discussion, he may urge the importance of discussion.

It cannot be too often repeated, nor too fully borne in mind, that no member of any assembly has a right to the floor and to speak till recognized by the Chair. A Chairman who does not rigidly enforce this rule will find himself helpless in the midst of clamor. The Chairman does not lose control of a speaker whom he has recognized, but may call him to order, when he is out of order, as for instance when he is straying from the question or talking vulgarly or abusively. So the Chairman must protect a speaker against interruption from other members; any member has a right to call an offensive speaker to order, by rising to a point of order.

If no one has risen to speak, or when the debate is closed, either by consent or by motion, the Chairman rises and says:—"Are you ready for the question?"

If there is nothing to the contrary, the Chairman says: "The question is on the adoption of the resolution you have heard read (or heard read and debated); as many as are in favor of its adoption, say aye" (counts the ayes). "As many as are opposed, say no," (counts the noes).

He then announces the result, saying, "The motion is carried" (or lost); or, the "Resolution stands adopted" (or is lost).

A majority of votes, in ordinary assemblies, is sufficient to carry a motion, if the motion be not one of an excepted kind, or if there be no by-law to the contrary.

THE ORDINARY MOTIONS CLASSIFIED.

There is hardly any more interesting and useful study than the subject of motions. The object of most societies is to bring about a knowledge of them among members, in other words, to get acquainted with parliamentary science. A good parliamentarian is a most useful man in any community, and most of our greatest parliamentarians have laid the foundation of their future usefulness in the country Lyceum or village debating school.

When a member has drafted and presented his resolution it is the property of the society. It may not be desirable to adopt it then and there, or in the shape presented. The handling of it, therefore, opens the way to a series, or class, of motions whose meaning and effect ought to be fully understood, not only by the Chairman but by the members.

This class of motions is peculiar in the respect that they are allowable while the resolution is under consideration, and have the effect of superceding it, though no member can move any of such motions except that which calls for the "*Orders of the Day*," or the "*Regular Order of Business*," while another member has the floor. (*See* Motion to Reconsider, further on.)

But before studying these motions further and settling the destiny of our resolution in the Society, let us get a good idea of the

ORDER OF PRECEDENCE

of the motions in use in an ordinary assembly or Society, for these are the motions that are going to seal the fate of our resolution in its way through the society.

This order of precedence, or the rank, and power, of these ordinary motions, appears thus :——

No.

(1) *Motion* to fix a time to adjourn.
(2) " to adjourn (when unqualified).
(3) " for the orders of the day.
(4) " to lay on the table.
(5) " for the previous question.
(6) " to postpone to a certain time.
(7) " to commit.
(8) " to amend.
(9) " to postpone indefinitely.

The above order ought to be committed to memory. Any of the motions contained in the list except No. 8 (the motion to amend) can be made while one below it in the list is pending, but none can be made, except a motion to amend, while one above it is pending. Thus No. 1, or " a motion to adjourn to a fixed time," can be made while No. 5 is pending, but No. 5 cannot be made while No. 1 is pending. So 3 can supersede No. 9, but No. 9 cannot supersede No. 3. Any higher motion, except that to amend, can supersede a lower, but no lower motion, except that to amend, can supersede a higher.

As to what motions are debatable and amendable, and what not, and as to the more general effect of motions, we shall see further on.

It may as well be stated here that a " motion to reconsider " is always a privileged motion as to the making of it, but cannot be acted upon until the business then before the society is disposed of. When called up it takes precedence of every other motion except one to fix a time to adjourn, and one to adjourn, or Nos. 1 and 2 of the above list.

Now we go back to our resolution as introduced into the society and see what motions may constitute its fate, provided it is not desirable to adopt or reject it directly. Remembering what has already been said of the class of motions which may be brought to bear upon it, and also the rank, power, or order of precedence of motions, as shown in the foregoing list, we will start with the object the mover has in view. He may have in view

OBJECT I. TO MODIFY OR AMEND.

(*a*) *To amend.* (*b*) *To commit.*

A motion to amend is the proper one where it is desired to modify the resolution before the society.

A motion to amend may be to add certain words or clauses ; to strike out certain words or clauses absolutely, or to strike out and insert others ; to substitute a different motion on the same subject (the chairman must be careful to see that the subject matter is not changed) ; or to divide the resolution into separate parts, so as to get a vote on each part.

Friends of a resolution may earnestly desire to amend it in one or all of the above ways ; but it ought to be borne in mind that enemies of the resolution find in amendments, and especially in motions to divide, a favorite means of distracting its friends, and defeating the motion entirely.

When an amendment is moved the Chairman should state it distinctly, and should read in connection the clause affected. He should mention the words to be struck out, or the words to be inserted, and then should read the clause as it would read if amended. The amendment, if seconded, has precedence of the original motion and is open to debate, but the Chairman should see that all remarks are confined to the merits of the amendment alone. The main question should not be considered in debate except in so far as is necessary to explain and ascertain the merits of the amendment.

In putting the motion to amend, the Chairman should ask, " are you ready for the question?" and should count ayes and noes, and decide, just as if it were the main question.

An amendment of an amendment should be treated in the same way. It is a separate, independent question, and takes precedence of the amendment. But the Chairman and all members should be on their guard lest it be not germane, for the further you get away from the main question the greater danger there is of losing sight of the main question.

There can be no motion to amend an amend-

ment of an amendment. It would be too foggy. Motions which are undebatable are, for the most part, not amendable. But we shall see more of this hereafter.

If the original question is novel, confused, or unclarified by amendments, it is a wholesome proceeding to move to refer it to a Committee for further consideration. This, if carried, takes it out of the hands of the Society for the time, allays excitement and leads to a better form of presentation. Both friends and enemies can use such a motion to advantage. Such a motion is known as a "Motion to Commit," or a "Motion of reference." A "Motion to commit" can be made while an amendment is pending (since 7 precedes 8 in the foregoing list).

A "Motion to Commit" is debatable, and it opens the merits of the whole question, or resolution, to debate. A "Motion to Commit" is amendable, but only as to the number of the Committee, how it shall be appointed, where it shall sit, when it shall report &c. Amendments designed to defeat the main object of the motion are not germane, and the Chairman should so declare them.

OBJECT II. TO DEFER ACTION.

(*a*) *to postpone* (*b*) *lie on the table.*

It may be that the introduction of the question is premature, and that another time for its consideration would be preferable. If so, the proper step is to move to "postpone to a certain time." The time may be to a later hour in the session, or to another order of business, or to the next, or another session. If it pass over to a next, or another, session, it should be called up under the head of "unfinished business."

This "Motion to postpone to another time," is debatable, but only in a limited sense. Debate must be confined strictly to the propriety of postponement to the time specified. It is amendable, but only in respect to the time, and this amendment has the same limitations as to debate.

This "Motion to postpone to a certain time," which is No. 6, of the foregoing list, can be made while Nos. 7, 8, and 9 are pending.

If it is not desired to postpone the question to a certain time, perhaps it may be deemed proper to lay it aside temporarily, till some other business is concluded, but in such a way as to not lose sight of it, or lose the privilege of taking it up again. The only way to do this is to move that the question "lie on the table."

This Motion is not debatable nor subject to amendment. The Chairman puts it promptly and announces the result. It is an heroic motion, and is often used by the enemies of a measure to suppress it. It lays the matter in hand aside till some one moves "to take it from the table," which motion is not debatable and is not privileged.

OBJECT III. TO SUPPRESS DEBATE

(*a*) *the previous question.* (*b*) *closing debate.*

Free debate, however desirable, often becomes a weapon in the hands of a minority. It may be used to prolong sessions indefinitely, and to shove off a vote on important resolutions. It is therefore necessary to limit it to proper bounds. This may be done in two ways: *First:*—By a Call for the "previous question," by any member who chooses to make the Call. This Call must be Seconded like a motion. It is not debatable nor subject to amendment. The Chairman instantly rises and says, "Shall the main question now be put?" If this is carried, all debate is cut off instantly, except where the measure has been reported by a Committee, when the member reporting it is entitled to the courtesy of a closing speech, usually brief.

It must be borne in mind that this motion to "put the main question" is exceptional in the respect that it requires or should require, a two thirds vote to sustain it. This relieves it of the odium of an attempt to gag the minority.

If the "main question" is carried by the requisite majority, the Chairman immediately begins to clear off all the motions that are pending, and which are below the motion for the "main, or previous, question," on the foregoing list. He puts the motion "to Commit," if one is pending, which, if carried, sends the matter back to the Committee. If lost, he puts the motion to amend, if one is pending. If carried, he puts the motion on the original resolution as amended; or if the amendment has been lost, he puts the motion on the original

resolution. Thus the object in calling the "previous question" has been accomplished.

The "previous question" call and motion, applies to an amendment, a motion to postpone, a motion to reconsider, or an appeal. In all these instances it affects only the subject or motion to which it applies, and debate on the main question is still open.

But it may not be desirable to cut off debate entirely, by ordering the "previous question." It may be desirable to limit it only. In such case a motion may be made to "limit debate." This motion may limit the speeches to five (or other) minutes; may limit them to two (or other number) on each side; may fix an hour or minute for closing the debate. Motions to limit debate come up very often in the shape of amendments. Like the "previous question," "motions to limit" should have a two-thirds majority, especially in societies where debate is an object and harmony desirable.

OBJECT IV. TO SUPPRESS THE QUESTION.

(*a*) *Objections to Consideration.* (*b*) *Indefinite Postponements.* (*c*) *To lie on the table.*

If the resolution is worthless and unfit for consideration, the best way to dispose of it is for a member to "object to its consideration." This need not be seconded, and it enables the Chairman to say immediately, "Will the Assembly or Society, consider the question?" If two thirds decide against it, the question is dismissed for the session. But when one feels called upon to "object to the Consideration" of a measure, he should rise immediately after it is introduced, for his objection cannot be entertained when another member has the floor, nor after the measure has become the subject of debate.

If debate has set in, and it appears desirable to suppress the question, the proper motion is "to postpone indefinitely." This motion cannot be made when any other motion, except the main question, is pending, as it is the least privileged of all motions, as may be seen from its low place on the foregoing list. It opens the main question to debate and is a slow means of accomplishing its object.

Much more effective is the motion that "the question lie on the table." This is not debatable nor amendable. The Chairman may put it at once, and when carried the matter is disposed of for the session, or, at least, till a majority choose to call it up.

OBJECT V. TO RECONSIDER.

To adopt, reject or suppress a measure is to finally dispose of it for the session, unless some one chooses to revive it by a "motion to Reconsider." This is the only means of bringing a passed measure before the Society, This motion can be made only by one who voted with the majority before, and it must be made on the day or at the session the former vote was taken. It can be made in the midst of debate and when another member has the floor, (this only for the purpose of getting it on the minutes) but it cannot be considered while any other measure is pending. When, however, it is called up for consideration, it takes and keeps precedence of every other question, except a motion to adjourn, or to fix a time or for adjournment. If the original question was debatable, the "Motion to Reconsider" is debatable, and debate extends to the entire merits of the original question. But if the original question was undebatable, the "motion to Reconsider" is undebatable.

If the "motion to reconsider" is carried, the original question is again fully before the society.

A motion to reconsider need not be acted upon on the day, or at the session, it is made. It may be entered on the minutes, and called up on the next day or session, either by the mover or by some one for him. But if a day or session, within a month, intervene, the motion dies. Time defeats its object.

A "motion to adjourn" cannot be reconsidered. But, being a privileged motion, it can be renewed, as often as desirable, if it has been previously lost.

OBJECT VI. ORDER AND RULES.

(*a*) *Rules of Order.* (*b*) *Special Order.* (*c*) *Suspension of Rules.* (*d*) *The Question of order.* (*e*) *Appeal.*

As has been seen, every Society should have an "Order of Business," "Orders of the Day,"

which the Chairman is expected to adhere to. If debate on any question has grown tedious, or precious time is being wasted in dispute, or in consideration of a subject of less importance than the regular business, a member may arise and call for the "Regular Order of Business, or the "Orders of the Day." This call need not be seconded, but the Chairman may at once arise and say, "Will the Society proceed with the regular order of business?" He may put the question without waiting for a motion, and, if carried, the matter under consideration is laid aside, and the chair proceeds with the regular order of business. If the motion fails, a call for the "regular order of business" cannot be renewed, till the matter in hand is disposed of.

When a matter is of sufficient importance to be worthy of special consideration, a motion is in order to make it a "special order." This takes it out of the "regular order of business" and gives it instant consideration. Such a motion is debatable and amendable, and since it works a suspension of the rules of order, it requires, a two-thirds vote to pass it, though it can be postponed by a majority vote.

Analogous to the above motion is one to suspend the "Rules of Order, or Business."

A motion to "Suspend the Rules", should conclude with, "in order to consider" (naming the object). Such a motion is not debatable nor amendable, and requires a two-thirds vote. If passed, the subject, on whose account the rules were suspended, can be taken up and considered.

When the propriety of suspending the rules is apparent, the Chairman may say, "Unless there be objection I declare the Rules suspended in order to Consider, etc., etc."

When there is a breach of order, any member may rise to a "point of order", and say, "Mr. Chairman, I rise to a point of order". This may be done, and is mostly done when one is speaking. It is the business of the Chairman to entertain the point of order, and to direct the speaker to take his seat, till the point of order is heard and disposed of. If the Chair sustains the "point of order," he warns the speaker to avoid a second breach of order, and permits him to go on. But if a member objects to his continuing, after he has committed a breach of decorum, he cannot go on till the society has voted to grant him permission.

Instead of "rising to a point of order", a member may simply rise and say, "I call the gentleman to order." The Chair will pass on the question of order as before. This step is common where a speaker is using vulgar and disorderly language, or making personal attacks.

The decisions of the Chair respecting all questions of order, interpretation of rules, order of business, etc., etc., are the subject of appeal, and any member may enter an appeal to the society or assembly. An appeal is debatable but not amendable. It must be seconded like any other motion. After being seconded, the Chair states his decision and the fact of appeal and says, "Shall the decision of the Chair stand as the judgment of the Society or Assembly?" Before he puts the question, he may give the reasons for his decision. All the other members may speak on the question, but debate is limited to one speech each. After the vote is taken the Chair announces the result, as after other motions.

In some instances "appeals" are not debatable, as where the decision is upon priority of business, indecorous conduct, breach of rules of speaking, or when the previous question is pending.

OBJECT VII. PRIVILEGE AND ADJOURNMENT.

When a member who has made a motion wishes to withdraw it, he cannot do so, if any one objects, except upon a motion carried, to grant him permission.

When a speaker desires to read a paper out of the usual order, he must get permission by motion carried, if any one objects.

When the rights of the society or any of its members have been interfered with, a member may rise to a "question of privilege." If the Chair decides it to be a question of privilege (an appeal from his decision is allowable), it takes precedence of other business, and is, of course, debatable. Debate can be cut off by moving the previous question, or it can be postponed, laid on the table, or referred to a Committee.

There are two motions to adjourn, one qualified, the other absolute.

The first may run as follows: "Moved, or Resolved, that when this society adjourns, it adjourns to meet at (both time and place, if necessary)." Such a motion ought to be introduced and passed early in a session. It is subject to amendment, as to time or place, and is always in order except when a member has the floor, being No. 1 on the foregoing list; but if made when another motion is pending, it is not debatable, nor is an amendment to it.

The simple, or unqualified, "Motion to adjourn," admits of no debate nor amendment. It may be introduced at any time, except when a member is speaking, and even then, if he will yield for the purpose. The Chairman puts the motion as soon as moved and seconded and announces the result. If carried he says "this Society stands adjourned." If the adjournment is final, he adds the words "*sine die*."

GENERAL RULES.

A speaker should address all his remarks to the Chairman.

He should strive to be brief and pointed. He should confine his remarks to the subject under consideration, avoid personalities, and reflections upon an opponent's motives. Every Society or assembly ought to provide in its by-laws for the length of time and the number of times its members may be permitted to speak on a question, except with the consent of a majority.

If the assembly be very large, provision should be made for a "Committee of the Whole," in which speech is without limit.

When a motion has been made the Chairman should repeat it, in deliberate, clear tone.

In general, the Chairman should insist that a motion be seconded. But if it be evident that many are in favor of it, or if it be a mere routine motion, he may put it without its being seconded.

Motions calling for the regular order of business, or raising questions of order, or interposing, objections to the consideration of a question do not need to be seconded.

A common form of putting a question is, "It is moved and seconded that (state the motion)."

If a resolution, it is proper to say, "The question is on the adoption of the resolution just read."

In cases of appeal from his decision, the Chair should give his reasons for the decision, and should take care that the decision is fully understood.

In matters of amendment, all words struck out, or inserted, should be plainly read and understood, and the motion as amended should be repeated before being put.

The manner of voting is generally provided for in the by-laws. But if not, the Chairman may say:—

"As many as are in favor of the Motion will say, *aye*; those opposed, *no*."

Or he may say:—"All who favor the motion will hold up their right hands; those opposed will give the same sign."

When the vote is close, or great confusion exists, the Chairman may say, "All who favor the motion will stand up to be counted; those opposed will rise to be counted."

When two members rise to speak at the same time, the Chairman must decide who is entitled to the floor. In making this decision, preference must be given to the member who made the motion or brought the matter before the Society, to a Committeeman who made the report, to a member who has not previously spoken, to the one who is opposed to the last speaker, rather than to the one who favors him.

A speaker cannot be interrupted by calls or motions, except a motion to reconsider, a call to order, an objection to consideration, call for regular order of business, or question of privilege.

A mover of a motion can recall it or modify it before it has been stated by the Chairman, but not afterwards, except with the consent of the society.

When a mover modifies his motion, the seconder can withdraw his second.

Routine motions need not be seconded. A Chairman may even dispatch routine work without a motion; thus:—"You have heard the minutes read; if no objections are offered, they will stand approved. (pause) There being no objections, I declare the minutes approved as read.

Leading motions, amendments and Committee instructions should be in writing.

Members should be willing to serve in office

and on Committees. Holding other office or serving on two or more other Committees is a good excuse for declination of new service.

Acceptance of a Committee's report does not discharge the Committe, where it has contracted debts. A Committee should see that its debts are paid.

In case of a tie vote, the Chairman has the casting vote.

DICTIONARY OF ALL THE MOTIONS.

While the ordinary motions already discussed may embrace all that the every day parliamentarian will find necessary in conducting the smaller assembly or carrying on the usual Lyceum or Society, they by no means exhaust the list of motions which find a place in parliamentary science.

It is now our purpose to present an alphabetical list of the motions as found in the "Rules of Order" governing deliberative assemblies, and as approved and used in Congress, Legislatures and other important organizations.

This alphabetical arrangement will enable the reader to turn to the motion he wishes to study. He will find it treated as a word in a dictionary, the explanation of its quality and effect being, as it were, its definition.

ADJOURN:—A motion to adjourn is in order except when a speaker has the floor, unless he yields for the purpose; requires a second; requires only a majority vote; cannot be reconsidered, but can be renewed; cannot be amended; does not open main question to debate; is not debatable.

ADJOURN TO A FIXED TIME:—A motion to adjourn to a fixed time is in order, except when a speaker has the floor; requires to be seconded; requires only a majority vote; can be reconsidered; can be amended, as to time and place; does not open the main question to debate; debatable as a rule, but not debatable if made when another question is pending.

AMEND:—A motion to amend is not in order when a speaker has the floor; must be seconded; requires only a majority vote; can be reconsidered; can be amended; does not open main question to debate; is debatable.

AMEND AN AMENDMENT:—A motion to amend an amendment is not in order when a speaker has the floor; must be seconded; requires only a majority vote; can be reconsidered; cannot be amended; does not open main question to debate; is debatable.

AMEND THE RULES:—A motion to amend the Rules is not in order when a speaker has the floor, must be seconded; requires a two third vote; can be reconsidered; can be amended; does not open the main question to debate; is debatable.

APPEAL, AS TO DECORUM ETC:—An appeal from the decision of the chair on questions of decorum is in order when another has the floor; requires to be seconded; requires only a majority vote; can be reconsidered; cannot be amended; undebatable, as a rule, but permission may be given to debate, and then no member is allowed to speak more than once; a tie vote sustains the chair.

APPEAL, ALL OTHER KINDS:—Appeals (except as before) are in order when another has the floor; must be seconded; require only a majority vote; can be reconsidered; cannot be amended; do not open the main question to debate; are debatable.

CALL TO ORDER:— A call to order can be made while another has the floor; does not require a second; requires only a majority vote; can be reconsidered; cannot be amended; does not open the main question to debate; is undebatable.

CLOSE DEBATE:— A motion to close debate is not in order when another has the floor; it must be seconded; requires a two third vote; can be reconsidered; can be amended; does not open the main question to debate; is undebatable.

COMMIT:— A motion to commit, or refer, to a Committee, is not in order when another has the floor; must be seconded; requires only a majority vote; can be reconsidered; can be amended; opens the main question to debate; is debatable.

EXTEND:— A motion to extend the limits of debate is not in order when a speaker has the floor; requires to be seconded; requires only a majority vote; can be reconsidered; can be amended; does not opens the main question to debate; is undebatable.

FIX THE TIME TO WHICH TO ADJOURN:— *See* Adjourn, fix the time to. That definition holds here.

LEAVE TO CONTINUE SPEAKING:—This motion bears directly on "Appeal relating to indecorum," which is undebatable, except with leave. *See* that motion. It is not in order when another has the floor; requires to be seconded; requires only a majority vote; can be reconsidered; cannot be amended; does not open the main question to debate; is undebatable.

LIE ON THE TABLE:—A motion that a resolution lie on the table, or to lay a resolution on the table, cannot be made while another has the floor; must be seconded; requires only a majority vote; cannot be reconsidered if carried, but can be reconsidered if lost; cannot be amended; does not open consideration of the main question; is undebatable.

LIMIT TO DEBATE:— A motion to limit debate is not in order when another is speaking; must be seconded; requires a two third vote; can be reconsidered; can be amended; does not open the main question to debate; is undebatable.

OBJECTIONS TO CONSIDERATION:— A motion to object to the consideration of a question, usually to the *further* consideration of a question, is in order when another has the floor; does not require to be seconded; requires a two third vote; can be reconsidered; cannot be amended; does not open the main question to debate; is undebatable. This motion to object to consideration can only be made when the question is first introduced for debate.

ORDER OF THE DAY:— A call or motion for the Orders of the day, or regular order of business, can be made when another has the floor; it does not require to be seconded; it requires only a majority vote; can be reconsidered; cannot be amended; does not open the main question to debate; is undebatable.

POSTPONE TO A CERTAIN TIME:— A motion to postpone to a certain, or fixed, time cannot be made when another has the floor; must be seconded; requires only a majority vote; can be reconsidered; can be amended; does not open the main question to debate: allows of only limited debate on the question of postponement only.

POSTPONE INDEFINITELY:— A motion to postpone indefinitely cannot be made when another has the floor; must be seconded; requires only a majority vote; can be reconsidered; cannot be amended; opens the main question to debate; is debatable.

PREVIOUS QUESTION:— A call or motion for the previous question cannot be made while another has the floor; must be seconded; requires a two third vote; can be reconsidered; cannot be amended; does not open the main question to debate; is undebatable; if adopted, it cuts off debate, and brings the assembly to face the pending motions, as the motion to commit, the motion to amend, &c., which must be cleared away so as to get at the main question, which is, under the previous question, undebatable.

PRIVILEGE:— All questions, or motions, of privilege are undebatable; do not open the main question; are amendable; can be reconsidered; require only a majority vote; must be seconded; are not in order when another has the floor.

READING PAPERS:—Courtesy largely controls the introduction and reading of papers, but where motion is required, it cannot be introduced when another has the floor; must be seconded; requires only a majority vote; can be reconsidered; cannot be amended; does not open the main question to debate; is undebatable.

RECONSIDER:—A motion to reconsider has two phases.

It may be a motion to reconsider a debatable question, or a motion to reconsider an undebatable question. If a motion to reconsider an undebatable question, it can be moved when another has the floor, but only for the purpose of entering it on the minutes; such motion cannot be allowed to further interrupt business; must be made on the day, or at the session on which the original vote was taken; must be moved by one who voted on the prevailing side; consideration must be had not later than the next day or session; must be seconded; requires only a majority vote; cannot be reconsidered; cannot be amended; opens main question to debate; is debatable.

But if a motion to Reconsider a debatable question, then all of the above holds good except, that the motion becomes debatable, and its discussion does not open the main question to debate.

REFER:—*See* "Commit".

RISE:—This is the motion to adjourn a sit-

ting of a Committee. It is precisely like the motion to adjourn, which *See*.

SHALL THE QUESTION BE DISCUSSED? Identical in effect with "*Objection to Consideration*" which *See*.

SPECIAL ORDER:—A motion to make a question or matter the subject of "special order", cannot be moved when another has the floor; must be seconded; requires a two-third vote; can be reconsidered; can be amended; does not open the main question to debate; is debatable.

SUBSTITUTE:—Same as to "Amend".

SUSPEND THE RULES:—A motion to suspend the rules is not in order when a member is speaking; must be seconded; requires a two-third vote; cannot be reconsidered; cannot be amended: does not open the main question to debate; is undebatable.

TAKE FROM THE TABLE:—A motion to take from the table a subject which lies there, cannot be made when another has the floor; must be seconded; requires only a majority vote; cannot be reconsidered if the vote is in the affirmative, but may be reconsidered if the vote is in the negative; cannot be amended; does not open the main question to debate; is undebatable.

TAKE UP QUESTION OUT OF PROPER ORDER:—A motion to this effect is the same as one to "Suspend the Rules", except that it may be reconsidered. *See* "Suspend the Rules".

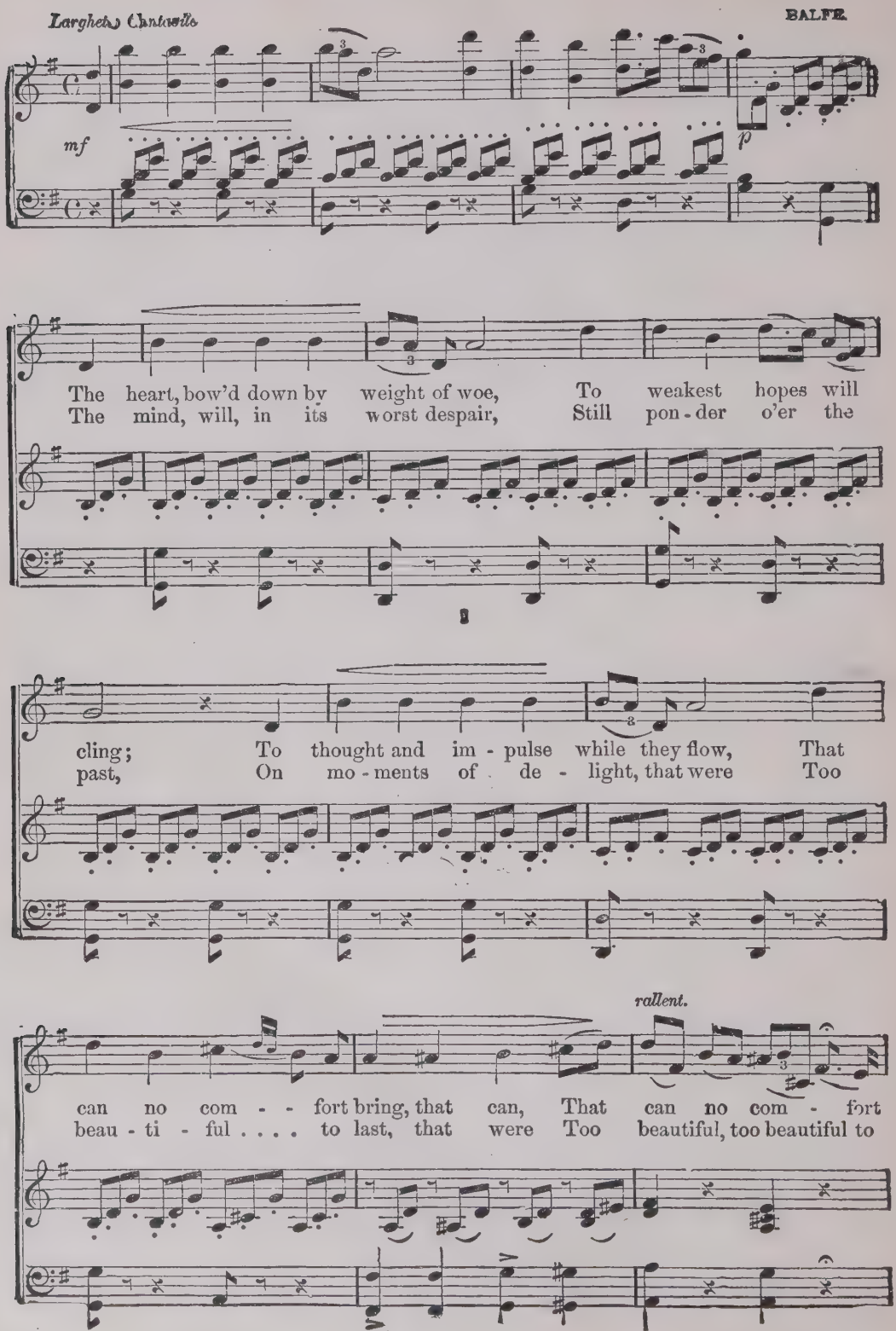
WITHDRAWAL:—A motion to withdraw a motion cannot be made when another is speaking, or has the floor; must be seconded; requires only a majority vote; can be reconsidered; cannot be amended; does not open the main question to debate; is undebatable.

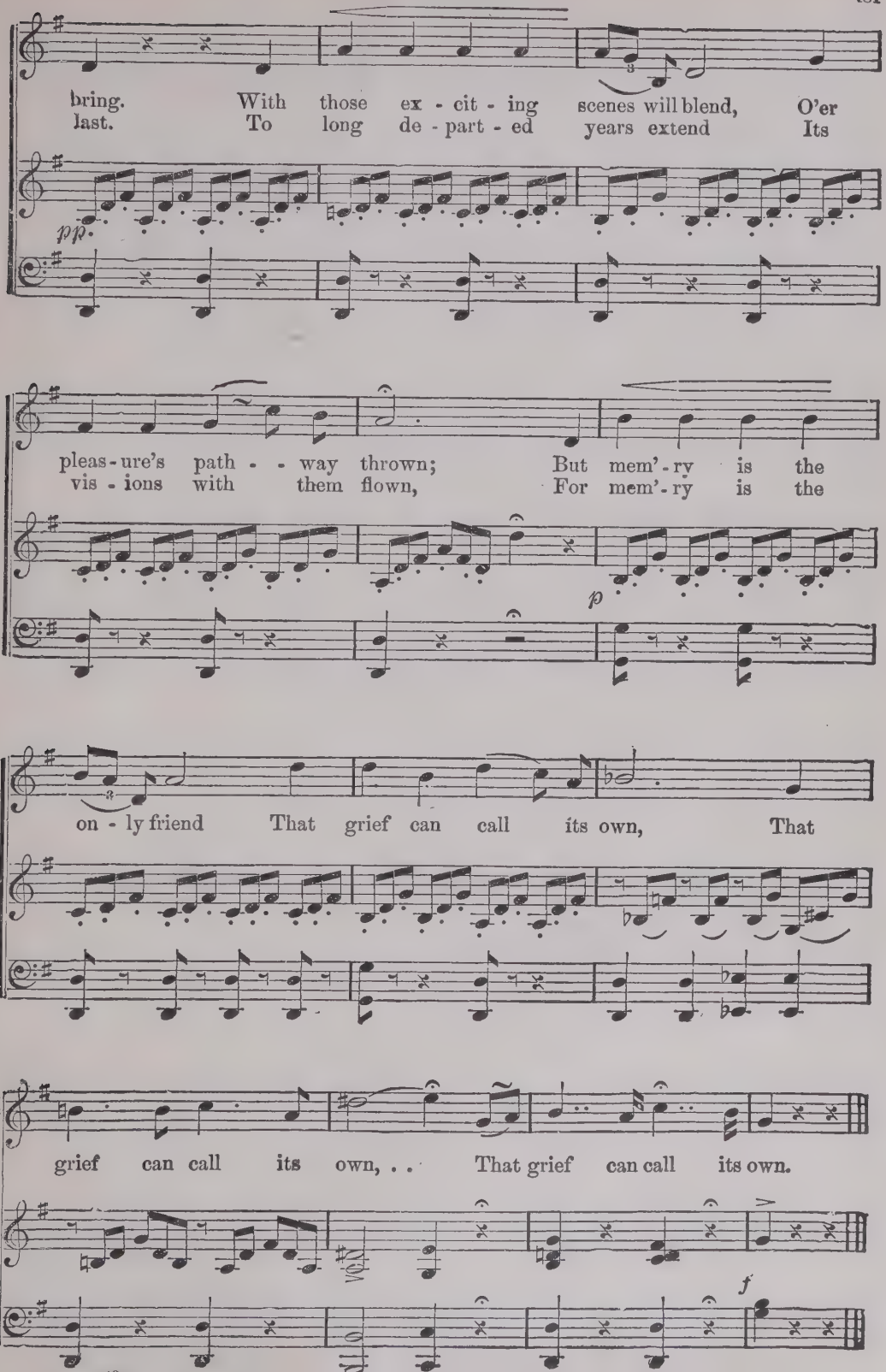
Be it understood, in closing, that every Society or Association has a right to make its own "Rules of Order" or Parliamentary Code but since this would render its Constitution and by-laws very prolix and confused, it is customary to sanction, in them, the use of some recognized authority on parliamentary affairs.

What is here presented, embraces the gist of all parliamentary codes that have found sanction in the highest deliberative bodies. It is not so full as Cushing or Roberts, to whom we are indebted for facts and forms, but it is as exact, as far as it goes, and it is to be hoped that it will be found adequate to the wants of the popular assembly, as well as to the needs of the tens of thousands of permanent societies which dot our land in the shape of Lyceums, literary societies, debating schools, clubs, and organizations for business, sociability and mental progress.

THE HEART BOW'D DOWN.

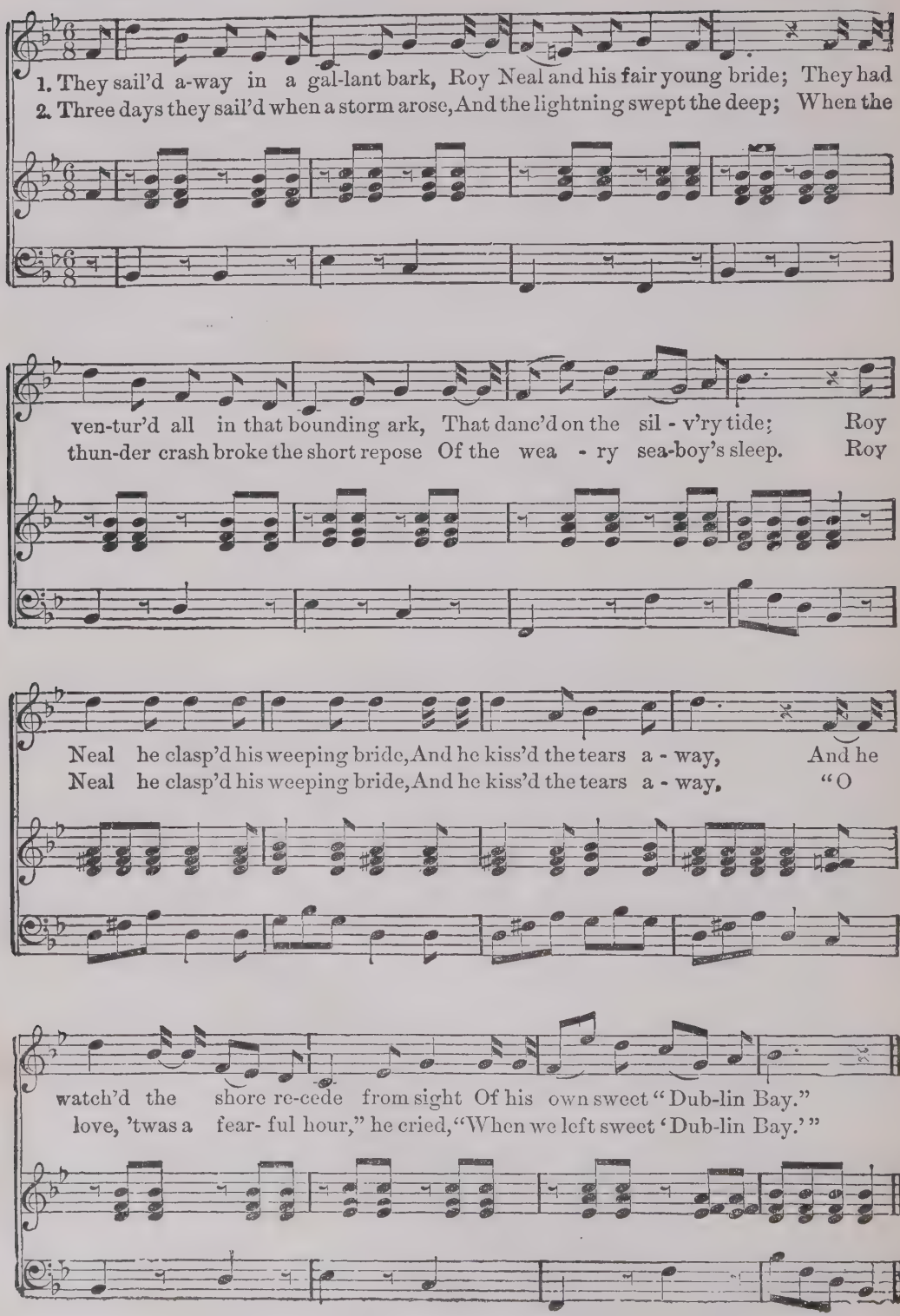
Larghetto Cantabile. BALFE.

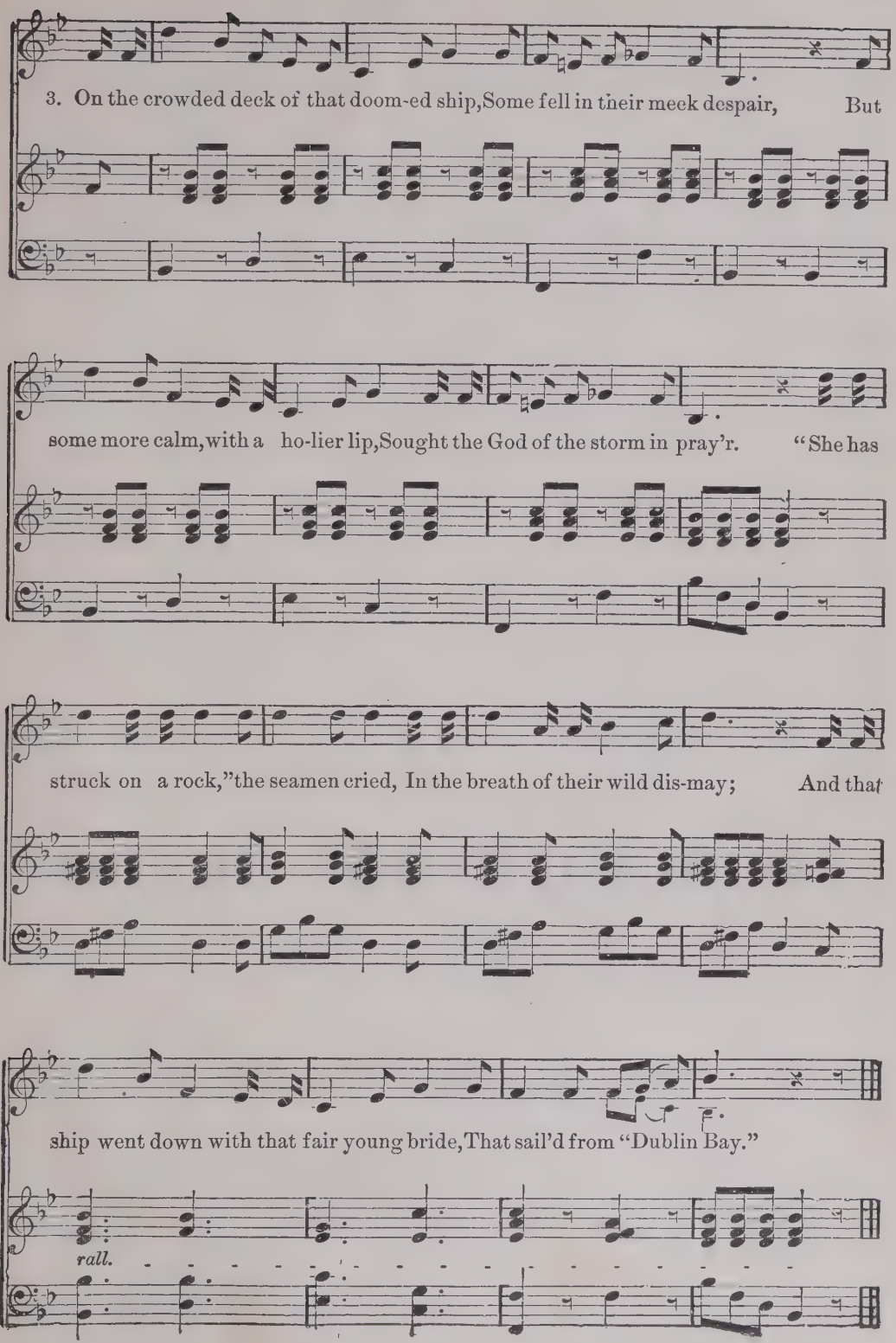

mf
p
The heart, bow'd down by weight of woe, To weakest hopes will cling;
The mind, will, in its worst despair, Still pon-der o'er the past,
To thought and im-pulse while they flow, That can no com-fort bring, that can,
On mo-ments of de-light, that were Too beau-ti-ful .... to last, that were
That can no com-fort
Too beautiful, too beautiful to
rallent.


bring. With those ex - cit - ing scenes will blend, O'er
last. To long de - part - ed years extend Its
pp
pleas - ure's path - - way thrown; But mem' - ry is the
vis - ions with them flown, For mem' - ry is the
p
on - ly friend That grief can call its own, That
grief can call its own, . . That grief can call its own.
f

DUBLIN BAY.

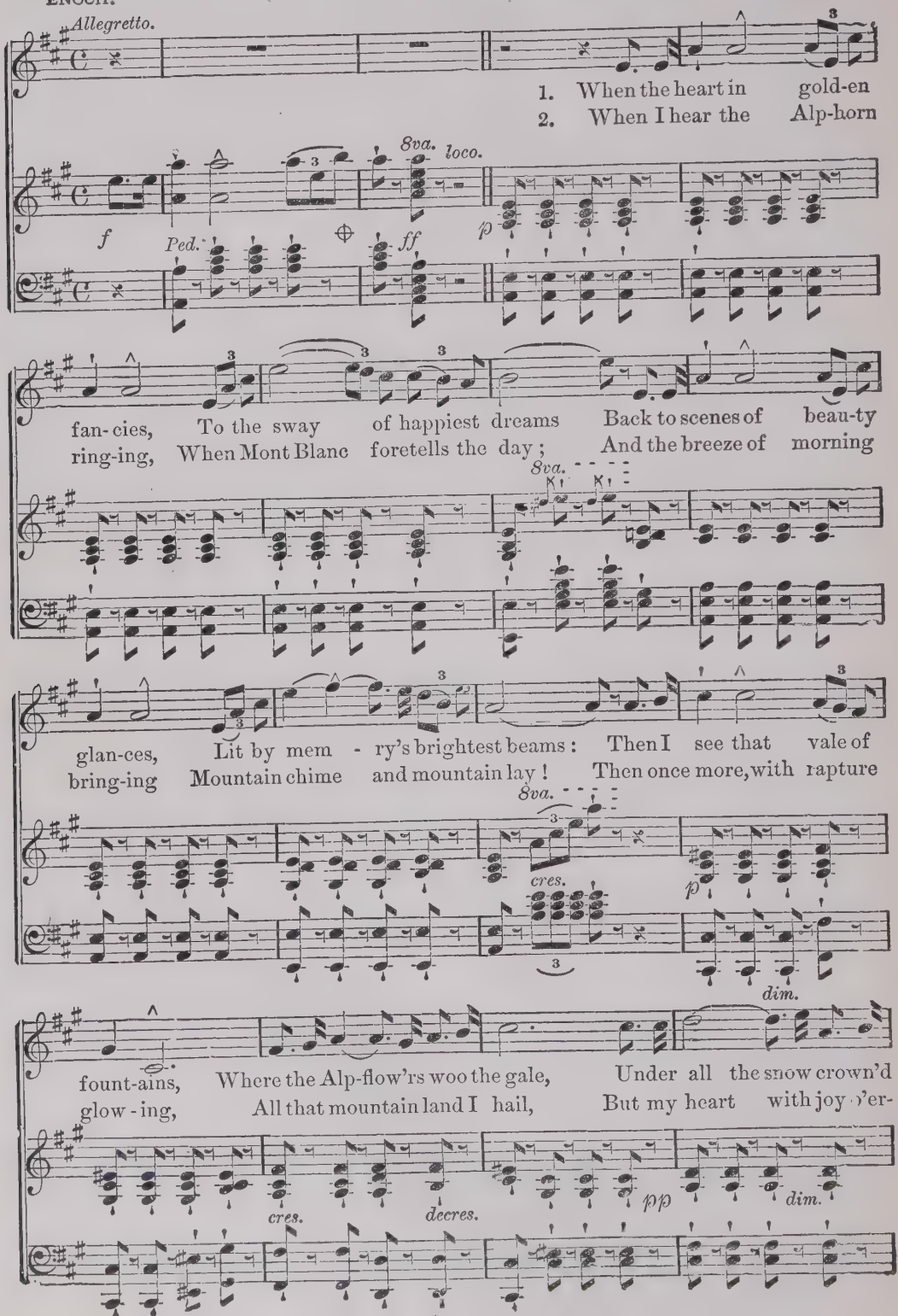
CRAWFORD. BARKER.

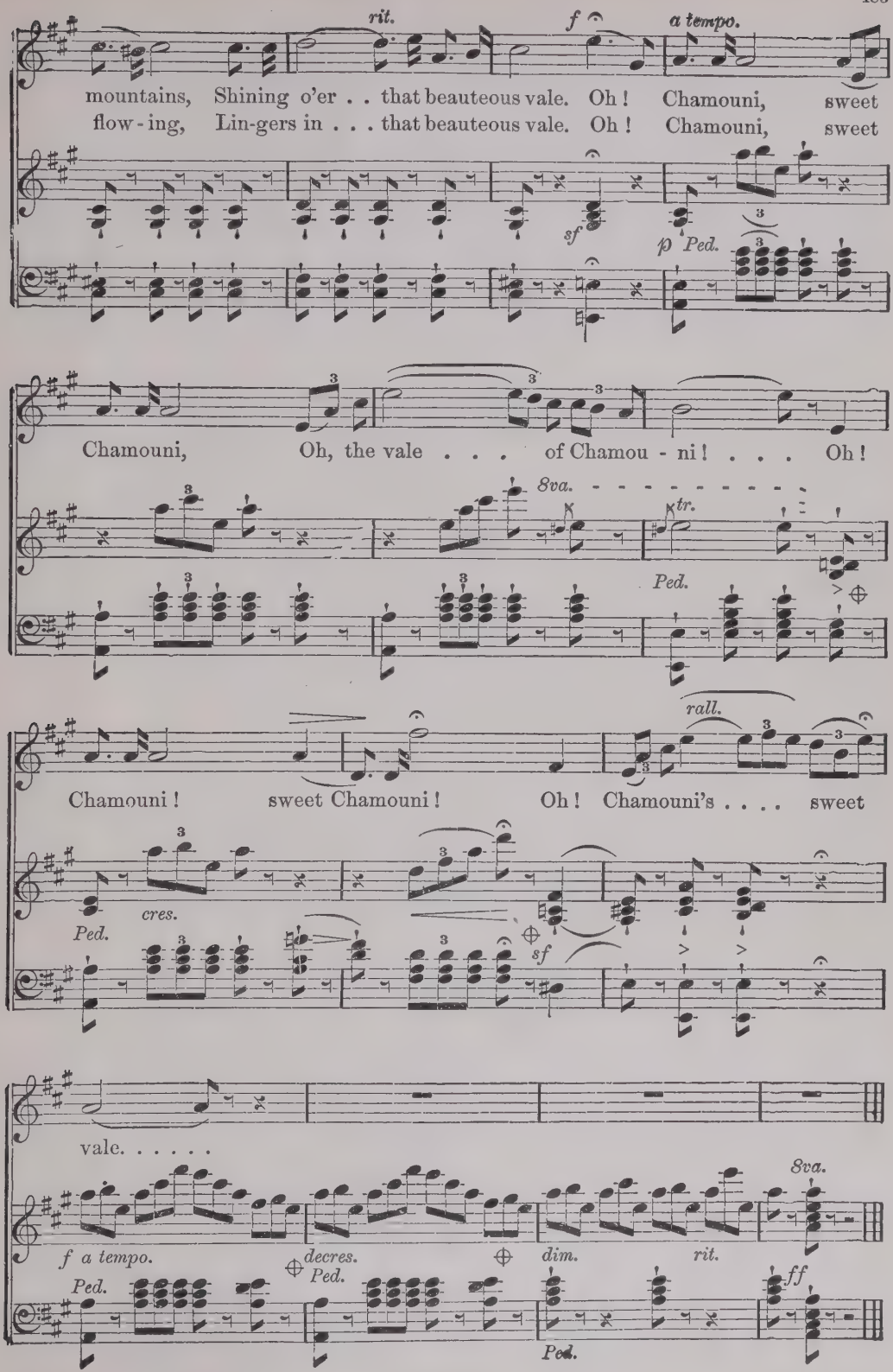

1. They sail'd a-way in a gal-lant bark, Roy Neal and his fair young bride; They had
2. Three days they sail'd when a storm arose, And the lightning swept the deep; When the
ven-tur'd all in that bounding ark, That danc'd on the sil - v'ry tide; Roy
thun-der crash broke the short repose Of the wea - ry sea-boy's sleep. Roy
Neal he clasp'd his weeping bride, And he kiss'd the tears a - way, And he
Neal he clasp'd his weeping bride, And he kiss'd the tears a - way, "O
watch'd the shore re-cede from sight Of his own sweet "Dub-lin Bay."
love, 'twas a fear- ful hour," he cried, "When we left sweet 'Dub-lin Bay.'"


3. On the crowded deck of that doom-ed ship, Some fell in their meek despair, But
some more calm, with a ho-lier lip, Sought the God of the storm in pray'r. "She has
struck on a rock," the seamen cried, In the breath of their wild dis-may; And that
ship went down with that fair young bride, That sail'd from "Dublin Bay."
rall.

THE VALLEY OF CHAMOUNI.

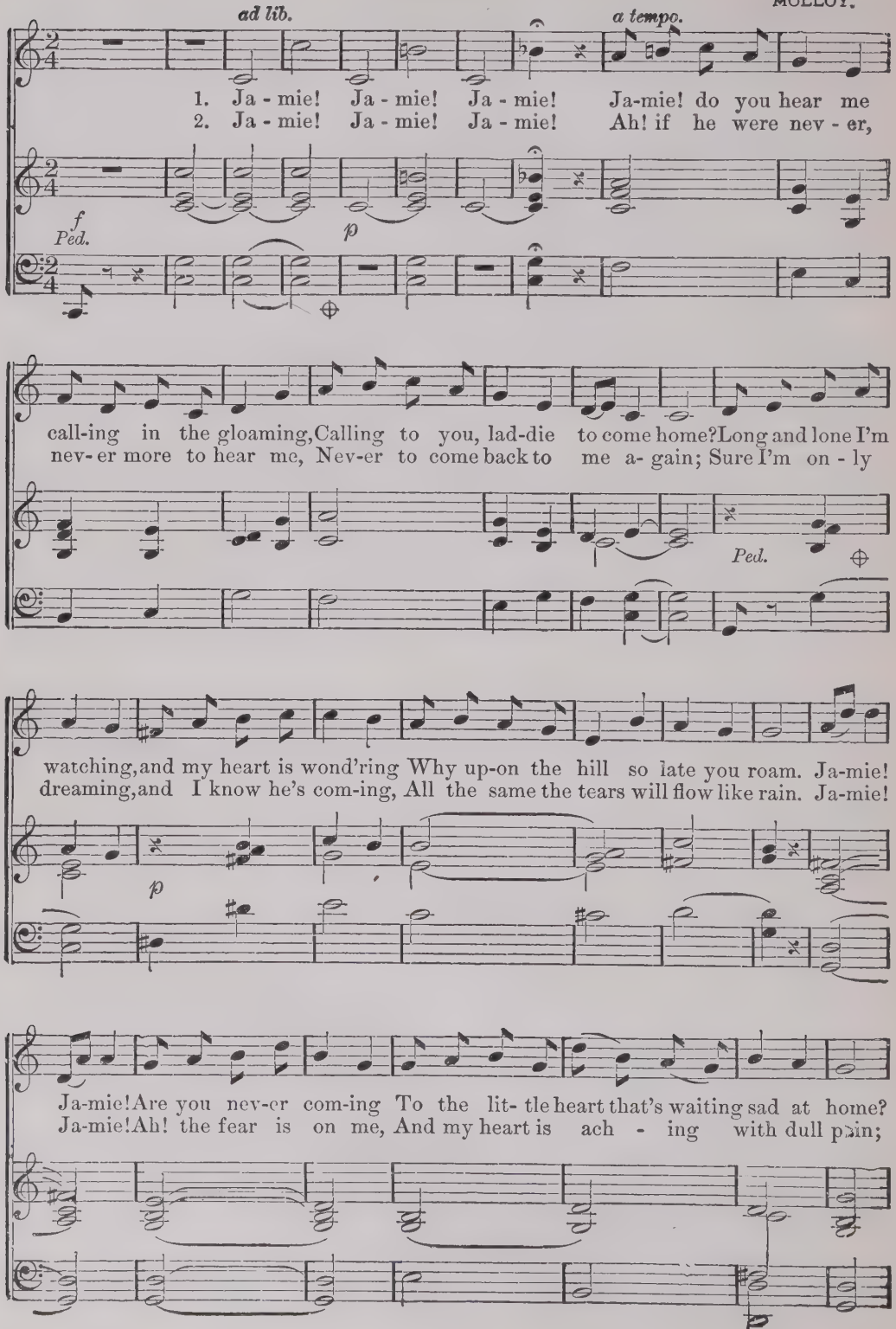
ENOCH. GLOVER.

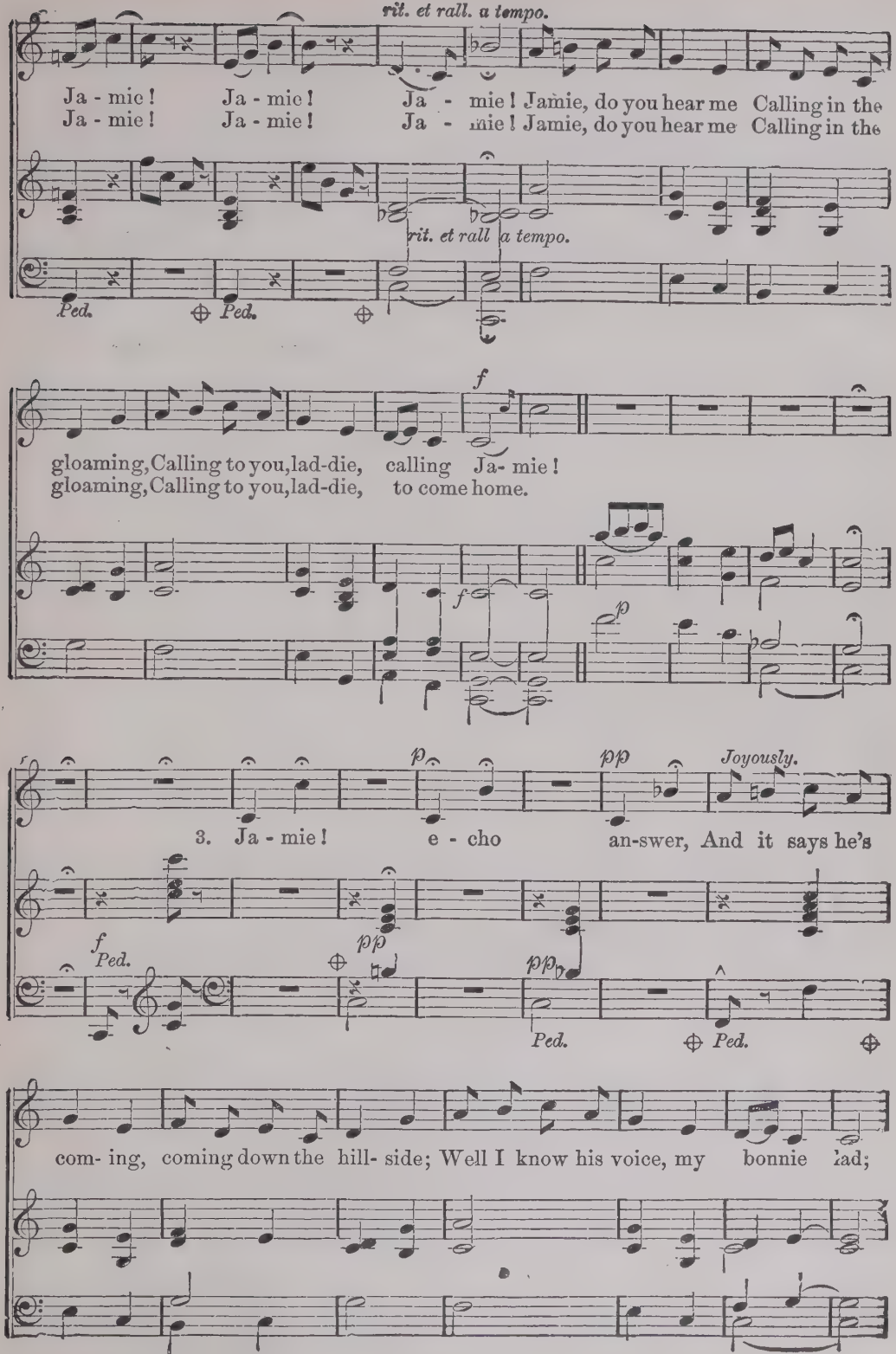
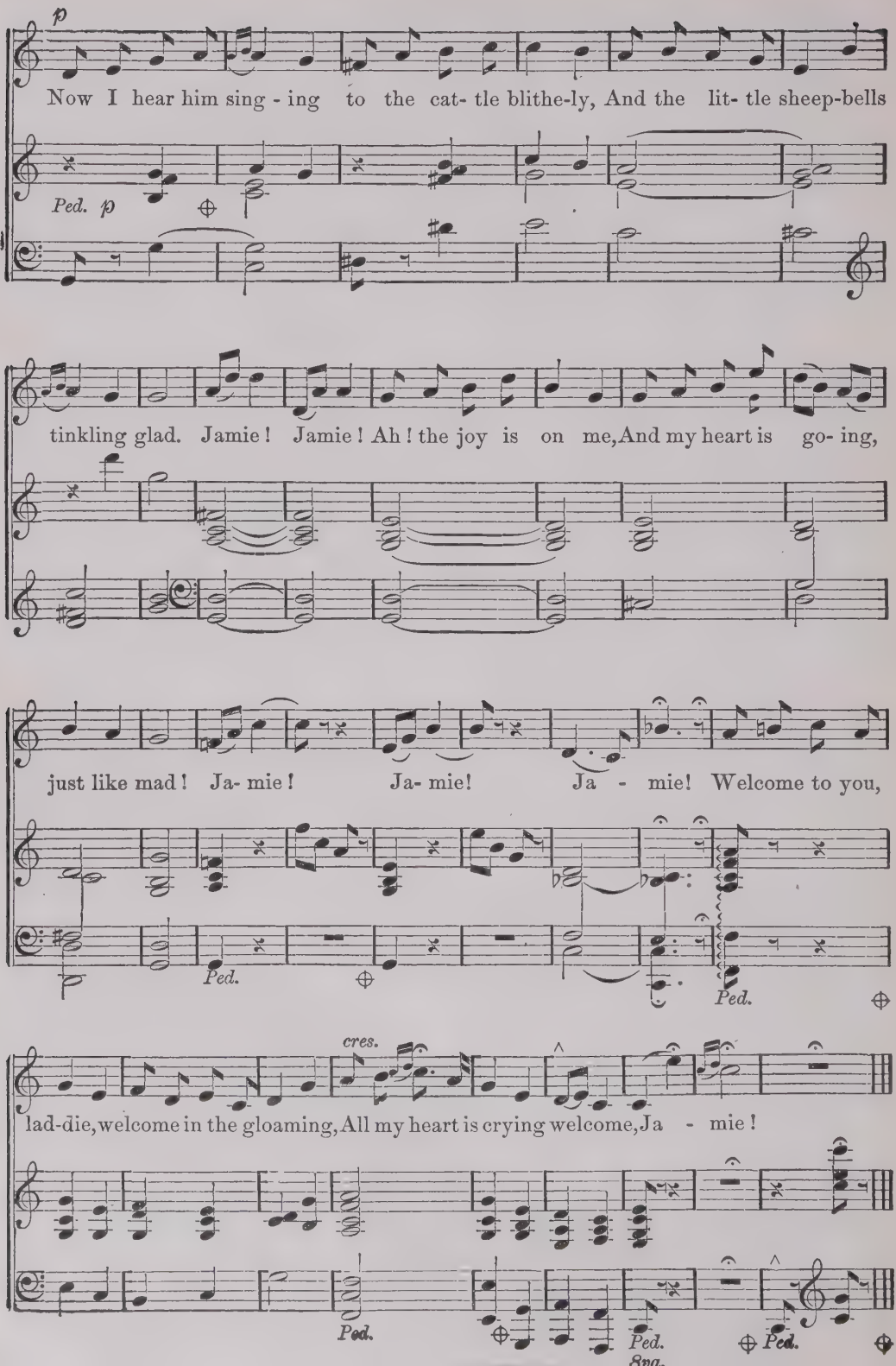

Allegretto.
1. When the heart in gold-en
2. When I hear the Alp-horn
8va. loco.
f
Ped.
ff
p
fan-cies, To the sway of happiest dreams Back to scenes of beau-ty
ring-ing, When Mont Blanc foretells the day; And the breeze of morning
8va.
glan-ces, Lit by mem - ry's brightest beams: Then I see that vale of
bring-ing Mountain chime and mountain lay! Then once more, with rapture
8va.
cres.
p
dim.
fount-ains, Where the Alp-flow'rs woo the gale, Under all the snow crown'd
glow-ing, All that mountain land I hail, But my heart with joy o'er-
cres.
decres.
pp
dim.


rit.
f
a tempo.
mountains, Shining o'er . . that beauteous vale. Oh! Chamouni, sweet
flow-ing, Lin-gers in . . . that beauteous vale. Oh! Chamouni, sweet
sf
p Ped.
Chamouni, Oh, the vale . . . of Chamou - ni! . . . Oh!
8va.
tr.
Ped.
rall.
Chamouni! sweet Chamouni! Oh! Chamouni's . . . . sweet
cres.
Ped.
sf
vale. . . . . .
8va.
f a tempo.
decres.
Ped.
dim.
rit.
Ped.
ff
Ped.

JAMIE.

MOLLOY.

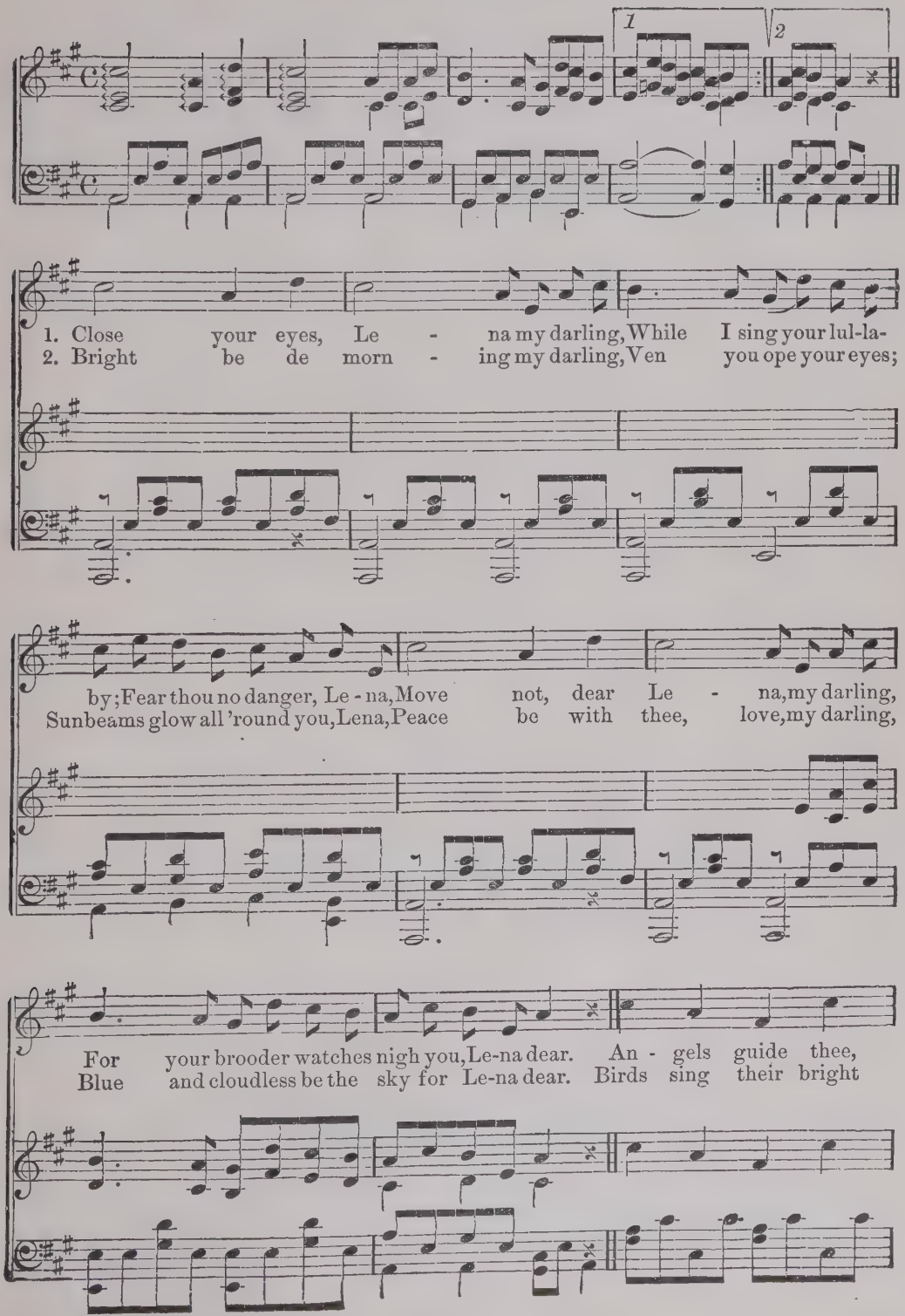
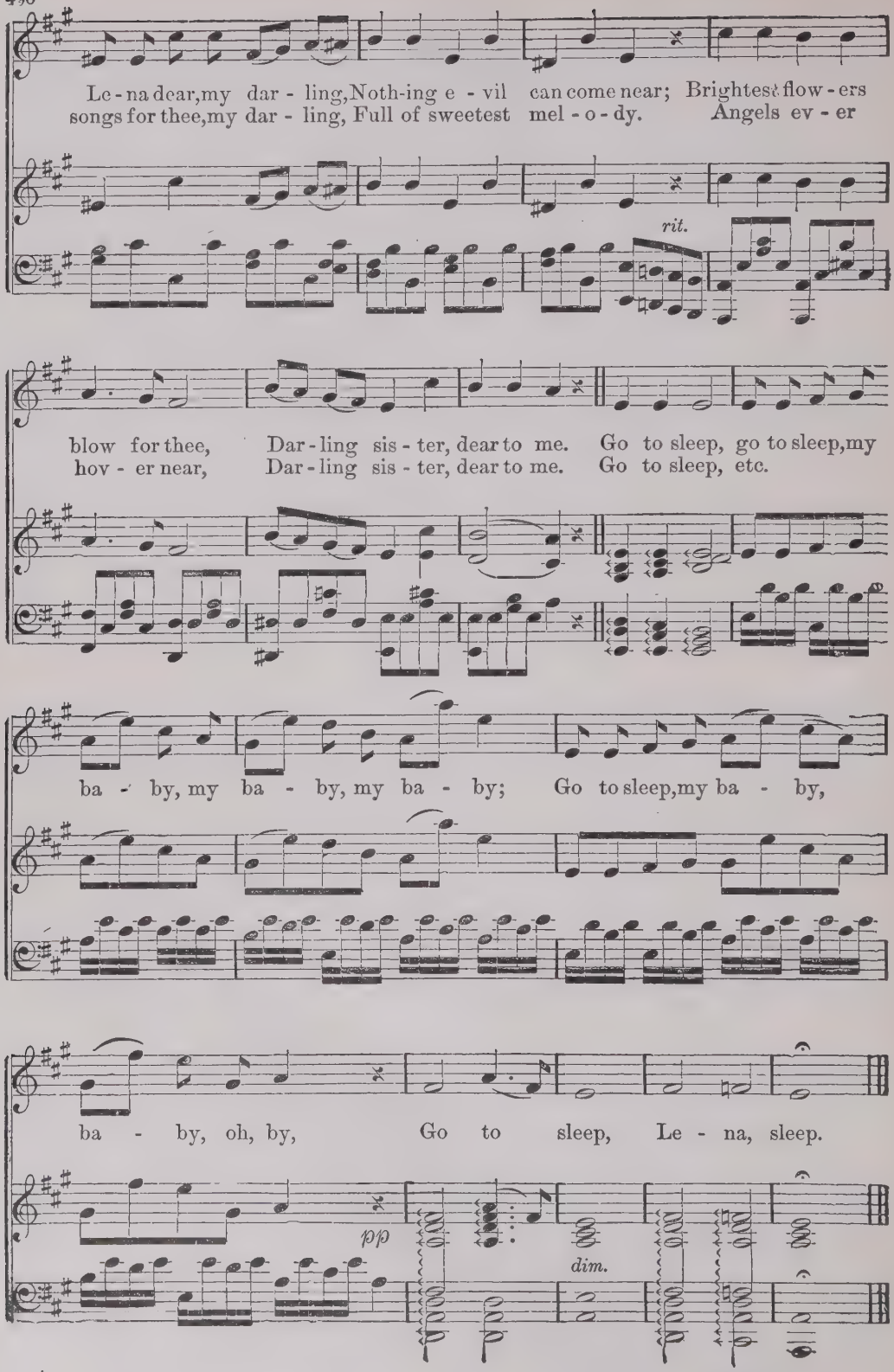

ad lib.
a tempo.
1. Ja - mie! Ja - mie! Ja - mie! Ja-mie! do you hear me
2. Ja - mie! Ja - mie! Ja - mie! Ah! if he were nev - er,
f
Ped.
p
call-ing in the gloaming, Calling to you, lad-die to come home? Long and lone I'm
nev- er more to hear me, Nev-er to come back to me a- gain; Sure I'm on - ly
Ped.
watching, and my heart is wond'ring Why up-on the hill so late you roam. Ja-mie!
dreaming, and I know he's com-ing, All the same the tears will flow like rain. Ja-mie!
p
Ja-mie! Are you nev-er com-ing To the lit- tle heart that's waiting sad at home?
Ja-mie! Ah! the fear is on me, And my heart is ach - ing with dull pain;


rit. et rall. a tempo.
Ja - mie! Ja - mie! Ja - mie! Jamie, do you hear me Calling in the
Ja - mie! Ja - mie! Ja - mie! Jamie, do you hear me Calling in the
rit. et rall a tempo.
Ped. Ped.
f
gloaming, Calling to you, lad-die, calling Ja- mie!
gloaming, Calling to you, lad-die, to come home.
f
p
pp
Joyously.
3. Ja - mie! e - cho an-swer, And it says he's
f Ped.
pp
pp
Ped. Ped.
com- ing, coming down the hill- side; Well I know his voice, my bonnie lad;

p
Now I hear him sing - ing to the cat- tle blithe-ly, And the lit- tle sheep-bells
Ped. p
tinkling glad. Jamie! Jamie! Ah! the joy is on me, And my heart is go- ing,
just like mad! Ja- mie! Ja- mie! Ja - mie! Welcome to you,
Ped.
Ped.
cres.
lad-die, welcome in the gloaming, All my heart is crying welcome, Ja - mie!
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
8va.

LULLABY.

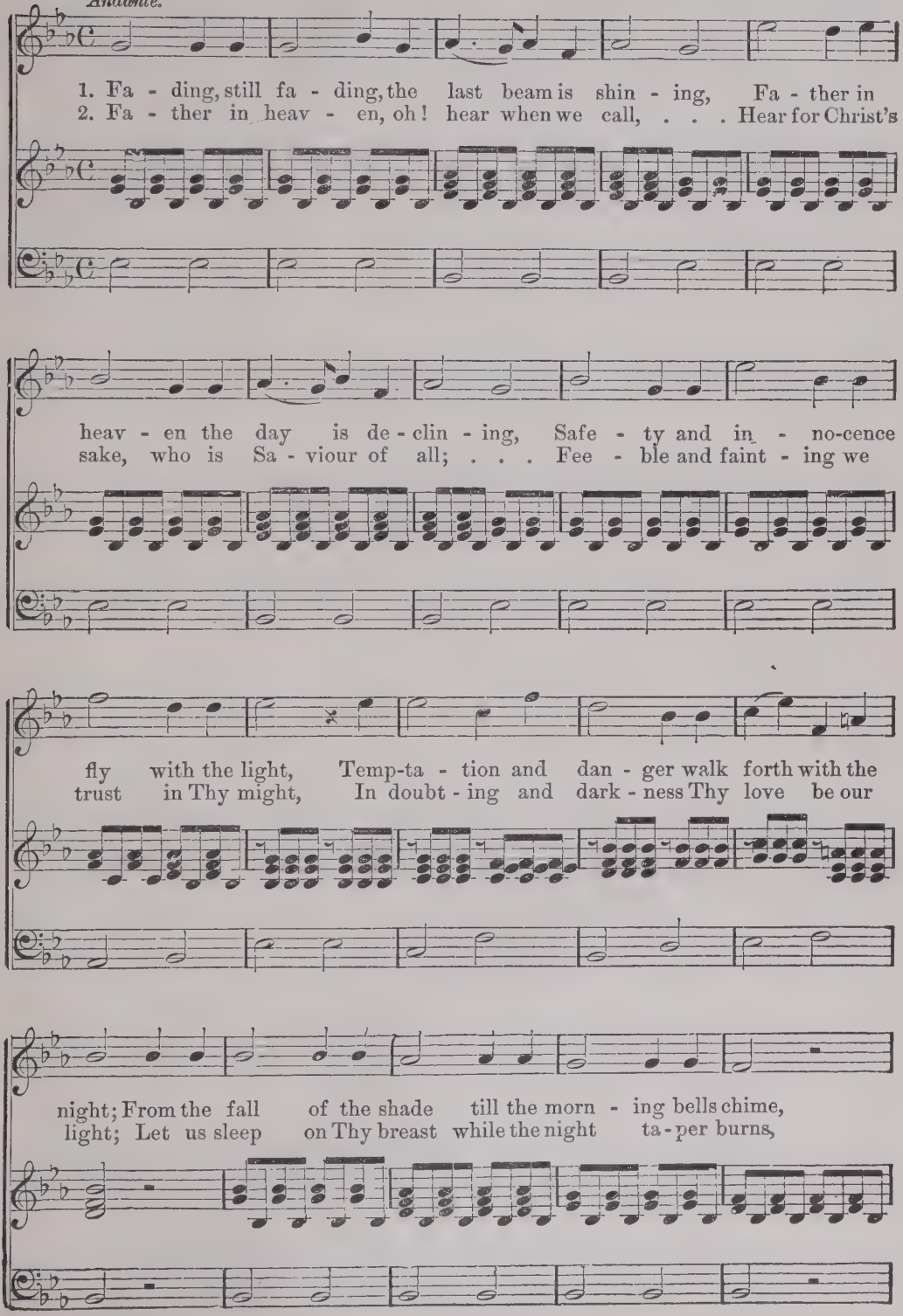
AS SUNG IN "FRITZ."

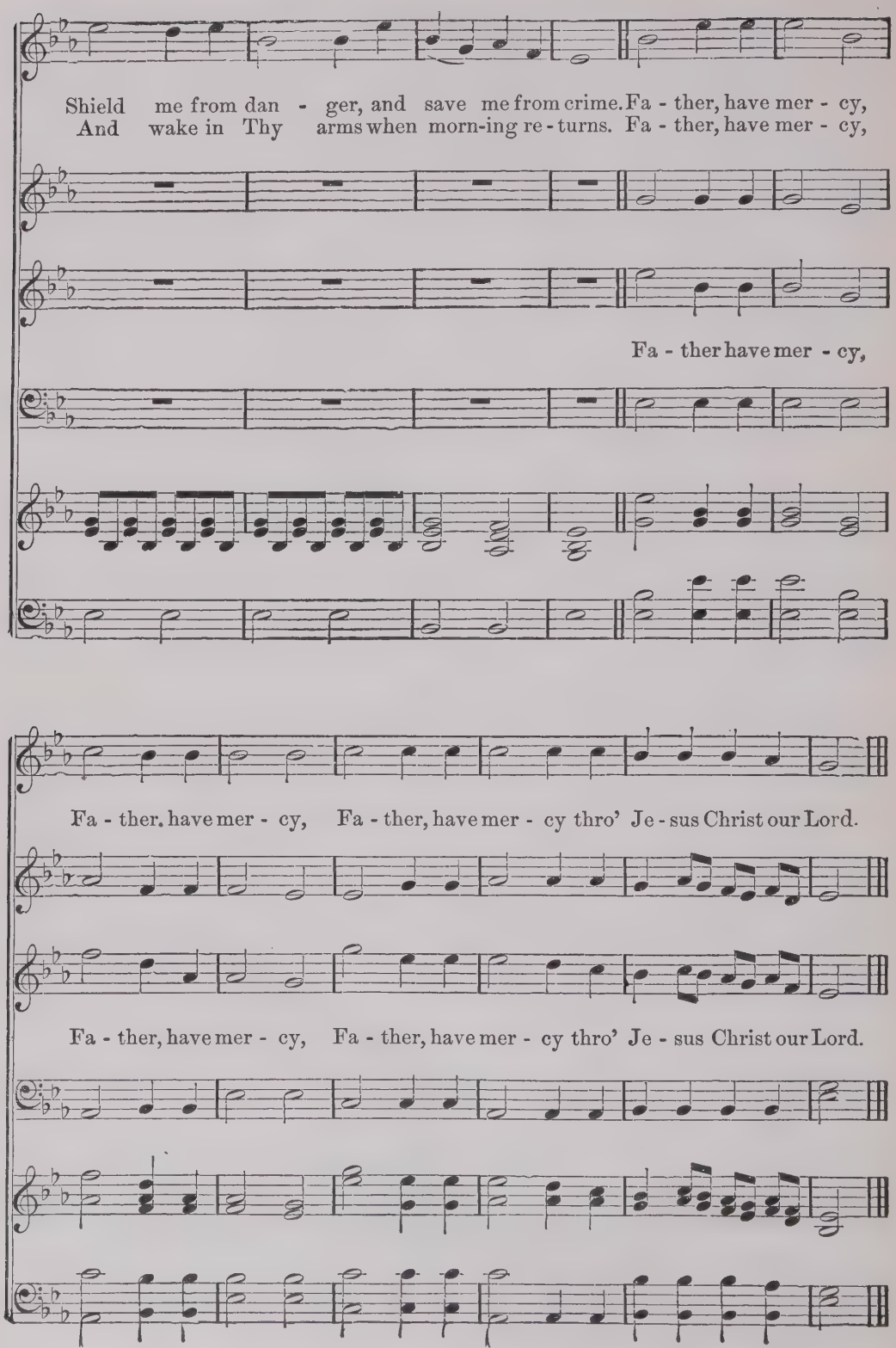
EMMET.


1
2
1. Close your eyes, Le - na my darling, While I sing your lul-la-
2. Bright be de morn - ing my darling, Ven you ope your eyes;
by; Fear thou no danger, Le - na, Move not, dear Le - na, my darling,
Sunbeams glow all 'round you, Lena, Peace be with thee, love, my darling,
For your brooder watches nigh you, Le-na dear. An - gels guide thee,
Blue and cloudless be the sky for Le-na dear. Birds sing their bright

Le - na dear, my dar - ling, Noth-ing e - vil can come near; Brightest flow - ers
songs for thee, my dar - ling, Full of sweetest mel - o - dy. Angels ev - er
rit.
blow for thee, Dar - ling sis - ter, dear to me. Go to sleep, go to sleep, my
hov - er near, Dar - ling sis - ter, dear to me. Go to sleep, etc.
ba - by, my ba - by, my ba - by; Go to sleep, my ba - by,
ba - by, oh, by, Go to sleep, Le - na, sleep.
pp
dim.

FADING, STILL FADING.

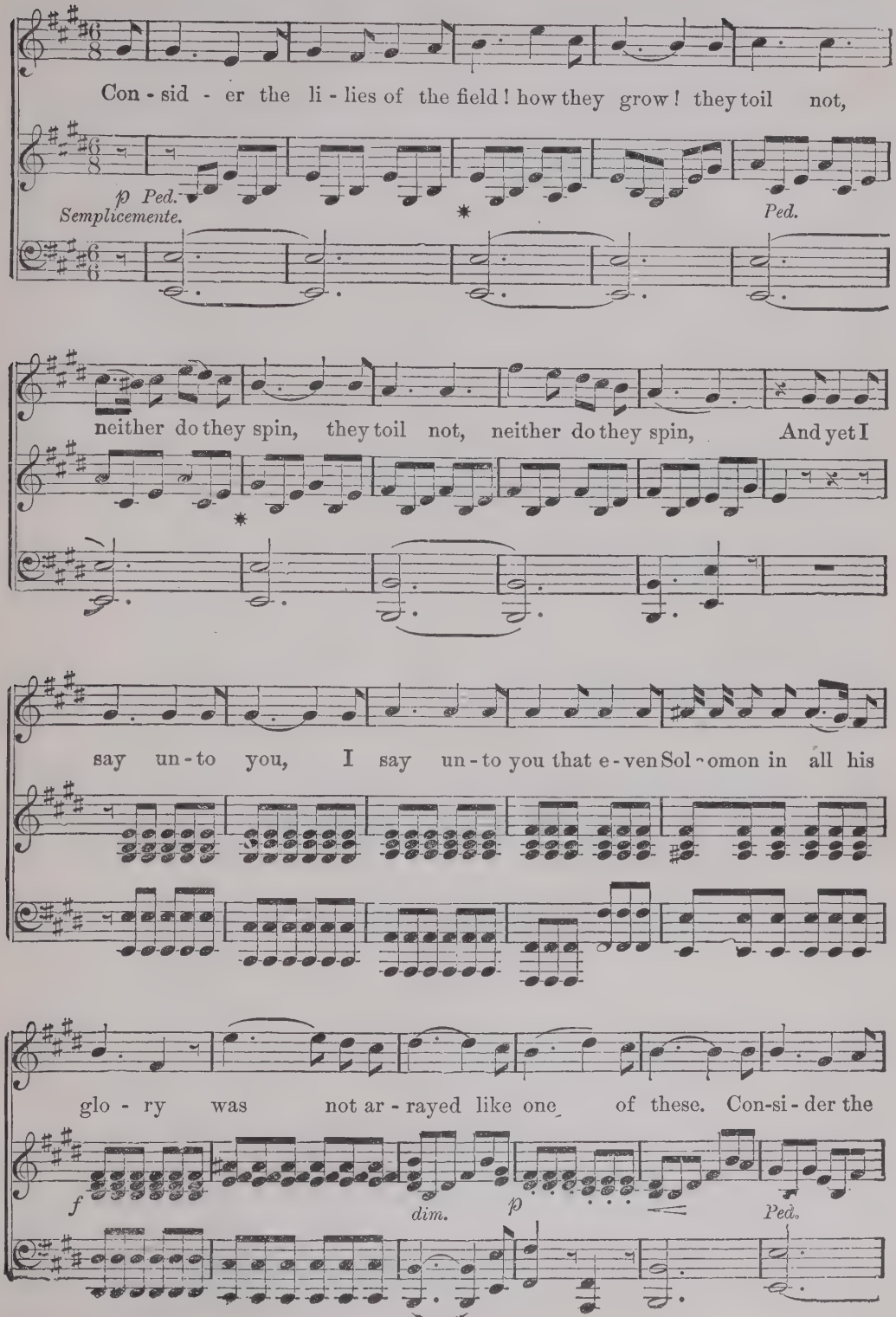
PORTUGUESE MELODY.

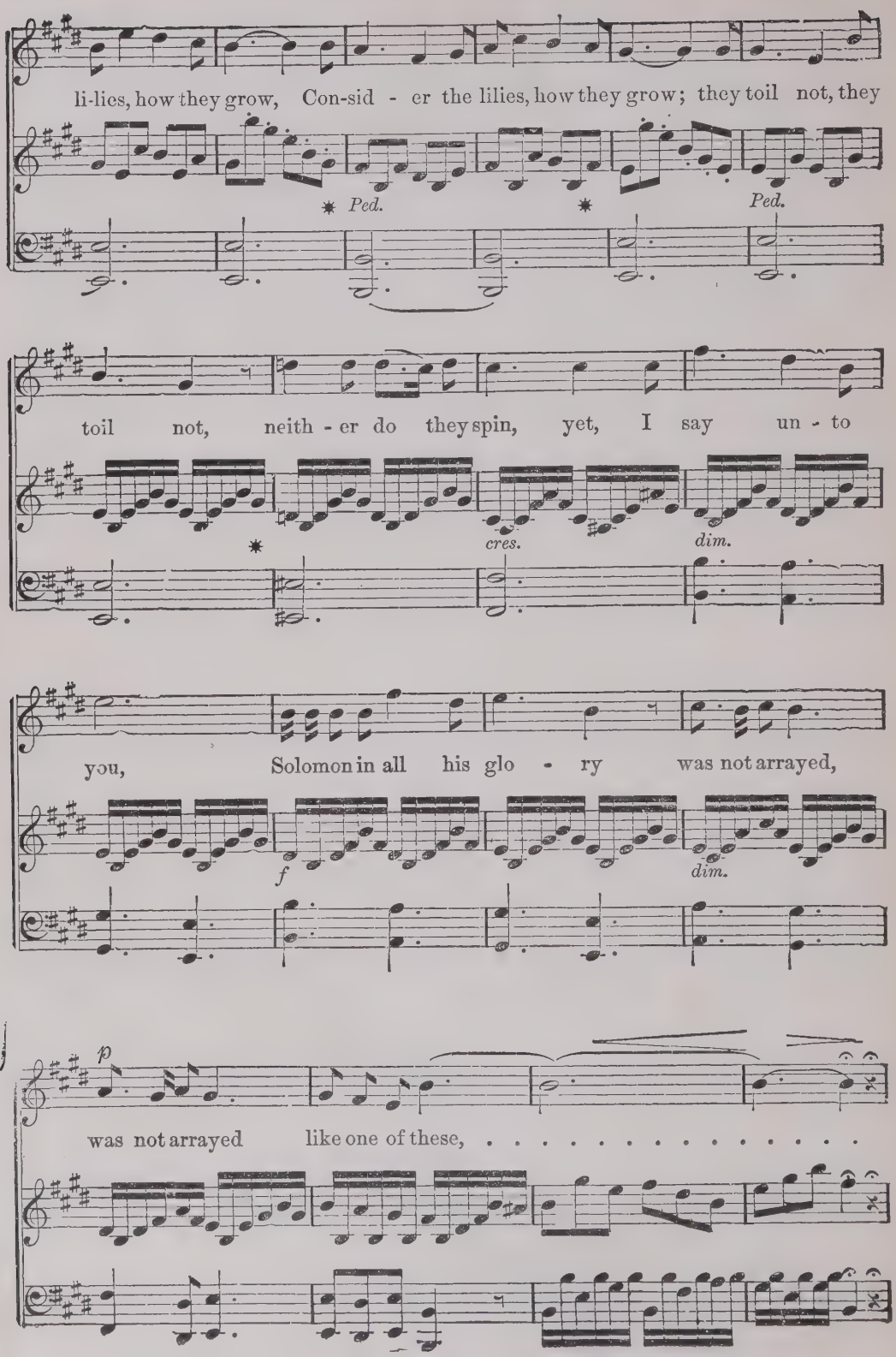
Andante.

1. Fa - ding, still fa - ding, the last beam is shin - ing, Fa - ther in
2. Fa - ther in heav - en, oh! hear when we call, . . . Hear for Christ's
heav - en the day is de - clin - ing, Safe - ty and in - no-cence
sake, who is Sa - viour of all; . . . Fee - ble and faint - ing we
fly with the light, Temp-ta - tion and dan - ger walk forth with the
trust in Thy might, In doubt - ing and dark - ness Thy love be our
night; From the fall of the shade till the morn - ing bells chime,
light; Let us sleep on Thy breast while the night ta - per burns,

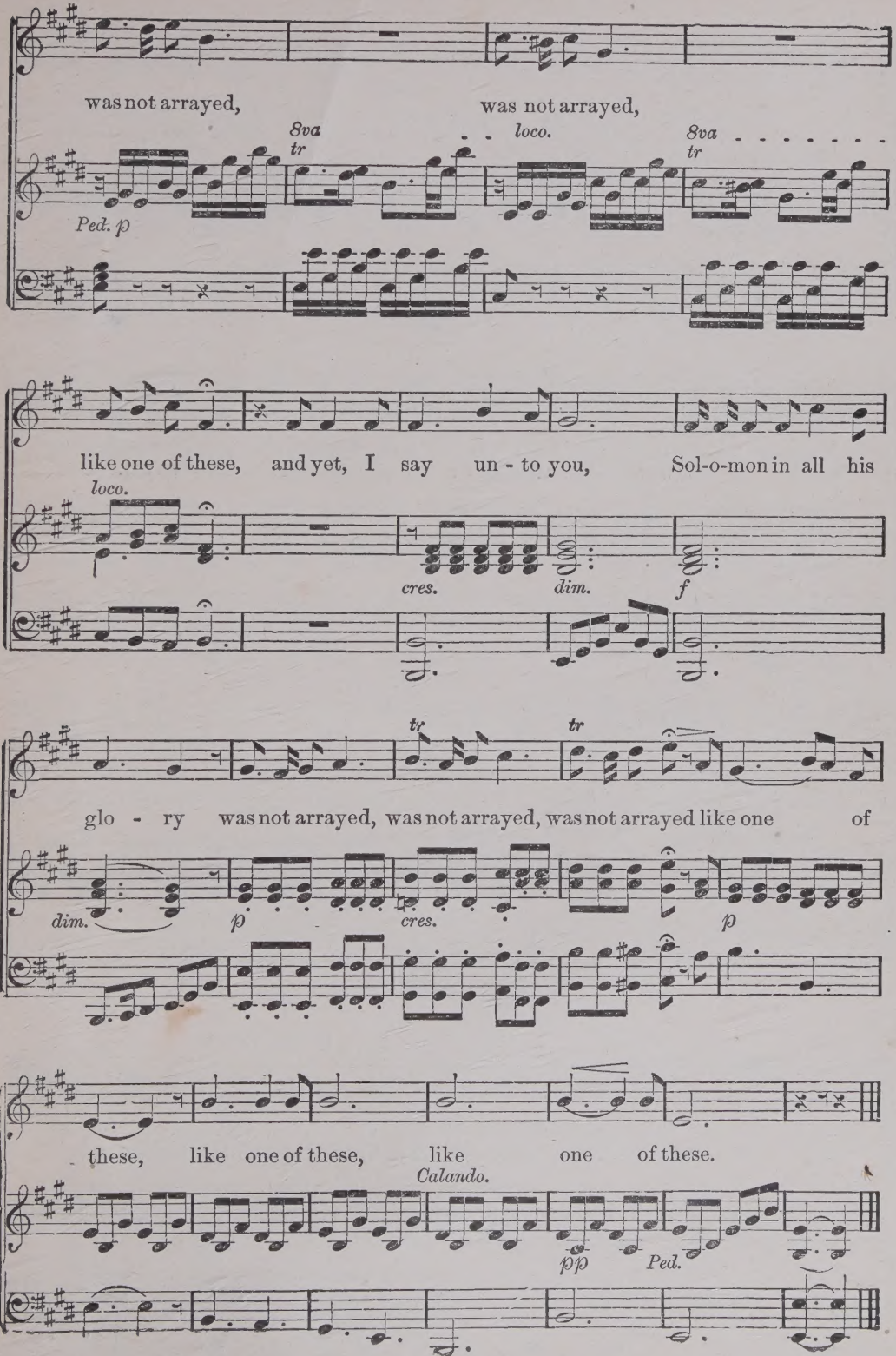

Shield me from dan - ger, and save me from crime. Fa - ther, have mer - cy,
And wake in Thy arms when morn-ing re - turns. Fa - ther, have mer - cy,
Fa - ther have mer - cy,
Fa - ther, have mer - cy, Fa - ther, have mer - cy thro' Je - sus Christ our Lord.
Fa - ther, have mer - cy, Fa - ther, have mer - cy thro' Je - sus Christ our Lord.

CONSIDER THE LILIES.

TOPLIFF.

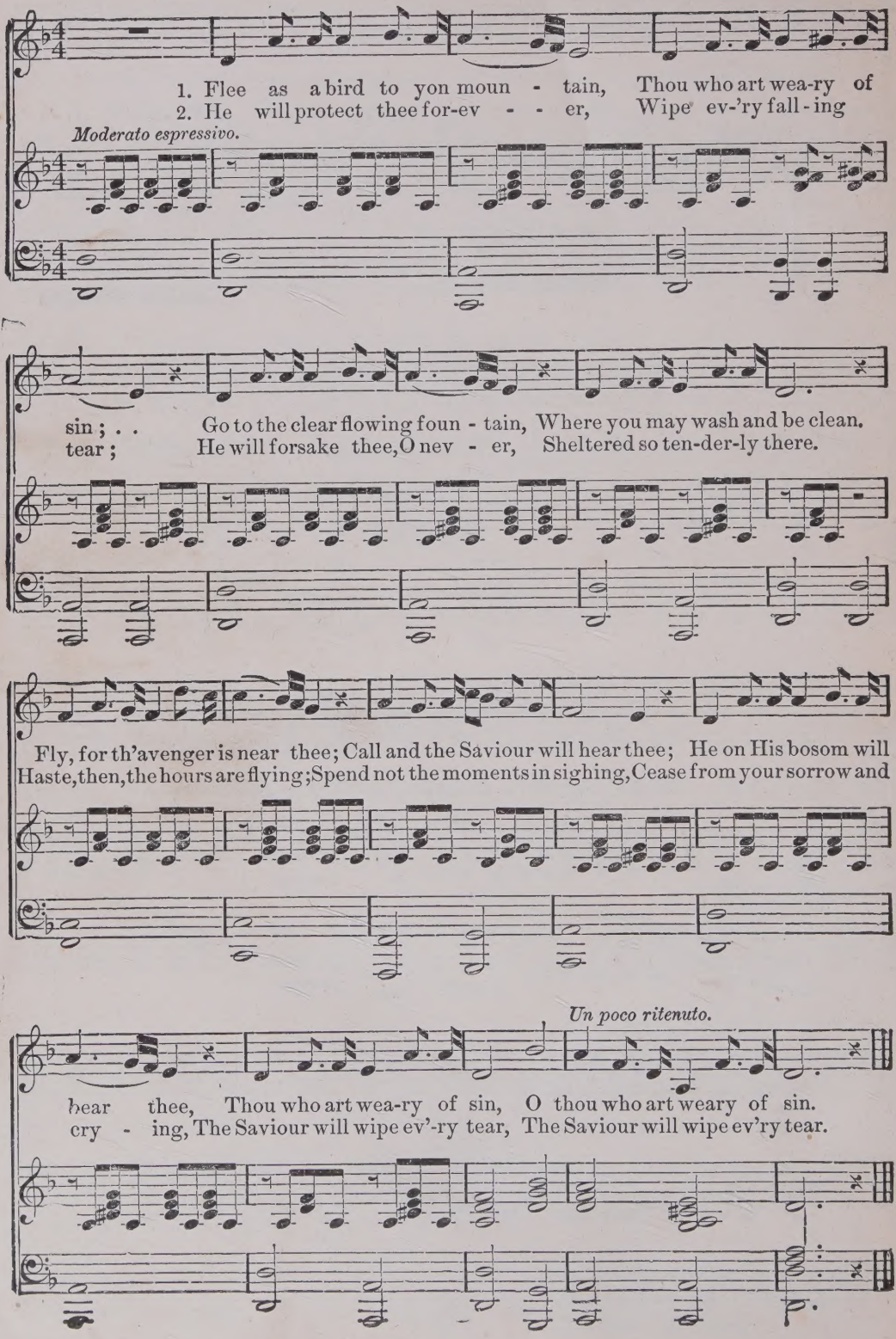

Con - sid - er the li - lies of the field! how they grow! they toil not,
p Ped.
Semplicemente.
Ped.
neither do they spin, they toil not, neither do they spin, And yet I
say un - to you, I say un - to you that e - ven Sol - omon in all his
glo - ry was not ar - rayed like one of these. Con-si - der the
f
dim.
p
Ped.


li-lies, how they grow, Con-sid - er the lilies, how they grow; they toil not, they
Ped.
Ped.
toil not, neith - er do they spin, yet, I say un - to
cres.
dim.
you, Solomon in all his glo - ry was not arrayed,
f
dim.
p
was not arrayed like one of these, ...


was not arrayed,
was not arrayed,
8va
tr
loco.
8va
tr
Ped. p
like one of these, and yet, I say un - to you, Sol-o-mon in all his
loco.
cres.
dim.
f
tr
tr
glo - ry was not arrayed, was not arrayed, was not arrayed like one of
dim.
p
cres.
p
these, like one of these, like one of these.
Calando.
pp
Ped.

FLEE AS A BIRD.

DANA.


1. Flee as a bird to yon moun - tain, Thou who art wea-ry of
2. He will protect thee for-ev - - er, Wipe ev-'ry fall-ing
Moderato espressivo.
sin; . . Go to the clear flowing foun - tain, Where you may wash and be clean.
tear; He will forsake thee, O nev - er, Sheltered so ten-der-ly there.
Fly, for th'avenger is near thee; Call and the Saviour will hear thee; He on His bosom will
Haste, then, the hours are flying; Spend not the moments in sighing, Cease from your sorrow and
Un poco ritenuto.
bear thee, Thou who art wea-ry of sin, O thou who art weary of sin.
cry - ing, The Saviour will wipe ev'-ry tear, The Saviour will wipe ev'ry tear.